WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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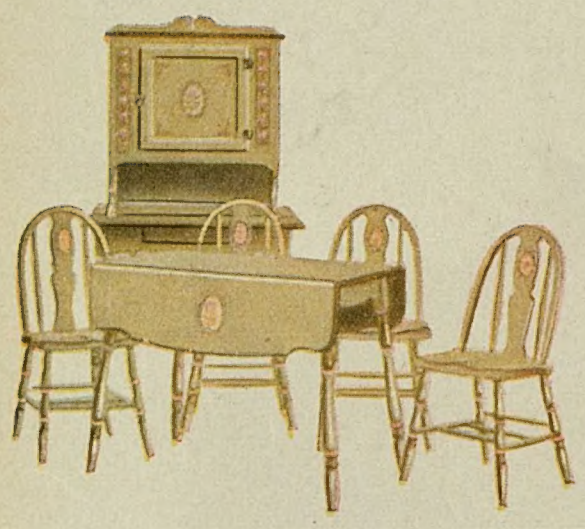
In this Issue **PHYSICAL TRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE**

JADE GREEN

One of the new, colorful Sellers Period Styles



Color Almost without exception, it seems, our modern women have felt in their hearts a need for more cheerful, colorful kitchens. Only a practical incentive was necessary to bring it out.

Literally thousands of bleak, cold, laboratory-like kitchens are being transformed into sunny, happy bowers by the—

—new, stylish Sellers Kitchenaire

The charming Sellers Modern-American design, in rich jade green, illustrated, is a great favorite. This delightful model is also finished in white, gray, silver-gray oak or brown oak.

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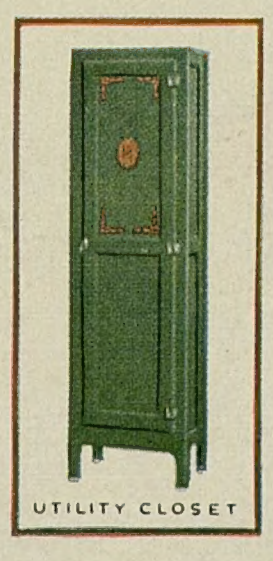

Sellers Kitchenaires, with Sellers Utility Closets and Breakfast Sets to match, are being shown at the better stores everywhere. You may have the Kitchenaire alone or a complete Sellers Kitchen Ensemble in matched colors and design, on very liberal terms. If you are planning to build or remodel, you may have Sellers equipment designed especially to be built in.

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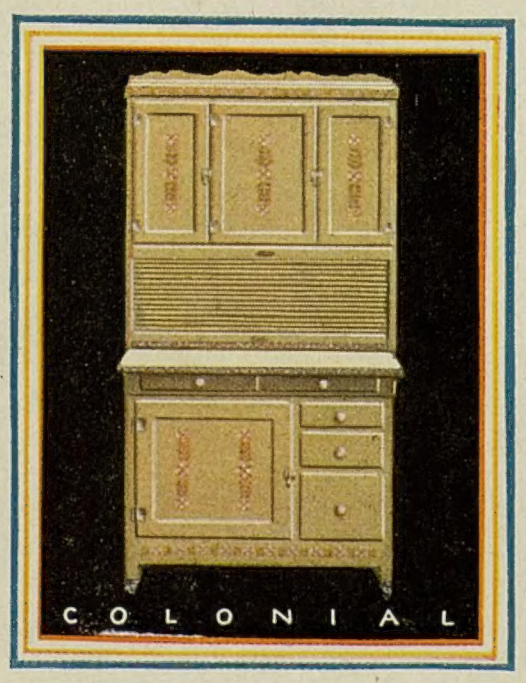
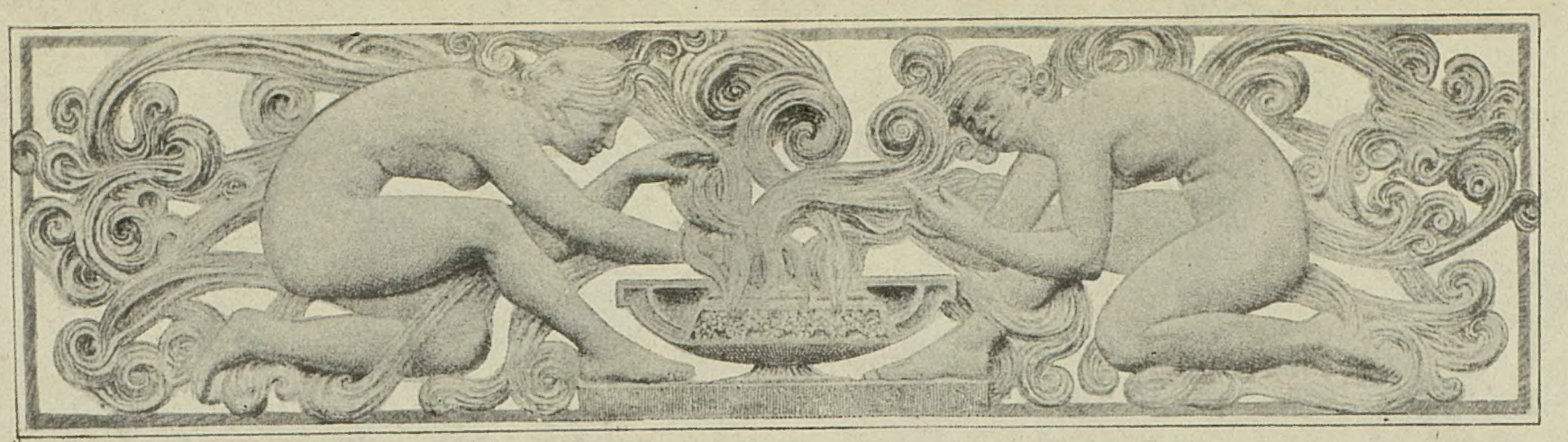
In the meantime, write for our new illustrated 32-page catalog. Shows examples of modern colorful kitchens by a prominent interior decorator. Illustrates all the Kitchenaire models, as well as our standard models and accessories, in actual colors. We will gladly send a copy with name of our dealer without charge. Address Department 508. G. I. Sellers & Sons Co., Elwood, Indiana.



The SELLERS Kitchenaire



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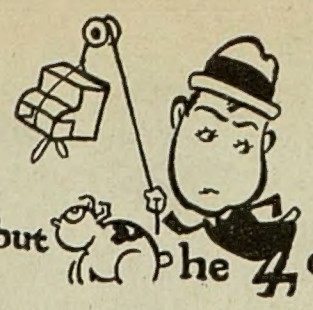
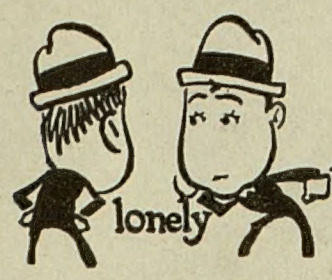
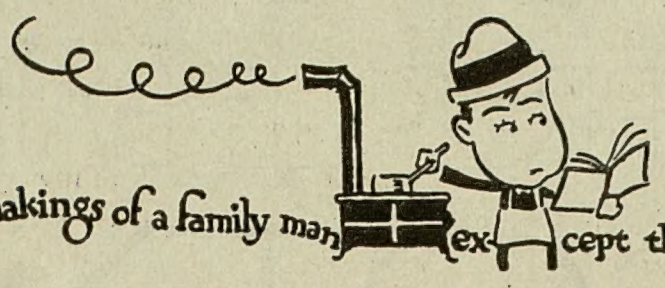
Harry hoists pianos-but he can't get himself a raise



He's so lonely he becomes a ventriloquist-so he can talk to himself!

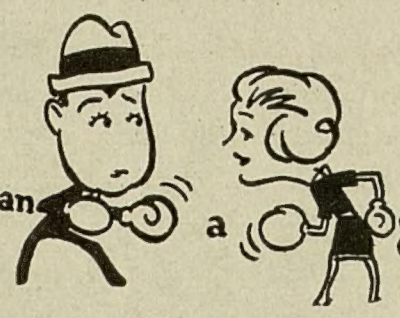


He has all the makings of a family man except the family

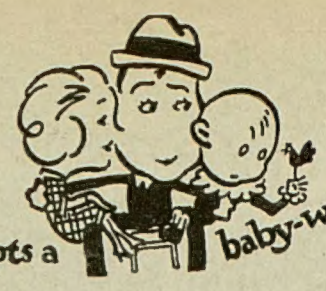


And then he sees the girl of his Dreams-through a Telescope-(the wrong end!)

She'd have made *some* man a good sparring partner



But not Harry-so he adopts a baby-with the Mother thrown in



It's a Wail of a Kid-yet Harry loves it...

But Winter comes—and so does the real Papa—And then the Fun begins!

The latest thing in laughs! HARRY LANGDON in Three's A Crowd

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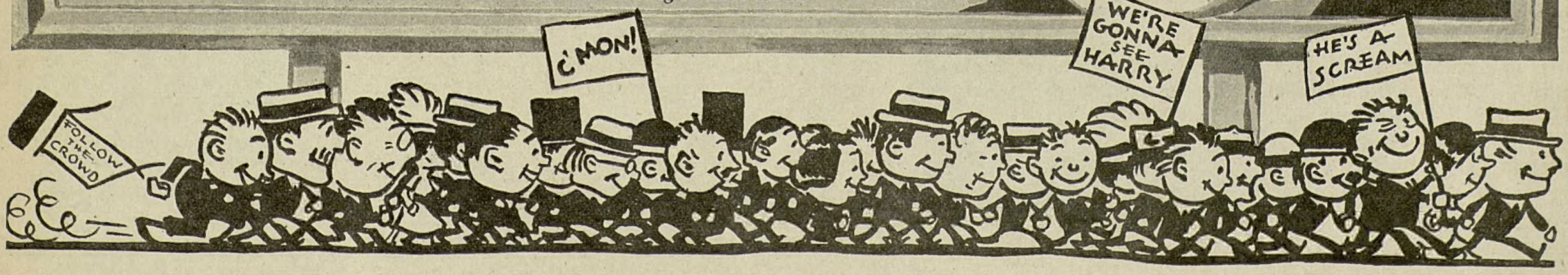

AUG. 27, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 17

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHAT WAR IS

In one of the recent installments of The Red Knight of Germany we reproduced a picture of the body of a British officer who had been shot down in aerial combat by the German ace, von Richthofen.

It was a snapshot of a newly fallen hero who died fighting for the allies; not more terrible to look upon than any other newly fallen hero. But its appearance in Liberty has brought us many letters of protest.

Readers wrote to us that they were shocked by the picture. Some referred to von Richthofen as a "fiend." Others seemed horrified that we should make a hero of a killer like von Richthofen. We do not make a hero of Richthofen. We tell the true story of his life, as accurately as we can get it.

The picture of the slain British officer is, after all, only a picture of war as it is. War is the wholesale killing of young men. That is the object of war. Victories are measured by slaughter. This isolated snapshot of a dead man illustrates what it means to be a hero and the victim of a hero.

If we could stop war by taking a vote about it, no sane person would hesitate a moment as to his course. Unfortunately, we can't. War is a recurrent plague in the history of nations. There have been idealists in every age who have thought war could be stopped. It hasn't been. That is a fact which must be accepted.

Men die in war. Nations die like men, usually though not always, as the result of defeat in war.

It is the duty of the rulers of our country to see that, if possible, we do not become involved in war; it is even higher duty to see that if war comes, we shall be victorious.

The slain Englishman pictured in Liberty was only one of ten million claimed by death in the late war.

The photograph of his fallen body shocked persons now who read with equable minds of the slaughter at Verdun, Tannenberg, Vimy Ridge. We used to read the casualty lists without realizing that each name of a slain soldier meant exactly the thing portrayed in our picture of the Briton who went west.

Nine hundred thousand other Englishmen made the supreme sacrifice; a million and a quarter Frenchmen and a million and a half Germans.

"Only" sixty thousand of our own boys were killed, but the figure would have reached six hundred thousand if the war had lasted a year longer. Sixty thousand boys, each one like that snapshot.

We respect the feelings of those who wrote to us in protest at the "glorification" of an enemy hero. We should like to point out to them, however, that dead men are the fruitage of war, that the business of war is killing, that the stature of a martial hero is measured by his ability to slay his enemy.

We all remember how at the training camps the young men were taught to curse and scowl as they plunged bayonets into straw dummies dressed in enemy uniforms.

War for men in some ways resembles childbirth for women. It is cruel, bloody and painful, often fatal.

Væ victis!

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

GOVERNOR ED JACKSON of Indiana has deliberately broken his oath of office. Of course, he procured whisky only after his physician told him it was vitally necessary to save the life of his sick wife. But it made him a law-breaker and an oath-breaker. Read this amazing article, LAW VS. WHISKY—IN INDIANA, by NORMAN S. HALL.

EDWIN BALMER comes to bat with another corking good story, with a most unusual twist to it. He takes a young astronomer, tucked away up in a mountain observatory studying the stars, and has him fall in love with a movie actress. The twist is due to the fact that all the time he is wooing her, he thinks she is somebody else. Watch for DOUBLE EXPOSURE.

You'll like THE TRAGEDY OF OLGA. It is a story of a girl who learned to love too late, and, because of her lack of experience, learned to love the wrong man. It is a tensely dramatic story, and vividly told by MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE.

DO FIGHTERS HATE EACH OTHER? This question invariably comes to mind as you watch two men knocking each other around in the squared ring, and now it is to be answered by no less an authority than TOM GIBBONS. He gives the inside details of many grudge fights between famous ring battlers.

Nothing in industrial history of the United States has enjoyed the spectacular success of the well known flivver. And now Mr. Ford, after amassing millions out of it, has abandoned its manufacture. It is a fascinating story, an industrial romance, as WILLIAM F. STURM tells it in THE FLIVVER PASSES.

August 27, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 17

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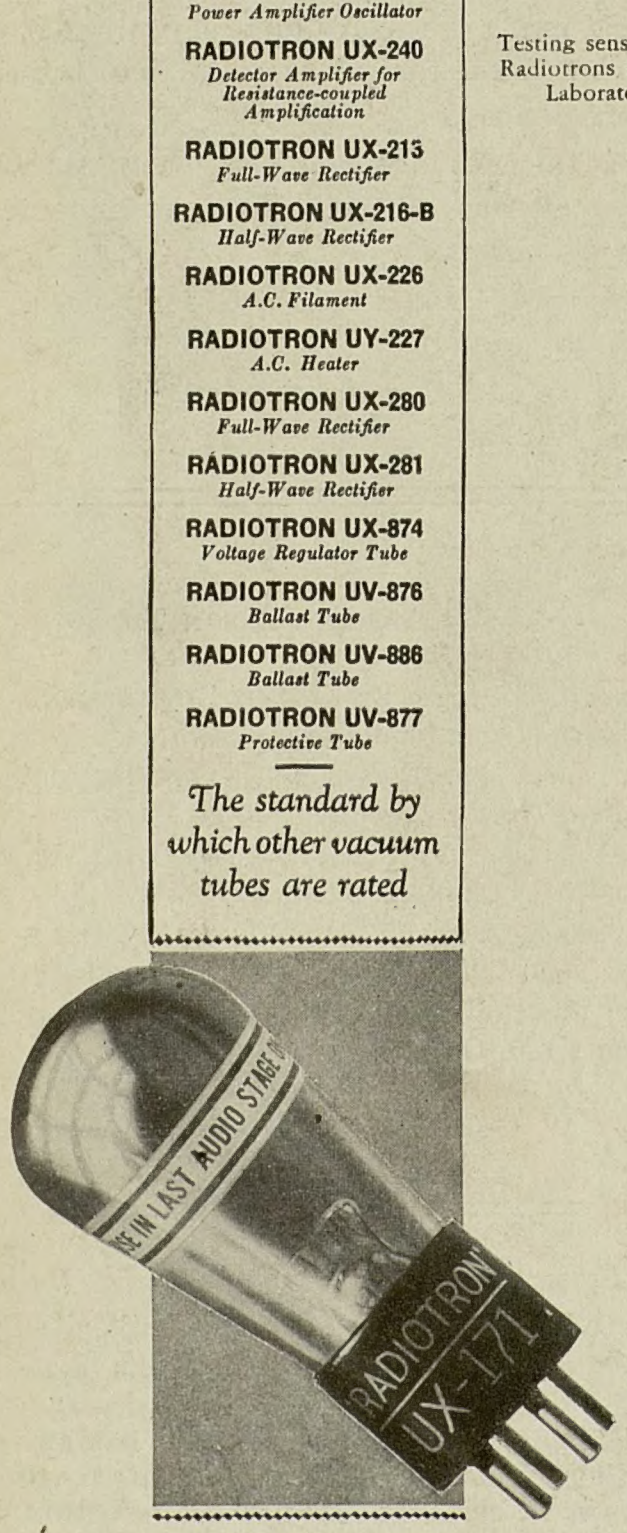
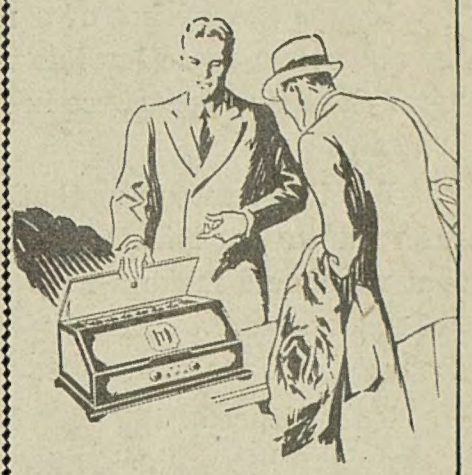


Testing sensitivity of Radiotrons at RCA Laboratories



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The Tallness of the GREAT

A Scientific Portrait of the Distinguished American

An Article by
CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 20 minutes 24 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the first of three in which the influence of physical traits upon greatness is discussed. The articles are based primarily on a questionnaire sent by LIBERTY to the 24,669 men whose names appear in *Who's Who in America*. There were 15,138 replies. Scientific experts lent valuable assistance in assembling the data. Subsequent articles will discuss the possible relation of color of eyes and weight to greatness.]

THE distinguished modern American, on his own statement, is blue-eyed, tall, and slender, standing 5 feet 9.5 inches in his stockings and weighing 162½ pounds.

Judged on his collective name and the personal data he so kindly has furnished, he is a direct descendant of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka's Old American, who had already evolved into a type distinct from his European forebears in the 284 years that elapsed between the discovery of America and the Declaration of Independence.

The new distinguished American follows his ancestor's blood lines and adds some of his own. In him English blood predominates, strongly mixed with Scotch-Irish, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, with Germany, the Netherlands, France, Italy, and Spain contributing.

In racial type he favors the Nordic, the blond, light-haired, oblong-headed man of the North. The round-headed, brown-haired, brown-eyed, barrel-bodied Alpine and the shorter, swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed, and volatile Mediterranean also contribute to his make-up.

He stands from a third of an inch to a head over other racial and national groups. His average tops the Western Pacific Polynesian (the world's tallest race) by 1/3 of an inch; the Scotch (the white man's tallest group) by ¾ of an inch; the English by 1⅞ inches; the Irish by 1⅝ inches; his own doughboy of the draft by 1 3/5 inches; and the normal undistinguished American by a full 3 inches.

He looks not unlike Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. Indeed, if you could persuade Colonel Lindbergh to cut himself down 4½ inches, don Uncle Sam's conventional uniform, and sit for his photograph, the likeness would be an approximate composite of the modern eminent American, as he describes himself.

The type changes constantly, with the Nordic strain showing less influence and the Mediterranean growing stronger.

The margin of possible error in drawing the eminent American is enormous. But our portrait is a fairly true one of our modern intellectual fellow countryman. Being self-drawn, it is intensely human; and it possesses certain scientific value. The collective subject is composed of 14,709 men whose names appear in the 1927 edition of *Who's Who in America*, and who answered a questionnaire sent out by LIBERTY last May.

The object of the questionnaire was to ascertain the possible influence of stature, weight, and eye-color upon greatness; and to settle, God willing, the age-old argument as to whether the majority of great men are, and have been, above or below the average in height.

Who's Who was chosen as a guide, not in the belief that every person in it is a great man, but because it is the most comprehensive list of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

IF Colonel Lindbergh were 4 1/2 inches shorter, he would approximate the eminent American, who towers above all racial groups.

[THE TALLNESS OF THE GREAT
Continued from Page Seven]

eminent men in America. Among the explorers, soldiers, inventors, scientists, historians, doctors, lawyers, publicists, clergymen, educators, and politicians in its pages are some great men and some geniuses.

Several of those addressed are anthropologists, ethnologists, and the like, and their interest in LIBERTY'S questionnaire proved of great value in compiling the conclusions found here.

This explanation is made in answer to the almost universal denial of greatness by those who responded to LIBERTY'S request for personal data.

Bruce Bliven, one of the editors of *The New Republic,* stated pithily:

"I return your questionnaire," he wrote, "because I am weak-minded and always do what I am told. I should like to add, however, that if all the people listed in *Who's Who* are 'great,' then I am a royal and imperial Japanese vermilion carp."

Charles F. Lummis, historian, and founder and president of the Landmarks Club of California, went into further detail.

"Of course," he explained, "the roster of *Who's Who in America* has very little to do with your nominal quest of 'great men.' Out of the 26,000 names in the current *Who's Who,* probably 16,000 or 17,000 are men. It would be flattering to the country—and to humanity—if these were great men—or 10 per cent of them!

"The vast majority, of course, are professional men—that is, lawyers, doctors, educators, and politicians. No anthropologist would expect to find the same class of physique in these white-collar classes that he would find in the more creative or more individualized walks of life.

"THE relative physical ease of the parasitic professions—the doctor, lawyer, clergyman, politician—would be readily surmised by any anthropologist as more likely to attract people of the large and relatively beefy physique; while the intensive and creative and adventurous lines of life—like the soldier, the scout, the explorer, the inventor—would be much more likely, on the average, to be chosen by men whose insignificant 'presence' gave them no chance to be impressive on the platform or in the pulpit, but whose slighted bodies, with less dead weight to carry and easier to get out of tight places, would have a certain gravitation toward the adventurous careers which furnish the majority of those historic figures that we call great.

"I am not prepared—nor paid—for an anthropologic scheme under which a tally of greatness might be made with scientific value. I am simply giving you a few offhand thoughts, on the chance that they might help in the discrimination which follows the counting of your ballot.

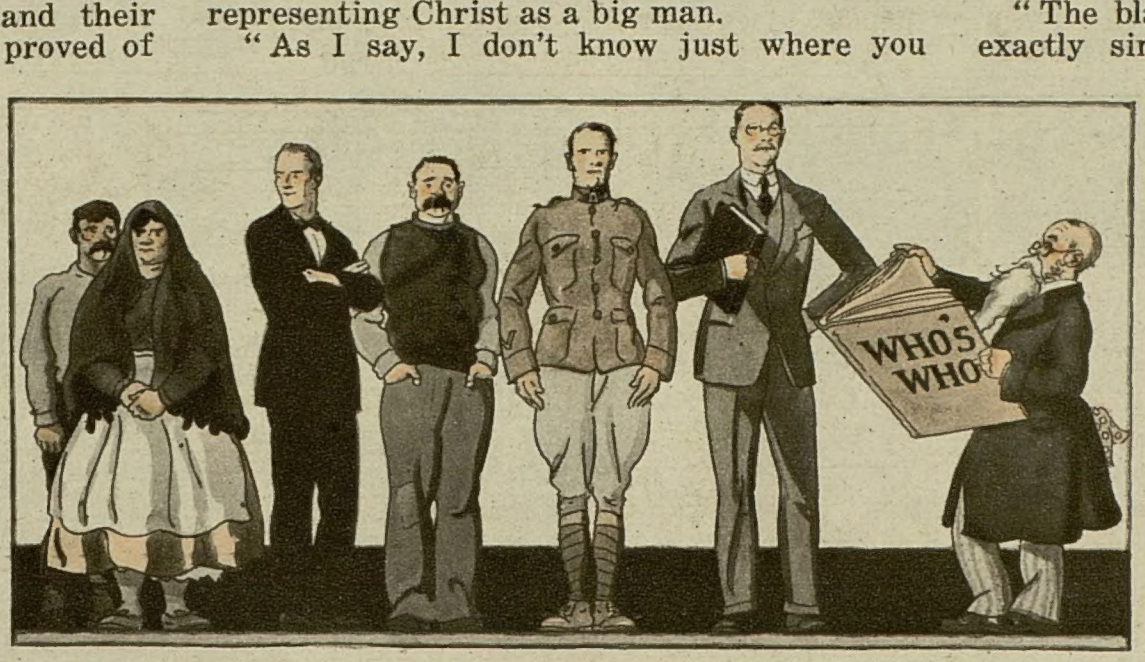
"For instance, I have personally known Presidents Grant, McKinley, and Roosevelt—none of whom was a large man. In fact, George Washington was the only President of the United States, to date, who could be really classed as large. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Possibly the writer overlooked Taft, who weighed 350 pounds while in the White House.]

"I personally knew Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Frank Stockton, Kipling, R. W. Gilder, H. C. Bunner, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry M. Alden, Brander Matthews, and many more: all of them smallish men—many of them, like Holmes and Bunner and Stockton, extremely insignificant in physique. I knew Mark Twain—who was tall, but not large; James Russell Lowell, who was tall, and larger than Twain, but still not a big man. It is notorious that Poe was slight.

"As a historian, I know that the two greatest conquerors of the New World, Cortez and Pizarro, were both small men—I have photographed Pizarro's mummy in Peru. Kit Carson was small; and Fremont, while fairly tall, was very slender. Cæsar and Napoleon and Shelley and Byron and Keats and Shakespeare were all smallish—and no artist has ever thought of representing Christ as a big man.

"As I say, I don't know just where you might draw the line to make your census of any scientific value. If you could have some jury to pick out the Edisons and Fords and Burbanks of contemporary life, it wouldn't make as big an arithmetical stagger to the thoughtless, but might be more convincing in an argument which, of course, will really never be settled.

"The real fact is that genius (which is essential to greatness) is not strictly limited to the size of the body; but that the lines of least resistance for the towering and splendid figure on one hand and the runt on the other, have their probabilities which bear heavily on the ultimate average limit."



HOW the eminent American's height average compares with other groups: (Left to right) World average, male and female, 5 feet 3 inches; male American, 5:6.6; world male average, 5:5; United States Army, 5:7.8; and Who's Who average, 5:9.5.

The "sitting" for the portrait of the New American took more than a month to accomplish.

On May 5 LIBERTY sent out the questionnaires to 24,669 persons named in *Who's Who.* The replies to June 7 reached a total of 14,709, or approximately 60 per cent.

These were checked for the three physical traits, and netted 13,626 for height, 13,568 for weight, and 13,653 for eye-color. The difference in totals was caused by omission of one item or another in some of the replies.

Those that were obviously nonsense were not checked in the count. Among this latter were fifty-three statements—including eleven college professors and clergymen—that the writers varied in height from 6 feet 9 inches to 11 feet 10 inches. They did much to prove the contention that every one who gets into *Who's Who* is not great and may not even be normally intelligent.

THE three sets of figures were turned over to Dr. E. E. Free, biologist, for analysis. One of the first things he discovered was that men lie about their height, because the primitive picture of the male is that of a big, husky brute, and no amount of culture can educate out of a man the wish to appear likewise.

The man who stands from 5 feet 10.5 inches to over 5 feet 11 inches is prone to announce himself as "about 6 feet" and to endeavor to be just that. He will go to great lengths to achieve it—even, in extreme cases, to wearing high heels.

Heights to 6 feet 2 are satisfactory, but beyond that a man will lie just as firmly to come down. Few exceptionally tall men stand erect, while the abnormally short men strut.

Reading the figures submitted to LIBERTY, and interpreting them scientifically, was not a simple job. Dr. Free describes his method and his conclusions as follows:

"The number of persons per 1,000 in each height class by inches is shown by the red curve on the chart.

"Actual figures are indicated by red curves connected by dotted lines.

"The solid curve, called a smooth curve, probably represents with reasonable accuracy the variations of height in this group of people.

"The black curve on the same chart is an exactly similar distribution of men in the United States Army during the war, including drafted men. This is taken from the report of Davenport and Love.

"Preparing height averages on the basis of the distribution curves, the results are:

"Entire world population (male and female), 5 feet 3 inches (approximately).

"Average of male Americans, 5 feet 6.6 inches (approximately).

"World average of males, 5 feet 5 inches (approximately).

"Average of United States Army (as above), 5 feet 7.8 inches.

"Average of 13,626 from *Who's Who* (as above), 5 feet 9.5 inches.

"Taking into account," he says, "both these averages and the complete distribution curves, there are three interesting conclusions which I regard as reasonably certain:

"First, that the people who replied do not know their own height, even to the nearest inch. This is indicated by the way in which the points on the red curve, especially in the center portion of this curve, 'scatter' from the smooth red line.

"FOR example, the number of people who represent themselves as 70 inches high (5 feet 10 inches) is too large by at least 200 individuals. On the other hand, the persons representing themselves as 5 feet 9 inches is too small.

"This is carelessness, plus perhaps the desire of some individuals to represent themselves as a little taller than they really are. Both of these factors are often encountered in anthropology and always must be taken into account in such inquiries.

"The second conclusion is that, on the face of the figures, the man who is approximately two inches taller than the average has a better chance of getting into *Who's Who.* It is especially true (according to these figures) that the individual who is substantially shorter than the norm of population seems to be at a disadvantage.

"The third conclusion, less definite than the first two, but still probable, is that persons who are substantially taller than the average have less chance of getting into *Who's Who* than those who are only a little taller.

"I would say these figures indicate that less than average height is a handicap. The most favorable condition is to be from one to three inches taller than the average of the people around you. To be much taller than the average is again a handicap, although not so severe a one as it is to be three or four inches shorter.

"There is an important source of possible error in these conclusions. This is the probability that most people lie, consciously or unconsciously, about their height.

"Usually, if you ask a normal man his height, his reply will be two or sometimes three inches above the truth. Persons who are abnormally and conspicuously tall tend to reduce the height when mentioning it, and these persons also stoop a little to curtail their apparent height.

"Such psychological considerations would produce exactly the distribution curve given by these replies. Accordingly, it will be possible for critics to say that these data are meaning-

less, indicating merely the prevalence of lying about height, not any actual fact about mankind.

"I am inclined to believe that this criticism is partly justifiable. I do not believe, however, that this explains entirely the departure of the red curve from the black one. The black curve represents a stature distribution higher than the American average, because drafted men averaged slightly taller than the general population. Unusually short men were rejected.

"I am inclined to believe that the LIBERTY figures indicate a real difference between the persons in *Who's Who* and the general population, the persons in *Who's Who* being slightly taller."

TO the average citizen, the last paragraph of the biologist's report reads like a grudging admission that it does seem as if the eminent American is an inch or two taller than his normal contemporary. To any one familiar with the scientific mind, this statement is as good as an ordinary man's enthusiastic proof.

A scientist doesn't believe anything he hears. He is willing to consider it only after he has seen it. Even then, many doubts remain until he has smelled it. He is willing to be convinced after he has tasted it, and many doubts are dispelled after he has felt it.

But even after all that he is open to the conviction that he *might* be dreaming. So the eminent American *is* taller than the average.

Dr. Free's conclusions check those of Charles Kassel of Fort Worth, Texas, who found in 1910, from exact data obtained in the biographical section of the Fort Worth General Public Library, that, of 103 distinguished Americans, 16 were of medium height (5 feet 7.7 inches), 58 were above, and 29 below.

The influences that have raised the stature of the average distinguished American are racial and environmental.

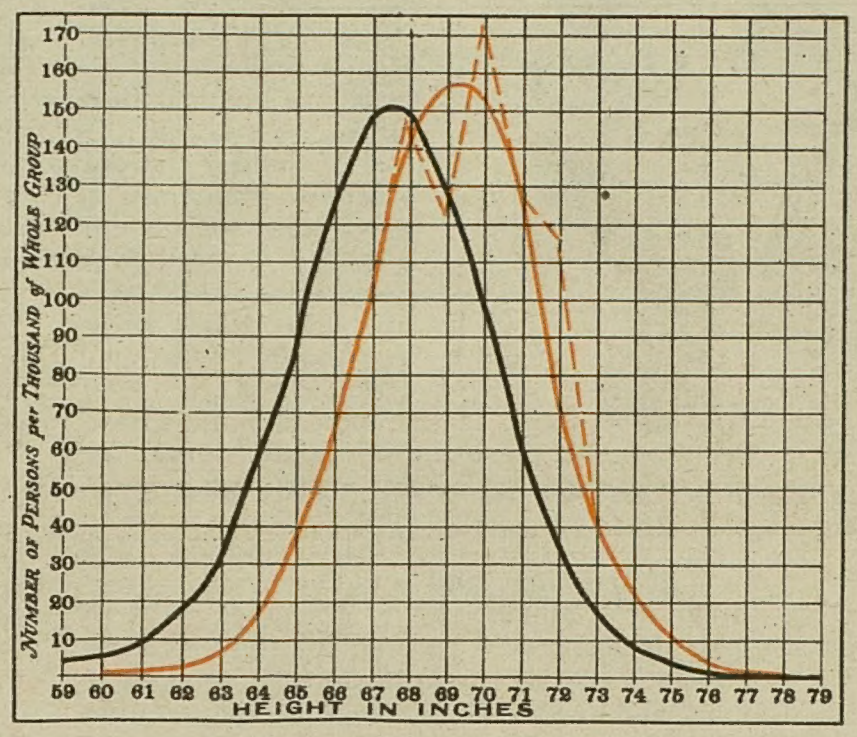
"Physical traits," wrote Madison Grant, lawyer and writer on anthropology, "are signs or stigmata of race, as is intelligence or psychical quality. Both are inherited. And physical traits, while they do not produce or influence genius or greatness, nevertheless are the marks of the racial groups who do produce genius."

Dr. Hrdlicka, in his book, The Old Americans, gives breed, quality, environment, and opportunity as the molding factors that shaped this country's early settlers, the principal ancestors of today's distinguished Americans.

"Successive contingents of the white race," he writes, "emigrated to the temperate zone of the American continent from early in the seventeenth century. They were mainly from the British Isles, also larger or smaller contingents from the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Swedes. Toward the end of the eighteenth century came the Germans.

"The British colonists were English, and later 'Scotch-Irish,' with Scotch, Irish, and Welsh in smaller proportions. The aggregate comprised numerous physical types from the predominant light-haired, tall, oblong-headed Northerners (Nordic) to the round-headed, brown-eyed, and darker-haired Alpines or Gauls and the still darker elements of the Mediterranean type of whites; for these main types existed, not only in geographically different parts of Europe, but, due to older widespread infiltration and mixtures, they were all found in differing proportions, even as they exist to this day, in all European countries, including Great Britain, from which emigration to America proceeded.

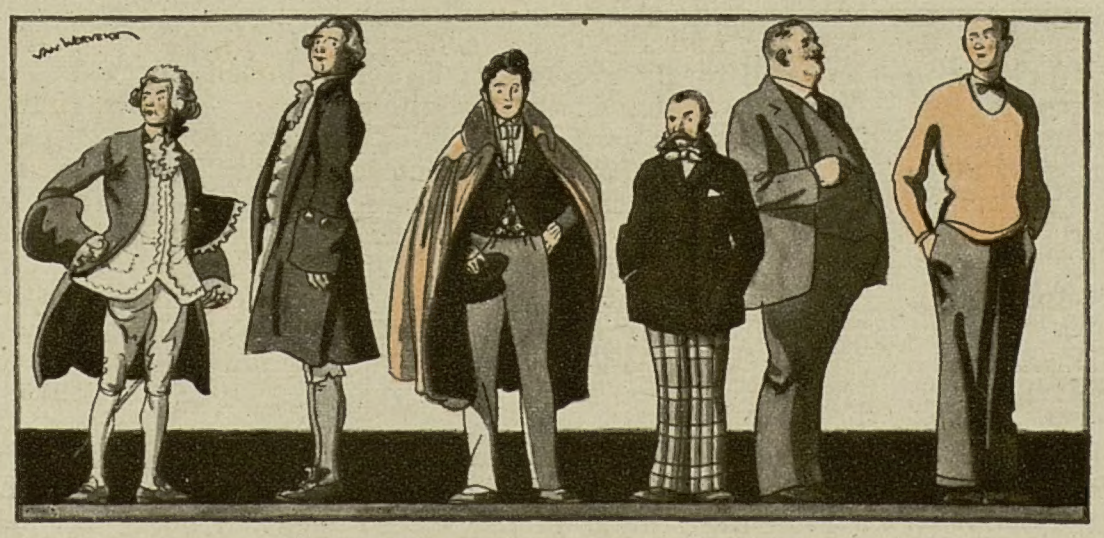
"These earlier comers were above average in sturdiness and energy. They faced considerable hardships, and the weaklings either were left behind or perished. This fact, supplemented by the broad national and political freedom, the abundance of animal food, and the healthfulness of most of the new country, with the thousand necessities and incentives of the new environment, could not but act stimulatingly on the pioneer population, which responded by enterprise, large families, and general mental and physical robustness.



COMPARATIVE heights of army men and noted civilians. The black line measures the army, while the red line charts the tallness of civilians, biometrically. The offshoots of the red line show how the civilians measure themselves.

"They rapidly conformed to the new conditions, and the first generation born here were thoroughly American, different from their Old-World derivation. By gradual contacts with other national groups, a growing community of habits and interests, and one language, the original heterogeneity gave way to a blend reaching a strong new body at the time of the Revolution.

"Since then Americans have progressed so far in unification that they are now acknowledged and recognized as a separate and fairly distinctly characterized unit of the white race, which is no longer English, Dutch, French, or Irish, but American."



HOW the Benezet family's height varied through six generations: (Left to right) Louis Benezet, born 1744, above average; François, 1778, 6 feet; Louis A., 1809, 5:8.5; Gustave, 1843, 5:5; Louis P., 1878, 5:11; and Roger, 1910, will be above 6 feet.

Louis P. Benezet, Superintendent of Schools in Manchester, New Hampshire, asserted, in his reply to the questionnaire, that life in America tends to increase the stature of all persons.

"It has been my personal observation," Mr. Benezet wrote, "that life in this country, with better food, participation in athletic sports, and better understanding of the laws of health as taught in every public school, has greatly raised the stature of south, central, and eastern European peoples.

"Time and again I have seen the children of small Italians, Greeks, Poles, and other nations of short stature, shoot up to a height equal to that of any of their Nordic associates.

"I think of a young Czech whom I sent to Dartmouth. His father and mother were both very short, not over 5 feet 1 or 2, while he stood 5 feet 10; and every one of his nine brothers and sisters grew to be taller than either parent.

"It has been claimed that the Nordic portion of the Aryan race is distinguishable on account of its long limbs, oval heads, and fair complexion. I myself believe that stature is largely dependent upon good food, proper exercise, and healthful living during the period of growth.

"MY own ancestry is French. My father was born in Gascony. I do not wish to bore you with matters that are of prime interest to my own family only, but in this case the Benezets illustrate the whole history of the French nation with regard to physical development.

"My great-great-grandfather was a Royalist, an officer in the king's army. His son caught the revolutionary spirit and ran away from home in 1793, before he had nearly completed his growth, and joined the army of Italy.

"This life of exercise, sleeping in the open air, etc., undoubtedly had a great effect on his height. He grew to be 6 feet tall. His son and grandson were successively smaller in stature.

"Then came the transplanting of the stock to this country. I have two sons, both of whom will undoubtedly grow to be taller than myself. The following table will show you what I mean:

"Louis Benezet, born 1744, said by his son to be above average height.

"François Benezet, born 1778, height 6 feet.

"Louis A. Benezet, born 1809, height 5 feet 8½ inches.

"Gustave P. Benezet, born 1843, height 5 feet 5 inches.

"Louis P. Benezet, born 1878, height 5 feet 11 inches.

"Roger Benezet, born 1910, will undoubtedly reach 6 feet."

Two striking characteristics of the distinguished American are the persistence of the New England stock and the pride of its possessor. The names in *Who's Who* and the types described by the writers of letters to LIBERTY show the old New Englander as persistent throughout America as is the Jew throughout the nations—and as breed-conscious.

You find him changing his habitat from the "strong and rock-bound coast" to the West, but he will never submit to losing his identity. If his strong, tall, spare body, his blue-gray eyes, his medium-colored hair, his reserve, and his drawled speech do not make you aware of his descent, he soon will inform you of it. Here are two letters, typical of thousands received.

Patten Beard, well known for her many craft books and stories for children, like her father listed in *Who's Who*, writes:

"When my father received his questionnaire from LIBERTY, I chanced to come upon him in his study just in time to answer his question as to the color of his eyes. He is Dr. Augustus Field Beard, well known for his work as an educator and clergyman. What I want to add is just this:

"I believe that it is not a matter of height or color of eyes that make the Beard family what it is, though there are strong racial features that go with the name. It is a matter of inheritance—certain qualities of forceful

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TALLNESS OF THE GREAT
Continued from Page Nine]

character that they inherit with color of eyes and build, and other strong family marks that they inherit from early New England ancestry and even farther back to England, Scotland, France. The Beards came to Milford, Connecticut, in 1639, and their names are commemorated upon the Milford Memorial Bridge there with the words:

> "God winnowed a Nation to bring forth seed worthy of a new planting.

"*This*, I believe, is what makes the strength of character that is based upon strong New England foundations.

"The Beard family in its many branches is an interesting study of strong inheritances and talent. There are certain mental qualities and artistic qualities in its several branches. One of the best instances is that of the family of the eminent American painter, James Beard. All his sons and daughters became, like himself, famous."

A Baltimore physician, after carefully removing his name and address from his questionnaire, returned it with this gloomy outlook:

"Of the fast disappearing New England type—horse face. In twenty-five years the melting-pot will show only round faces, low curved foreheads, shorter stature (5-8½ to 9). Broad shoulders, superfluous fat, little stamina. But so developed that they will have intellects which are unable to consider any but one side of a question. They will be happier, even as highly developed animals are intelligent in matters of food, comfort, and sexual instincts. With pensions of all sorts, health made primary, life made easy, round-faced contentment will follow. Probably excellent in every way. But, as the past is revealed, it is important to note that most of the great contributions of lasting benefit were made by men who were not physically well."

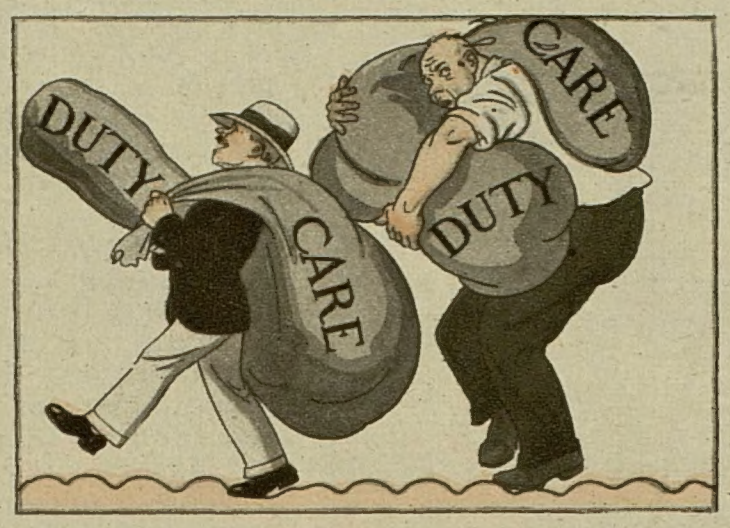
The age-old argument of the large man versus the small man is taken up by both big and little men from an emotional bias familiar to anthropologists.

The emotional bias, as explained by A. L. Kroeber in his book, Anthropology, is the forming of opinions by the emotions rather than by reason.

Kroeber gives as an example a tribe of Indians, originally fish-eaters, who were driven from the sea by hostile tribes and by them kept from access to it. In time this tribe lost not only the memory of the taste of fish, but within a century they came to the conviction that fish were poisonous.

Both big and little men, the questionnaire reveals, tend to seek among the great the geniuses closest to them in stature.

The little man garners the runts from history while the big man, slower and more tolerant, presents his prize galaxy of giants, which generally averages 6 feet 2 and reaches an aggregate weight of several tons.



The little man usually will go farther than his lumbering big brother.

THE question never will be settled, but it is significant that the only type of man willing to consider it rationally in the questionnaire was the one who was absolutely average. Two of these were Peter B. Kyne, author, and Gutzon Borglum, sculptor. Both are 5 feet 7½ inches. Mr. Kyne weighs 175, Mr. Borglum 170.

"I have no information to give you regarding the possible influence of physical traits upon greatness," writes Mr. Kyne. "Some keen student of men once coined the phrase that conceit is God's gift to the little man; yet I have known some half-portions who were as free of conceit as a frog is of hair.

"Experience in the army has proved to me that an infantryman who weighs not more than 150 pounds and is compactly built is the boy who survives the long march and arrives on the field of combat with sufficient pep still on hand to indulge in bayonet exercise; the big fellows always cave first.

"When I was a boy I served as a private in the Philippines, and I remember a dreadful day when a re-enforced brigade of about 8,000 troops made a forced march of about fifteen miles.

"Of course, under ordinary conditions, a seven-mile march for combat troops was about the limit. On this hike that I refer to, about 3,200 men dropped out from heat prostration and thirst, faint-heartedness, or sheer physical exhaustion.

"I weighed 118 pounds at the time, and was the proprietor of a touch of malaria and a gorgeous case of amœbic dysentery. I fainted for the first time at 8 o'clock in the morning, but I managed to stagger along, and at 6 o'clock in the evening was picked as one of the six strongest men in my company to rustle wood and water.

"I must say, however, that it wasn't so much stamina that made me go through as the fear of being butchered by Filipino stragglers and bushwhackers if I dropped out. The next morning I particularly observed the thirty-two men who were remaining in my company, which had started out with ninety men the day before. There wasn't a man in the outfit over 5 feet 8 or weighing more than 150 pounds. All the 'big fours' were gone.

"So I think there must be something to the statement that conceit is God's gift to the little man. He has a staying quality that no big man possesses. Long after his strength is gone, the will to win keeps him going. That's why a good lightweight ring contest has so much more thrill to it than a heavyweight contest.

"I believe, with Plato, that courage and intelligence constitute man's real virtues. Of course, sheer physical bulk is overawing, and a great big man who is also intelligent will be accepted as a leader, while a man of lesser physical qualifications with infinitely greater brains may be second in command. I think that the finest, bravest, and brainiest men I ever knew were blue-eyed men. Practically all of the men I know who are supreme in their professions are not big men.

"If hard work be the paving-stones in the road to success, I think more little men will get there than big men, because the little man is a stayer physically; consequently, he will work harder and longer, and, provided he is intellectually well equipped, I think he will go farther than his great, lumbering brother, even though the other man has brains."

Mr. Borglum accompanied his physical measurements with excerpts from memoranda he jotted down on Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the famous food expert, who sat for him.

"Dr. Harvey W. Wiley towers above the average build of men," writes Mr. Borglum; "shakes his head with unspent vigor. He stoops slightly forward.

"He is playful in his address, witty, and chooses with ease and care his words. He thinks as he speaks, and even his wit is free from idle or unconsidered thought.

"In my notes I find these fragments: 'Younger by a third than his years.' Again on another page, under date of January 7, I find, 'A fighter and a soldier with a human cause.'

"His personal impression is tall, powerful, unique. His height and size surprised me. Most fighters are between 5 feet 6 and 5 feet 10. The best fighting build seems to be that. Nature seems to function better under these proportions, and in weight not over 175 pounds. These proportions make the best swordsmen, the best generals, the most enduring debaters, public speakers, and the best horsemen. Under long sustained out-of-door action, they lose weight, lose all fat, and harden. The muscle and bone left make a perfect human machine. And yet Dr. Wiley, a large man, is preeminently a man of action.

"IT is true Napoleon was under these dimensions in height and weight. So was Sheridan, by all odds the ablest fighting unit on the side of the North, weighing 120 pounds, and 5 feet 4. And as another exception to the rule, Forrest in the South, I believe the greatest fighter who ever appeared on the American continent, was six feet and must have been over 200 pounds. So nature makes exceptions to her own rules.

"Dr. Wiley is over 6 feet, broad of shoulder, a veritable Cœur de Lion. He has a head that sets well on his powerful, unusually massive neck, and is bent slightly forward.

"By the way, this well equipped product of our civilization has a neck very much like the neck on the statue of Moses by Michelangelo. His arms are powerful, and if he had been a youngster in the earlier day of our frontier life, he would have tested his strength by lifting and in other forms of physical endurance.

"It is reported Washington lifted 1,200 pounds dead weight. Jefferson, as thin almost as Lincoln, lifted 800 pounds. Lincoln lifted 800. Lincoln was 6 feet 4½ inches, as he said, and could take a barrel of whisky in his two hands, lift it into position, and drink from the bunghole, and set it down.

"He did this once, spit out the whisky, and declared: 'That's the first whisky I have ever tasted.' But Dr. Wiley is well over 200 pounds in weight, and ought in his day to have lifted as much as Washington. Jefferson weighed over 200 pounds in old age, but Lincoln never got above 180 pounds."

The disappearing New England "horse face" type (left) and the one being developed by the melting-pot.

So from the canvass of the questionnaires emerges the sketch of the modern distinguished American, drawn by himself in broad strokes. The portrait, on the whole, is fairly true.

He is tall, slender, for the most part eminent, sometimes near-great, in a few instances really great. He is tolerant, intellectual, charged with initiative, blessed here and there with originality and invention. His environment continues to mold him. He will change in type, become darker-haired, darker-eyed, shorter, perhaps more volatile, with the influx of Mediterranean blood into his veins.

A great deal more is revealed by the questionnaire than was told in the foregoing. You'll find it in an early issue of LIBERTY.

Cabin Number Nine

Pictures by EDWARD CUCUEL

BEFORE him was the face of a woman—most beautiful, most sad. For perhaps twenty seconds Rod stared at it, transfixed.

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

The Story of a Stowaway and the Ghost of a Girl

By
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

COAL dust, like black snow, covered the decks of the Leander. The giant coal-chutes of Colon, not least among the sights of the Canal, swung their car-loads, train-loads, aboard in a roaring and unceasing clamor.

The air seemed choked with sound as with coal dust. Up on the boat deck you could not hear the lesser noises of footsteps or talking, though scores of men were at work and few of them were silent.

In the black throat of the Canal the ship lay prisoned and dead. Not till morning would she awake, shake herself free, and start upon the last long stretch to home and England.

Passengers were ashore, enjoying themselves. On the huge, deserted ship, beneath the bunches of electric moons that seemed to increase the heat wherever their fierce light fell, one or two weary stewards kept watch.

Up on the bridge the ship's officers surveyed the coaling process, cooler, it might be, than the lesser folk below, who were there only to watch the coaling crew.

Ten o'clock came, eleven, and still the coal-chutes bellowed like great guns; still the haze of black dust rose from the bunkers.

"They'll be another three hours," shouted a steward, coming over to his mate and yawning widely. "You can't be seen from the blessed bridge; come down to my room half a mo'—I know where there's cold beer still."

"What about those niggers?"

The second man, his eyes blinking with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CABIN NUMBER NINE
Continued from Page Eleven]

weariness, looked at the teams of West Indian Negroes managing the huge snakes of canvas through which the coal was thundering down.

"Bridge can damn well look after them a minute. We can be there and back before any one knows."

His mate gave in. "Cabins are locked," he agreed. "How many bottles have you got?"

They took a last look round and hurried down the nearest companionway.

THERE was a ventilator close to the hatchway, with a wired cover over its mouth. The stewards were hardly gone before the cover swung cautiously aside, and a face appeared where no face had any business to be. In spite of coal dust, it was a white man's face, and by that fact twice disqualified for its present position.

In Colon white men are numbered and known; they do not sneak, steal, stow away. It was not upon white people that the stewards were keeping watch that night.

Rodman Bell knew it—just as he knew the ship and everything in her. He acted swiftly. Waiting until the officer above had walked to the other end of the bridge, he swung himself out of the ventilator.

A slimmish, smallish man he was, with a good carriage and a very dirty white suit. He had a bag in his hand.

He bolted immediately down the companion into a main-deck alleyway. A wild figure, reflected in the long end mirrors as he passed, he hurried up another and shorter companion, followed a small private alleyway with square stained-glass windows set in the bulkheads, and reached a door. This he felt.

"Locked," he thought. "Naturally. Now for the other way."

A sharp knife, applied to the mattress, discovered the secret. "Young fellow, you were lucky you didn't

The catch of a window slipped beneath the skilful manipulation of his knife. He tossed his bag in, followed it, closed the window, and stood safe.

The great electric moons outside lighted up the place as clearly as day. Yes, this was it. He had made no mistake. He was in Cabin Number Nine, the biggest and best of the "special supplement" cabins—so big and so expensive, indeed, that it was hardly ever occupied.

It had a dainty little parlor with blue satin brocade upon the walls; furniture of brocade; an inlaid table or two, armchairs, a bookcase, a handsome writing-table, and electric standard lamps of silk and crystal.

It had a bedroom with a square standing bed, and a wide couch under the windows; long glass, dressing-table, chests of drawers. There was a bathroom, too.

Bell made for the last, and drank greedily of the tepid water in the tap.

"That was good," he gasped. "Lord, I was nearly choking! Nothing could be safer," he went on. "Only question is, might there be a passenger? No one from here, or the hand luggage'd be in. No ports after. No; I'm all right.

"Not done, by any means, R. B., are we, you and I? What if their wretched companies do fail and leave a fellow stranded? We've not come down to begging from the consuls yet a bit."

He nodded at his grim face in the glass, and almost laughed.

Safe, safe! Behind him the weeks of weary waiting for answers to the letters that a broken man writes home; the wild upleap of the heart when a letter came—the sickening downfall when it yielded nothing but regrets, excuses, advice.

Gone the streets of Colon, American and Spanish quarters—one wide and glaring, filled with curio shops and hotels; the other dusky, narrow, glancing with Spanish eyes, gay with fringed shawls, bordered by queer little shops bearing foreign notices and names.

The everlasting palms. The Canal—the Canal—which he had grown to hate as if it were a living person; the Canal, which had lured him with the promise of a job from a newly formed development company taking up land for building; which had cast him out homeless and all but penniless upon its cruel concrete shores.

THE Canal, with its eternal smiting suns by day, its eternal blazing electric moons by night, its vivid green and blue and crimson landscape, belting the gray strip of water that linked two hemispheres, its tall white towers of lamp-posts, staring cruelly out over a hard, efficient, curbed, policed, and concreted world.

The Canal, great god of a thousand whites and a hundred thousand blacks, eater of money, labor, worship, men; whose personality dominated the whole of the Isthmian land.

"Just to be rid of *her*," he thought. "Just to be one's own man again—"

meet the fate of the cat," commented Jacks.

He had seen how employees grew to worship the Canal—were sucked in and devoured by her. Not for him!

Well, he'd be all right here. One approached the cabin only by way of the special alleyway; it was possible to hear people coming. There was room to hide inside the wardrobe; there was room in the shower-bath; there was room under the table.

Hard luck if an old soldier like himself (Bell had been seventeen when he joined up in the second year of the war) could not find comfortable quarters for a couple of weeks in the finest cabin of a fine Pacific liner.

He unpacked his bag. It held a change of clothes, a spirit lamp and block fuel, tea, biscuits, tinned meat, jam. After buying these things in the Spanish quarter, he had just one dollar left.

He looked at the money with a grin. "Never mind, old chap," he said, soundlessly moving his lips, after the fashion of one who has lived much alone. "You sha'n't be left unwedded very long; and if I don't miss my guess, your little ones will rival those of old Abraham."

He slipped the dollar back into his pocket. Rodman Bell had been in tight places before, the wide earth over; and up till now he had always got out of them.

After a wash in the bathroom, he put on clean clothes, and hid away the others in the top of the wardrobe. He began to feel indescribably weary, now that the strain of the adventure was relaxed and safety won. The wide standing bed attracted him almost irresistibly, unmade though it was.

Rod looked at it, sighed, and turned away. He didn't want to sleep too soundly. One could never be sure of stewards. The couch was the best place—harder and narrower, safer by far.

But he hadn't slept in a decent bed for months. He hadn't slept in any bed the last two nights, since the boarding-house, losing patience, had turned him out. What was the matter with a single hour—one hour—on that magnificent mattress? The stoppage of the coaling would wake him.

He loosened his belt and slipped off his worn canvas shoes. He sat down on the side of the bed, and was going to throw his weary legs luxuriously in, when something stopped him.

What?

Rod paused with his hands on his belt buckle, stared and listened.

OUTSIDE, the ceaseless thunder of the coaling rumbled on; the figures of the Negroes went and came—across the windows vague shadows on the colored glass.

Inside, the air was dead and still. Blue curtains fell in formal, undisturbed folds. A ship-chair, screwed to the floor beside the dressing-table, seemed to be waiting for one who had not come. The looking-glass—

No, there was nothing whatever in the looking-glass. What had made him think there was? There was nothing anywhere, save the flitting Negro shadows on the panes, and his own white, staring face, which looked at him strangely from the mirror.

Rod lifted his legs, swung them right on the bed, and lay stretched out like a starfish, every muscle deliciously relaxing.

"If I could only venture a smoke," he thought, "this would be—"

What it would be was never said. His lids fell.

Hours later, the stopping of the coal-thunder waked him swiftly. He had not moved a quarter-inch since he lay down. He did not move now; only opened his eyes wide. And there before him, so close that it seemed almost touching him, was the face of a woman—most beautiful, most sad.

For perhaps twenty seconds Rod lay motionless, looking at the face, the face looking at him. Its eyes, blue-green as Pacific waters beyond Balboa town; its hair, short, fine, incredibly thick, spraying out in an amber aureole about the forehead and neck, seemed oddly familiar. And yet, he was sure he had never met this woman.

He seemed to know her ordinary expression, however, and further to know, with some anxiety, that it was not normal. Sadness for herself seemed to mingle with anxiety, distress for some one else. So plainly was he conscious of her wish for him to rise that he answered it almost mechanically, finding himself on his feet in the middle of the cabin.

Then she—or it—was gone. Had there been anything? He decided at once that there had not. He had been dreaming, half awake.

Whistles sounded about the decks. Cabin Number Nine was dim now, with the fading of the great bunches of electric moons outside. In the ship's body, deep down, the iron heart began to beat.

Rodman ran to the side of the cabin and pressed his face to the baffling colored glass. The lights of Colon were moving—passing. The Canal was gone.

"Damn her, good-by to her!" he blurted fiercely, as the Leander moved toward the east and dawn.

When he returned to rest, it was not upon the great wide standing bed. Something, he did not know what, seemed to hold him back. He dropped upon the couch and finished the night there.

IT was warm the next day, and the next, and for days after. They ran through a calm sea, with torrents of rain that rattled like machine-gun fire upon the roof of Number Nine and swiftly passed again.

Nobody had been near the cabin save once, when a steward came up the alleyway—giving Rod plenty of time to hide himself in the wardrobe—opened the door, did a little careless dusting, and went out.

Rod had been afraid that the captain would include Number Nine in his noon inspection trip. But the Old Man was old in truth, finishing what he meant to be his last voyage, and inclined to slackness.

Rod, carefully husbanding his monotonous provisions, comforting himself now and then with a glass of hot tea, managed to make himself exceedingly comfortable. He was a wanderer, an adventurer, by nature and by choice; one of those who

> Cannot keep one bed too long,
> But must go hence—observing matters till they die.

Cabin Number Nine was a good home for the present; and he'd an idea, when he got to England, for raising money on certain expectations and starting—not through the Canal this time—for the great Pacific world.

He used to sit and dream about it, lounging in the brocaded chairs. He knew the islands. They didn't grip you like that damned Canal. They left you your soul.

From Balboa they began—though you couldn't see them for thousands of miles yet. The Balboa side was South Sea—reefs, pelicans, blue water.

He remembered seeing a ship steward walking among the reefs one afternoon, looking for fish. He'd almost spoken to the man, thinking to recognize a kindred soul. But the face of the creature daunted him. It was red-haired, red-eyed, evil. Odd that he should remember now!

Was it odd, after all? Now that he came to think of it, he could remember a red-haired steward on the Leander four months ago—a queer, secretive sort of chap, who used to turn up when you didn't expect him. Last sort of man whom one would expect to feel the South Sea charm—to go wandering over coral reefs at low tide.

"You never know," thought Rod, and dismissed the steward from his mind. Something else was occupying it now. There were people on deck, talking just below the nearest of the windows.

"Amber Adair," somebody said, and again, "Amber Adair! No, it was never found out."

"They kept it pretty quiet," said a second voice.

"So-so. You couldn't keep a thing like that quiet. She was too well known. But it all happened at sea—she was buried there."

"This was the ship?"

"I happen to know it was. On the run to Wellington."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CABIN NUMBER NINE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"What was she doing there? They don't generally take Colonial engagements till they're a good sight older than Amber Adair was."

"Ah—"

The first speaker seemed to pause. Rod was listening now with strained and painful interest. He remembered well the excitement there had been at Balboa when news came of the beautiful revue star's sudden death at sea.

"What made them suppose there was foul play in it?" was the next question that reached Rod.

"Can hardly tell you. Something a fellow on board had been heard to say. A suspicion of poison. It was nothing more. They couldn't prove anything. And, as you can imagine, in this case nobody wanted too much limelight."

"Oh—then she was—"

"You needn't say it. Walls have ears."

"That's an empty cabin. We're in the same box. Was she really?"

"'F course. One of the best we had. There's the usual secret reward out."

"Thousand?"

"Thousand. And I wish you or I may get it."

The tone was satirical, scornful.

Rod hung on to the window sill, shaking with excitement.

Honor did not keep him from trying to hear more. He had put honor in his pocket when he had stowed away. It would come out again when he had got safely ashore at Southampton and raised the money he wanted.

But there was nothing more to hear. The men got up and moved away.

Rodman began to pace up and down the narrow space of the boudoir. His nerves, worn by watching, reacted almost violently to the sensational news he had just heard.

Amber Adair! He had seen her portrait in the papers. She was a lovely creature, young, a marvelous dancer, a siren of the first quality.

And she was "one of them." What did they mean? Who were they?

He had caught a glimpse of the two men as they moved away. There was nothing in their appearance to suggest anything uncommon. Rod rather thought he had seen one of them in Colon. Where? He could not remember.

THERE were books on the shelf that he had not yet read. He took one, a cloth-bound popular novel, and lay down on the couch. In another moment he was on his feet again, staring at the book, at the penciled name inside the coarse white flyleaf—*Amber Adair.*

"Why, my God," he said to himself, "this must have been her cabin!"

The thought of the floating face, encircled in pale, brilliant masses of hair, that he had seen on the first night of the voyage, came back to him with the force of a blow.

"It was she," he said. "I remember the portraits. But why— Are there such things as ghosts, after all?"

He began to make a systematic search of the cabins. Bits of paper—none of them significant—were tucked away behind books; a lipstick, of the pure geranium color used only by brilliant blondes, was lying inside the flap of the writing-desk.

More bits of paper here—an envelop stamped, and then torn open and crumpled away, as if the writer had decided not to send her letter. What was the direction?

Miss Eileen Adair
Cobb Cottage
Golden Hind Road
Paignton, Devon.

Rod put the envelop in his pocket. "Eileen Adair." Could it have been the real name of that brilliant butterfly who had fluttered so short a time, and then sunk down, broken-winged, in the very room where he was standing?

No; she wouldn't be writing to herself. He went on with the search, haunted all the time by the vision of the wonderful, sad face, that had leaned over him on the first night of his stay.

Was it possible that there could be anything in ghostly tales? She haunted the bed, it seemed. Well, she should haunt it again, or he would know the reason why.

THAT day was longer than others. When six bells had sounded at last, when the bar was closed with an audible slam, and the last of the passengers were being warned out of the saloons, Rod judged it time to try.

He threw himself on the bed, folded his arms beneath his head, and tried to sleep.

To his astonishment, he succeeded. Almost at once he felt himself sliding away into dreams. Colon was there again, and the Canal—that damned sphinx of a Canal, fascinator and devourer of manhood.

He was walking, as he so often had walked, on the concrete banks of the gray stream with the enormous light standards towering overhead. And somehow his foot slipped, so that he almost fell into the sucking, foaming waters of the Miraflores lock, just as the gates had closed. But a woman seized his arm and drew him back.

Rodman Bell swung himself out of the ventilator. He had a bag in his hand.

"Come away," she said in his ear. "Come away; take care—you'll die!"

She pulled him back sharply, and he awoke.

He was half out of the bed and half in, as if someone in very truth had been pulling at him and almost succeeded in dragging him down upon the floor. He tumbled out and lay on the hot wool carpet, a steady, silent moon looking down at him through patches of sapphire and amber glass.

And for just a moment, while you could count two beats of a watch, there was something that was amber, but not glass, something that was blue, but not the blue of the window, floating between him and the calm, staring moon.

Rod was not frightened, not amazed. He knew what he must do.

"Amber Adair!" he said. "Are you trying to speak? What is it, Amber Adair?"

She was gone; but he felt that she was not far away.

"If you've anything to tell me, try to tell it," he said. "I'd never have been hard on you, Amber," he went on. "I'd never have blamed you for what men did to you. I think I could have loved you—Amber Adair."

But Amber Adair did not return.

"I suppose I dreamed it," he thought; "but, if I did, I like the dream. Lord, what a woman she must have been, if even the dream of her sets men loving her dead shadow!"

He could not sleep. The heat was so oppressive that he opened, cautiously, the least conspicuous of the windows, and lay down to rest on the couch, where a little air flowed in. Lying so, he saw, with some amusement, one of the ship's cats making its sly way into the cabin through the window that he had opened.

"You may come and take a rat or two, but you'll have to be stirring early, puss," he thought. "We can't have them hunting for you and finding you here."

He remembered the cat when dawn began to brighten the windows.

"Time to chuck her out," he thought, and went into the bedroom.

The cat was lying on the big bed.

"Trust a cat for that," he thought, and bent to pick her up. She was stiff and dead.

Rod stood there, staring, thinking hard.

Amber Adair had died in that cabin—no natural death. The cat had died, sleeping there. Was the cat's death natural? And if not, to what did it point?

HE picked up the small furry body, and examined it. There was here and there a scratch such as any cat might acquire hunting rats through the hold and cargo of a ship—but no mark of a blow from which it might have died; no swelling suggestive of poison.

"What she got, she got here," he thought.

And suddenly a cold feeling crept over him. Mightn't he get it himself?

With that thought came another. Was it possible that he had been warned—and by Amber Adair?

Instantly the half-formed idea of going out and throwing himself upon the mercy of the captain died away. No; he would not do that. It would mean being taken forcibly back to Colon. That was what they did to stowaways nowadays, in order to discourage others. No; he'd go through with it. He would do as he had planned—wait till they were in Southampton, and then, when the newspaper men came aboard, slip out and get a man he knew to pass him off as one of the Southampton *Leader's* reporters.

As for the ghosts and terrors of the cabin, he would take his chance.

Then began for Rodman Bell days and nights of something as near plain fright as he had ever experienced in the course of a variegated and roving life. He would have given up; ceased to take cover when steps approached—hoped, even, that he might be found—but for one thing: he had seen her again—more than once.

He did not dare, now, to sleep in the big bed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

TOMATO SOUP

A sparkle in every spoonful!

SOUP

and why men like it

IT DOES my heart good to see how much my husband enjoys a plate of good, bracing soup. That's one dish, at least, which never fails me. I always know he will be glad to see it brought on the table."

So said a housewife. And you can read between the lines that she finds soup a daily help in the problem of serving pleasing, cheerful, beneficial meals. Housewives everywhere are following her example. It is such a simple matter to provide good soup nowadays. And it goes such a long way toward making the home table a real success.

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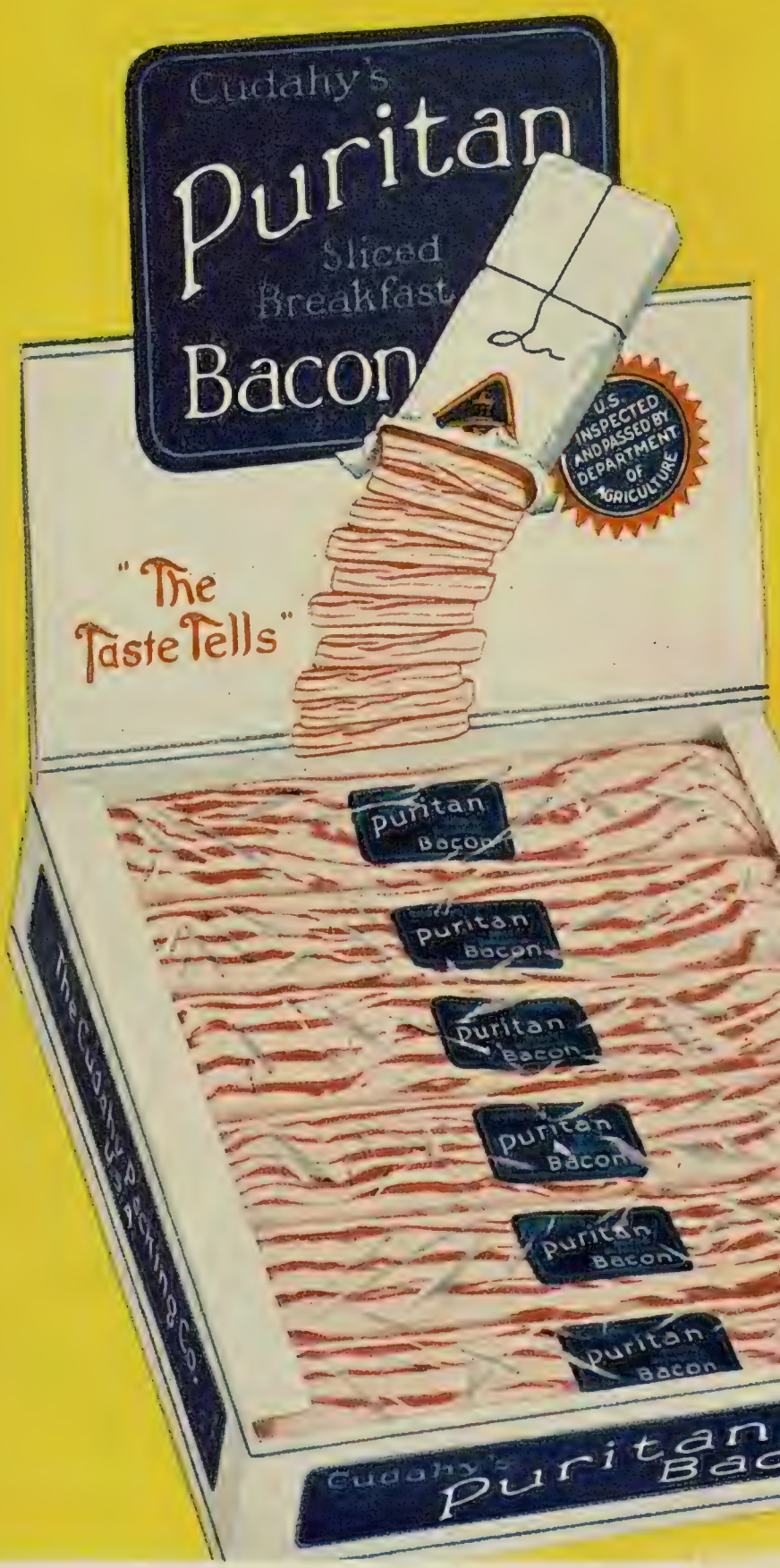

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

—though he had lifted the mattress, shaken it, looked underneath, and made sure that no snake or poisonous reptile lay hidden there.

But even on the couch she came to him sometimes, in the half-sleeping, half-waking moment that is the mother of dreams. He could see her hair, her sea-colored eyes, through the dark of night, as plainly as if they had stood together under the blazing electric moons of Colon. She was always sad, anxious, and he could not but feel that the anxiety had to do with him.

TWO days from Southampton, when airs had grown chilly and passengers no longer lay around in shade, but tramped briskly up and down in the cooling sunlight, Rod, peering through his window, saw the two men who had formerly talked about Amber Adair.

Instantly he moved the window a little, so as to leave an imperceptible opening through which he might hear any further talk. They were coming to the seat under the window!

A sudden recollection came to him of the elder man's identity. Yes, he had seen him in Colon—seen him at the boat landing one night, in a quiet corner, talking confidentially to a man whom Rod knew to be the American Chief of Secret Police.

"One of them"—Amber Adair! Did he understand now, or was it— Hush! They were speaking.

"—done good work, at any rate—rest her ashes, poor girl! Well, you'll report when we get in. How those Americans love their Canal! You'd think it was the wife or sweetheart of any one of them."

"It gets hold of you," said the other. "I was there longer than you. I don't mind confessing I broke the tenth commandment pretty often. She's a wonder."

"All the better for us to have done what we did. Things aren't so smooth with Uncle Sam just now, that we can afford to let any of our nationals be concerned in breaking his toys with high explosives."

"Ah," broke in the other sharply. "There's the bit of it that does worry me. We ought to have got the men."

"'Tisn't even certain there was a man. The reward? I grant you. But that's just on principle. You see, she was buried at sea; almost impossible to sheet anything home."

"You've traced the red-haired steward?"

"Almost. All in time. Not at all sure we could fix anything on him."

"Why, God bless you, man, we *know* he came from the Reds; we—"

"Two and two don't make four in this business. They've got to make five or nothing."

"Some one went over the cabin, of course?"

"First thing, at Balboa. Nothing suspicious. They left it just as it was; never stirred a scrap of paper or a hairpin."

"Ah."

There was a long pause. Rod's heart beat flutteringly. Some sixth sense was at work, warning—waking fear. No, it wasn't possible. Why should they—

The elder man was speaking:

"Well, I'm inclined to. No use troubling any one. I have my keys. What about it?"

"Now?"

"Now. One's enough. You can go and hang about the main alleyway till I come."

The sixth sense, thought Rod in consternation, had been right, after all. He was going to be caught. No, he wasn't. There was the wardrobe. Perhaps they wouldn't think—

Footsteps in the small alleyway. Hurry!

It was close in the wardrobe, but not so unbearably hot as, days earlier, that refuge had been. There was a strong smell of paint and canvas and rubber from the woodwork and from the life-belts on which he stood.

He left the door a very little open. One must breathe—and it would be as well to see what the man was up to.

Without a sound, the visitor opened the locked door of the boudoir, stepped in, and was standing looking around him. Then, without the slightest hesitation, he walked through the boudoir, into the bedroom, up to the wardrobe, and, before Rod had time to realize what was going to happen, had swung the door open.

"Come out," he said very quietly. "No tricks. I have you covered!"

There was no use parleying. Rod tumbled out, a dismayed, untidy figure.

"I—I don't know how you—" were the first words that came to his lips. Not what he had meant to say, but—

The other, a tallish, quiet, inconspicuous person in a neat tweed suit, was not at all discomposed.

"Next time you stow away," he said, "don't use scented soap."

"Oh!" was all that Rod could find to say.

He had never thought of that. There was plenty of soap in the bathroom; he had brought none aboard; and, being fastidiously clean by nature, he had made free use of the ship supply.

"You're not what I thought you," said the man. "Decent chap—on the beach. Am I right?"

"Yes. If you've any business to ask questions, which—"

"Oh, come, now! You've been listening to the whole of my private conversation."

"If you choose to—"

"Yes; we can take that as said. Now, I've a bargain to make."

He seemed perfectly cool, quite as if he were used to finding men stowed away in cupboards any hour of the day.

"You've been occupying the cabin where a mysterious death took place. Give us your word that you will keep your tongue between your teeth about everything, and answer all the questions we may put, and we'll see you safe ashore. Broke, of course? Yes. We'll see to that—in reason. Sit down there."

He pointed to the lounge.

"Jacks!"

The younger man came in.

"We're going to ask this gentleman—your name? thanks—a few questions; and if he satisfies us we'll see him ashore all right. Now."

AT the end of a long half-hour, during which question and answer, question and answer —many of them incomprehensible to Rodman Bell even while he replied—had ceaselessly flown to and fro, his inquisitors came to a pause.

Bell, white-faced, leaned back against the satin panels of the bulkhead. It had been more of a strain than he expected.

"Give him one," ordered the older man. Jacks produced a flask and poured out a careful dose of whisky.

"No air; no proper food," remarked the elder man dispassionately. "All right when we get to port. Now, just a word more. This red-haired steward—who isn't a steward—is the boy we're after."

"What do you think he did?"

"We think he did for Amber Adair."

"Oh! Oh!"

It might have been the whisky, in part. It was certainly, in part, the remembrance of that pictured face, the dream, the warning. Amber Adair! Amber, whom he could have loved! Rod was blazing now.

The elder man watched him. "Any suggestions?" he asked in his quiet way.

Through the dead wires the current suddenly ran. The circuit was completed.

"Yes!" Rod cried.

"Not so loud. We don't want any inquiries. Well?"

"I've lived in the South Seas a lot."

"Yes?"

"I saw the man, as I told you—"

"Ashore at Balboa, that trip?"

"Yes, yes. He was looking for fish. O my God!"

"Steady on. What fish?"

"I think it was the stonefish."

Rod had got himself in hand now—was speaking as quietly as the Chief himself.

"Yes. What exactly is the stonefish?"

"An ugly beast with a row of projecting spines. You get it under stones on a coral reef. There's a bag of poison at the base of every spine. In some of the islands, natives take the poison and steep cactus thorns in it. Then they place the thorns in the—in the—Oh, I see it! I see it!"

"Where do they place the thorns?"

"They place them in the sleeping-mats. And the man or woman—"

"Or woman?"

"Dies."

"Exactly," said the elder man.

There was a moment's silence.

"I think," said the Chief presently, "I shall go and have a little talk with the captain. He'll probably be in here by and by. You needn't worry about anything."

Rod, conscious that he had somehow managed, in his shipwreck, to run up against a rescuer, sat back and waited contentedly enough.

The Chief proved a true prophet. When the commander came in, half an hour later, he did not appear to notice the presence of Rod, save by an apparently irrepressible snort.

A sharp knife, applied to the mattress of the standing bed, discovered, at last, the secret. In the stuffing, every here and there, stood up small, delicate, sharp cactus needles, so fine as to leave almost no trace of a prick on the skin. Every needle was dark and slightly sticky.

"He did the trick well," commented Jacks. "Young fellow, you were damned lucky if you spent a night on that bed and didn't meet the fate of the cat."

"I didn't sleep all night," declared Rod. "As I told you, something seemed to warn me, and I tumbled out."

"Good thing for you. What did you say warned you?"

"A—nothing; a dream."

"Humph! Dreams aren't evidence. Well, you may hear from us again, or you may not. No answer wanted if you do."

"I—I don't understand."

"No need," said Jacks.

The captain, who seemed to have made an oath that he would not notice or address Rodman Bell, here blew violently into his handkerchief. "Stowaway," was in his flinty eye.

"If you'll excuse me now, gentlemen," he said, "I have to go on the bridge."

A PLACE worthy of its charming name is Golden Hind Road, Paignton. There are few houses on it, but many trees, and in summertime the leaves and the shadows dance there pleasantly.

Rodman Bell, carrying a cloth-bound novel in a paper parcel, leaned across the gate of Cobb Cottage and thought it the most ideal of English homes.

There was a girl on the porch of the cottage —a girl who made Rodman Bell catch his breath. No; whatever he had expected, he had not expected this! Fair hair, pale honey in color, as that other hair had been bright honey; eyes all blue, instead of Pacific blue-green.

But the likeness—the likeness was there. The girl before him, Eileen Adair, resembled her famous, hapless sister Alice, known as Amber.

Grasping his book, the only relic of that lost loveliness, he opened the gate and set foot upon the path. In his mind there was the consciousness of new and good fortune, strangely acquired—a gift of a thousand pounds, dropped seemingly from the skies, not to be spoken of or inquired about; an offer of employment at a high salary, far from the Isthmus that he had left with a sore and angry heart.

He was a man who had a right to the hopes, the plans, of other men—now.

THE END

FLESH Paint

Hollywood Supplies Its Best Melodrama and Hokum for Emil Jannings' New Picture

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 18 seconds.)

WILL American studio methods ruin Emil Jannings? As a preliminary answer to this question, Jannings' first Hollywood-made picture, The Way of All Flesh, has unusual interest.

Incidentally, The Way of All Flesh is not Samuel Butler's. The Famous Players-Lasky merely bought the title and tacked it on what is termed "an original story" by Perley Poore Sheehan.

The Way of All Flesh does not match up with Herr Jannings' Berlin efforts. It is a palpably manufactured sort of male Stella Dallas with Humoresque and Last Laugh trimmings.

August Schilling, the stolid, upright German cashier of a Milwaukee bank, is sent to Chicago to sell some bonds. En route he meets up with a Jezebel of the Chicago tenderloin.

When he regains his senses in a cheap hotel bedroom, *Schilling* finds he has been robbed of the bonds. There is no turning back for the sternly religious German.

Ten years later finds him a bedraggled derelict, picking up refuse in the Milwaukee parks. He wanders to his old home, and, through the windows, watches the happiness of the family that thinks him dead.

Hollywood has welcomed Jannings with its best melodrama and its best hokum. In fact, the picture is an odd compromise between realism and movie bunk.

The early reels of The Way of All Flesh—showing the clocklike home life of the staid and conservative *Schilling*, his *Frau*, and his six *Kinder*—is excellent.

The Chicago interlude is conventional, but Jannings evokes the tears with the tragic—and typically cinematic—finale. The direction of Victor Fleming isn't exactly inspired.

Jannings moves eloquently through the tale. Nobody over here ever has equaled him. His supporting players in The Way of All Flesh are in-and-out performers.

Belle Bennett deserves a good deal of credit for her playing of *Schilling's* patient wife. Her performance is neatly shaded.

Oddly enough, Miss Bennett was the tawdry and forgotten mother in Stella Dallas, who looked through the window at *her* family's happiness. That performance made her.

Belle Bennett had been a star before that, however—at Triangle-Fine Arts, to be exact, ten years ago.

Miss Bennett was born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1891. Her father was briefly a Broadway matinée idol. Blinded by a practical joke via a trick cigar, he wandered westward.

His wife, Billie Bennett, became a popular star of the corn belt.

Belle Bennett was raised literally in an actor's trunk.

At thirteen Belle Bennett eloped with a player in the company and married. At fifteen her first baby was born. The baby lived twenty-six days. Belle Bennett adopted a boy; and then, after her second child was born, separated from her husband.

Miss Bennett started in films with Lubin Western melodramas, starring Romaine Fielding. At Triangle Miss Bennett was a star, in the same contingent with Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum, Bill Hart, and Charlie Ray. She received exactly seventy-five dollars a week.

As her stardom waned, Miss Bennett drifted to supporting rôles, still with her two children to support.

She was trying to secure the part of *Stella Dallas* when her own son, Billy Macy, died suddenly of an infection.

Miss Bennett was broken-hearted. Then, out of seventy-two players who had been tested for the rôle, Miss Bennett got the part. She started work the day after Billy was buried.

Stella Dallas made her famous again, and now she is playing mother rôles galore. You will like her in The Way of All Flesh.

Phyllis Haver, to me, is disappointing as the Chicago siren. She is an ex-Mack Sennett bathing girl.

She belonged to the beauty squad when Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Harriet Hammond, and others were the one-piece idols of the backwoods barber shops.

Miss Haver, who was born in Douglas, Kansas, in 1899, was the pulchritudinous foil of Ben Turpin and other comedians in such old Sennett comedies as Hearts and Flowers, Salome vs. Shenandoah, and Love, Honor, and Behave. She made the step to drama as *Polly Love* in the Richard Dix version of The Christian.

After her migration from Kansas, Miss Haver went to the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, which boasts of many famous graduates, ranging from Lawrence Tibbett of the Met and Marion Morgan, the dance creator, to Bob and Irish Meusel, the ball-players.

I was saying something about Emil Jannings' future in Hollywood, come to think of it. The Way of All Flesh leads me to think that Herr Jannings should never have taken the advice of Horace Greeley and Jesse Lasky. Art isn't turned out in six-hour shifts.

Do you know that—

Hoot Gibson is leaving Universal? . . . Victor Varconi is playing the reporter in Cecil De Mille's production of Chicago, while Phyllis Haver is the little murderess? . . . Marion Davies is working on The Fair Co-Ed? . . . Lillian Gish is now making Channing Pollock's The Enemy into a film, with Ralph Forbes playing opposite? . . . Dolores Del Rio is to do La Tosca, once filmed by Geraldine Farrar?

EMIL JANNINGS as he really is, and (left) as he appears in the final scenes in The Way of All Flesh.

BELLE BENNETT in Jannings' first American picture.

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Thus everything in music or radio is yours to enjoy right in your own home when you own a Brunswick Panatrope or Panatrope with Radiola. You may hear all the wealth of recorded music . . . great orchestras . . . priceless voices . . . as you never heard them reproduced before. Then, by pressing a switch, you may tune in with the finest receiver known on the choicest programs of radio, again obtaining musical results far beyond any you have known.

The Brunswick Panatrope shown here is Model 8-7 of the Exponential type, price $90. Other Models range in price from $90 to $1275.

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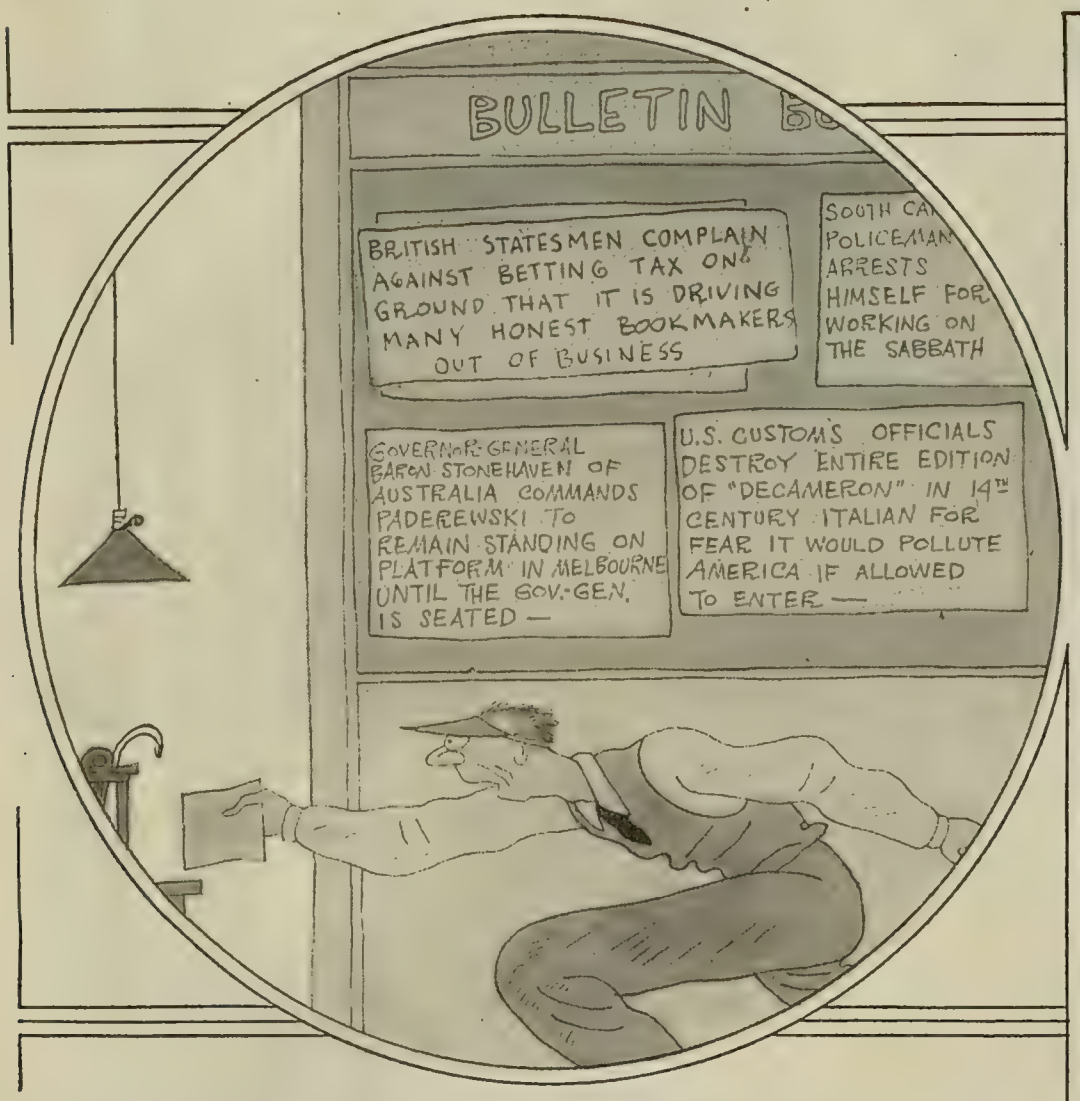
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

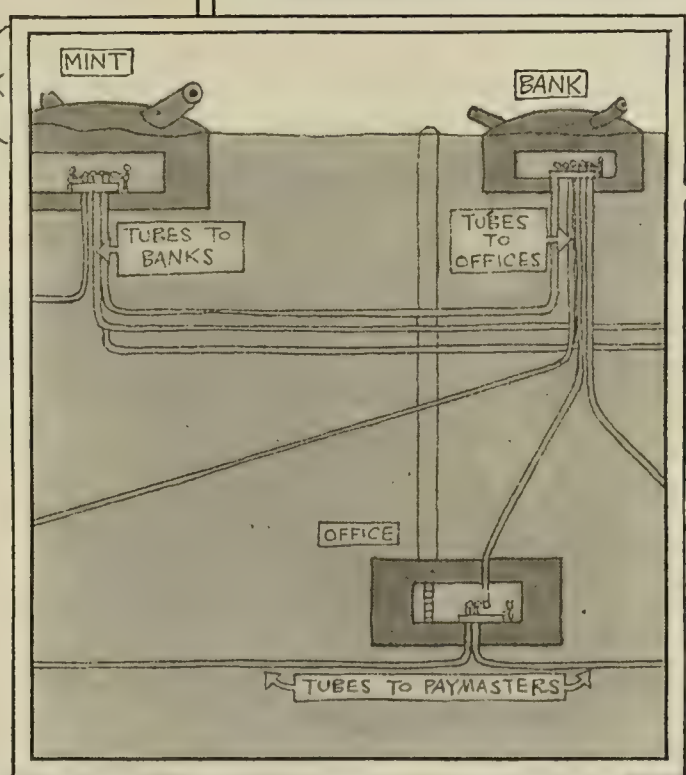
By RALPH BARTON



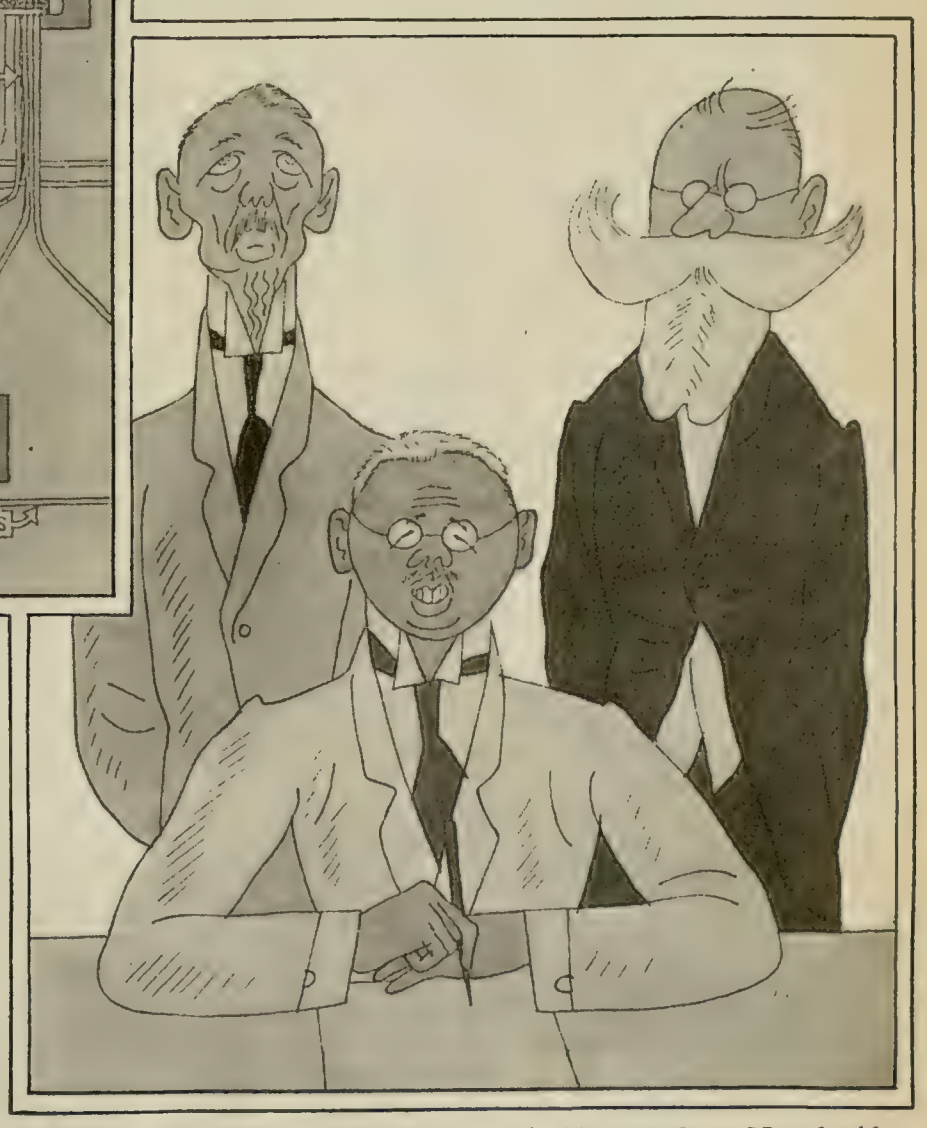
A HARD LIFE. Newspaper paragrapher running amuck in the office after weeks of trying to get a satirical and fantastic comment on events into the paper before his attempted burlesque appears on the first page as perfectly serious news.

THE NEW FREEDOM IN RUSSIA. Emancipated artist, perfectly at liberty to do as he pleases, as long as he makes heroic busts of Lenin while singing the Internationale.

AMERICANS TRAVELING ABROAD are to be equipped with liquor gages. Device attached at Passport Office contains floater which corks entrance when capacity (obtained in recent intoxication tests) is reached.



TO PREVENT PAYROLL ROBBERIES. Chicago inventor submits plans for steel turret mints and banks and underground business offices, connected by pneumatic tubes for the transmission of money.



GENEVA ARMS CONFERENCE. Delegates from Nepal, Albania, and Luxembourg sign treaty calling for payment of one cent by any nation receiving anything sharp from another.

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER *and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco*

IRVIN S. COBB, *the famous author*

"'Just what you need' my doctor said"

"IT HAD COME almost to the point of a breakdown. Constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.

"For some time gas had been bothering me so that I was not even sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I never would get well.

"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said. 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise in only a few days I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. No more gas. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

Mrs. Pauline Siegenthaler, Oakland, Calif.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean and active. Remember that it is a corrective food, not a medicine.

As fresh as any garden vegetable, this pure fresh food has a health-giving effect on the whole system.

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Your elimination becomes easier, regular, more complete. Your skin clears. Digestive troubles vanish. The energy that is your birthright is yours again!

Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—make it a regular part of your diet. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start this health-giving diet today.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. G-46, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"IT WAS my wife who converted me to yeast cakes.

"I insisted there was nothing wrong with me. She insisted that no matter how well I felt I'd feel better if I tried yeast. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

"I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

"Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

"I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them."

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City

This easy way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. In stubborr constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure to train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

FROM THE HEART of the Old South came this letter: "Two years ago I had a very severe case of influenza. This left me in an extremely run down physical state. I suffered especially from indigestion. I was weak and nervous—tired all the time . . .

"I remembered the success I had had with Yeast on a previous occasion. I began again, taking a cake in a glass of sweet milk three times a day.

"Within two weeks I noticed a marked improvement. My energy and endurance were increased. Soon I was entirely *well*. I owe my present good health to Fleischmann's Yeast and I sincerely hope others may be benefited as I have been."

ELIZABETH M. CROW, Birmingham, Alabama

GERMAN range-finders concentrating on a flight of British planes behind the lines. With their aid, hits were often scored by anti-aircraft batteries.

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen Shoots Down Three Planes and Kills Four Men Within Ten Hours—A Survivor Tells of His Two-Mile Fall

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen's victories were not all due to his superior skill. He caught many of his British victims in antiquated machines, and they proved easy prey before his speedy little Albatross. How it felt to meet the great German ace in midair and to plunge in battle thousands of feet toward the earth is told here by an Englishman, who escaped death only by a miracle.]

PART ELEVEN

RICHTHOFEN'S thirty-seventh victory, on April 7, 1917, celebrated his promotion to the rank of captain. The orders had come through that morning whereby the Freiherr Manfred von Richthofen would from now on carry the title of *Rittmeister*.

His adversary was a nineteen-year-old Manchester boy who had flown out from his airdrome after tea that afternoon.

Three hours later the charred remains were being buried by lantern-light in a shell hole beside the smoking wreck of his Nieuport; and on the broken propeller that was placed as a cross at the head of his battlefield grave was scratched the inscription:

Second Lieutenant G. O. Smart, R. F. C.
Killed in action April 7, 1917

Smart left the offices of his father's cotton mills in Manchester in 1915, and went into the air force as a mechanic. Before the end of the year he was flying as a sergeant pilot, and won his commission in June, 1916. His mother, dad, and sister saw him last when he went home on leave to get his uniform and a new kit.

Smart's elder brother, C. D. Smart, quit his director's desk at the mill and followed the kid into the air. He was flying over the front the day the youngster was shot down by Richthofen, but did not learn of his brother's death until ten days later.

The day of Smart's last flight was a bad one for Nieuports. Six of these speedy little French machines with English pilots figured in the air casualties. Three of them were from Smart's own squadron, two more from the Twenty-ninth Squadron, and the last one came from the First Squadron. In all, twenty-eight British planes were lost that day.

The Nieuports were armed with single Lewis guns firing through the propeller, and their duty was offensive patrols over the lines. They were the best fighters that the English could put into the air at that time.

Richthofen's account of the fight is brief:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-seventh Victory.
> Date: April 7, 1917.
> Time: 5:45 P. M.
> Place: Mercatel, other side of our lines.
> Plane: Nieuport, one-seater, English. Details not at hand.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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"*My happiest discovery in fifteen years*—Old Briar Tobacco!"*

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Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe blended fragrance and aroma of its selected leaf. Taste Old Briar's full natural flavor, its rich body. Smoke it a while. Then notice how cool it is—and how smooth!

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected!

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

*The above unsolicited praise is from a pipe smoker who has tried *"them all."*

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SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands of pipe smokers have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

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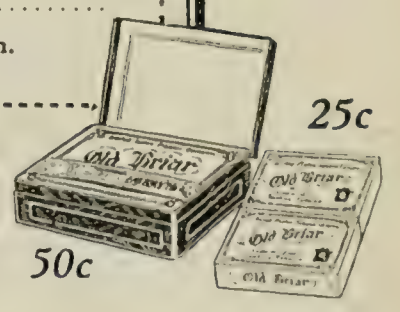
If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon.
L. B. 8-27-27 Tear out now, while it's handy.



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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Together with four of my gentlemen, I attacked an enemy squad of six Nieuport machines south of Arras and behind the enemy lines. The plane I had singled out tried to escape six times by various tricks and maneuvers.

When he was doing this for the seventh time, I managed to hit him, whereupon his engine began to smoke and burn and the plane itself went down head first, twisting and twisting.

At first I thought it might be another maneuver, but then I saw the plane plunge without catching itself to the ground near Mercatel.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Headquarters of the British Third Brigade telephoned to Squadron Sixty's airdrome at Izel-le-Hameau that Smart's machine had been found at "M. 7. d. 53" (near Mercatel), together with information that caused the following notation to reach the casualty list:

"Pilot had been burned to death. He has been buried in a shell hole near his machine and a cross is being erected by his squadron."

TEN days later George's brother, now a captain, flew over from his airdrome at Bruay and tried to locate the grave, but the ground had been so torn up by artillery fire that all trace had been obliterated.

The older brother wanted to get into the fast scout squadrons to take his brother's place, but his services were still required with the air reconnoissance. He had to remain as a pilot of the heavy, slow-flying R. E.8s, whose chances of picking off a Hun flier were far from good.

It was not until August 12 that the brother had a chance to even the score for the Smart family.

On that day, Captain Smart and his observer were "doing a shoot" at 2,500 feet between Lens and Arras, just north of Oppy. They were ranging an eight-inch howitzer when three speedy Albatross planes dropped on them from the clouds above.

Smart and his observer, Lieutenant Short, were alone, but the captain managed to swing the old R. E. around in such a way that Short slammed a full burst into one of the German scouts. It went down burning behind the German lines.

Smart dived at the same time so as to avoid the other two Albatross planes and, in going down, was so close to the burning plane that he could see the pilot's face.

Captain Smart survived the war and is now back in Manchester, running the cotton mill.

Richthofen killed his next man before noon the day following his fight with the six Nieuports. This time it was a new Sopwith two-seater that he went up against, and, although the flying uhlan himself was successful, two of his accompanying planes were shot down or forced to land behind their own lines.

Six of these cavaliers of the red, white, and blue cockade hopped off from No. 43 airdrome at Isaire after a late breakfast that morning, and started for their patrol along the front. The Sops had Vickers and Lewis guns fore and aft. The three pilots were Lieutenants J. S. Heagerty, Jimmie Collier, and Bobbie Kito. Each had an observer in the back seat. The observer with Heagerty was Lieutenant L. Health-Cantle. It was his last flight.

Health-Cantle came from Weybridge in Surrey, where his mother lives today. He left Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to wear the king's khaki and was almost twenty-two years old when Richthofen's bullet found his heart.

Heagerty was twenty and hailed from Wellington College, whose Rugger field he deserted in 1915 to take part in the doings at Gallipoli, where he served with the West Kents.

He and Health-Cantle had always flown together in France. The pair had 200 hours in the air scratched down in the log-books, and this, their last flight, was the third combat of their flying careers.

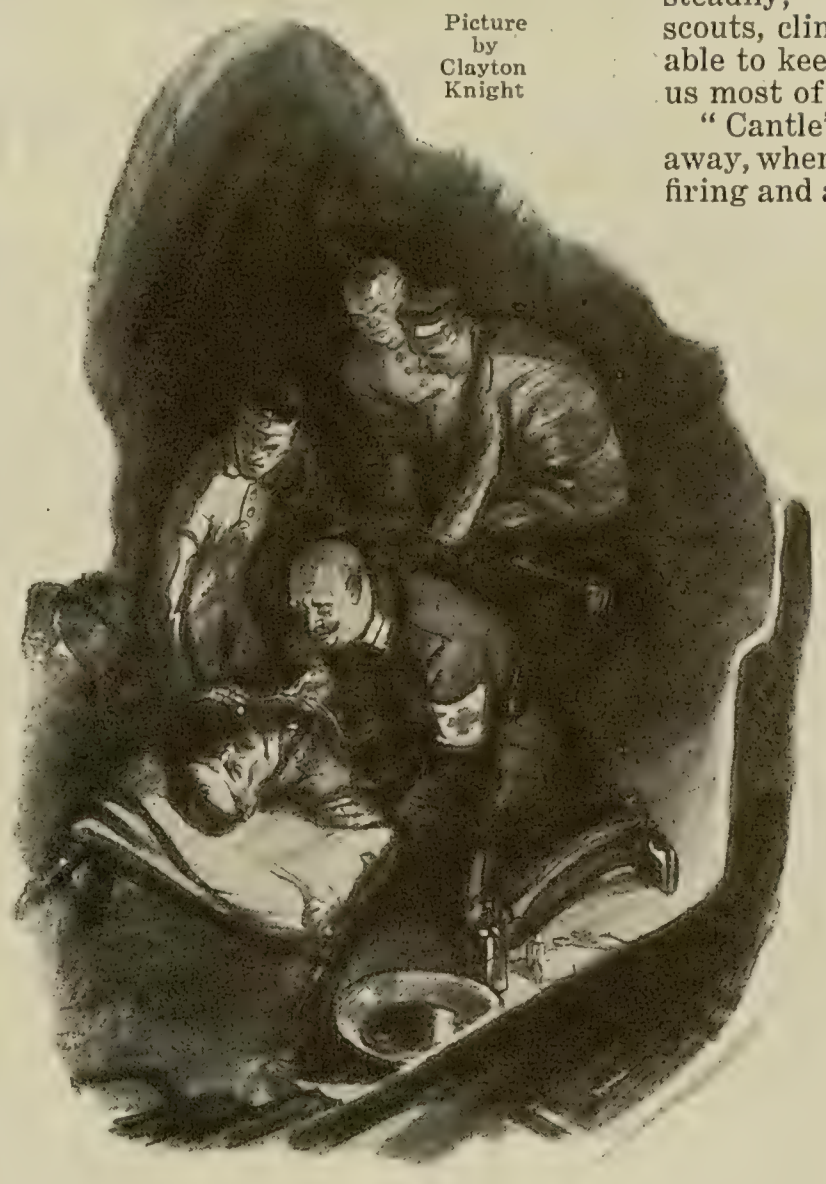
April 8 was an anxious day for the British. It was the day before the Battle of Arras, and troops were massing behind the lines for the attack that would be launched against Vimy Ridge at dawn the next morning. It was up to the air force to prevent enemy observation behind the British lines.

This patrol of three English Sops met the flying uhlan and several of his Albatrosses high in the blue about 11:30 o'clock that bright morning.

Richthofen's report of what occurred is as follows:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-eighth Victory.
> Date: April 8, 1917.
> Time: 11:40 A. M.
> Place: Near Farbus.
> Plane: Sopwith two-seater. Details not at hand, as machine is badly wrecked and now lies under shell fire.
> Occupants: Lieutenant Heagerty; wounded. Lieutenant Health-Cantle; killed.
> With three of my planes, I attacked three Sopwiths above Farbus. The plane I singled out soon made a right-hand curve downward. The observer ceased shooting. I followed the adversary to the ground, where he was dashed to pieces.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Picture by Clayton Knight



"The doctor was an old fellow, and he sewed away like he was darning a sock. Three of his assistants sat on me."

"It was the hottest dog fight I had ever been in," Lieutenant Heagerty told me, as we sat in the Royal Air Force Club on Piccadilly recently.

Heagerty is thirty now and a member of a London firm of architects. The flying helmet and the joystick have been replaced by a bowler hat and the inevitable umbrella, without which any Piccadilly clubman would feel nude.

"Until you showed me my own name on Richthofen's report, I never knew that it was the jolly Baron who gave us that party ten years ago in France," the ex-pilot remarked with a smile, as he scanned the flying uhlan's combat report.

"So poor old Cantle and I were Number Thirty-eight on his list," he continued. "Well, it feels good to be alive, even if I am the only survivor. You know, of course, that Richthofen's squadron didn't come out of the fight entirely untouched. Collier and Kito, who were flying the two planes with me, both got an Albatross that day.

"I think we must have been somewhere around ten thousand feet when we bumped into the Albatross formation. I notice that Richthofen says there were only three planes with him, but it rather seemed to me there were more.

"Of course, there was a terrible rumpus going on down below. The artillery preparation had been increasing daily and it was the last day before the opening of the big Arras show.

"The German scouts were higher than we were, and they dove on us from out of the sun, pumping lead as they came. Cantle was working the aft Lewis, and I heard him let out a good blast at some one in back of us. At the same time a spray of lead whipped past my head and several bullets tore through the woodwork beside me.

"I kicked over the rudder just in time to see the red plane passing below. He swerved at the same time, and round and round we went, each trying to get on the other's tail. I believe his Albatross was a little speedier, but at that the Sop was a stout bus.

"With six or ten planes all mixed up and flying around, it took almost all of my attention to avoid collisions. In the spiral fighting we two-seaters lost height steadily, and the German scouts, climbing quicker, were able to keep just a little above us most of the time.

"Cantle's gun was rattling away, when suddenly he ceased firing and at the same time the pressure on the joystick was released. My controls had been shot away. They must have gone in the same burst that killed Cantle.

"From a glide we went into a dive. All the way down, the red machine, or some machine, kept right in back of me, ripping burst after burst of machine-gun bullets into the plane.

"I remember seeing the windshield in front of my face fly away in small pieces and then the propeller stopped. Our speed was terrific. There was no chance to choose a landing place. I could only hope to get her out of that dive.

"I recall putting all my weight on the rudder and seeing one wing tip swing toward the ground, which was coming up at a fearful rate. That was my last recollection.

"SOME time later I woke up. I was lying on my back on some blankets. It was almost completely dark, except for the feeble light of a candle. I watched it flickering as though through a haze, and then connected the flickerings with the shock and burst of successive explosions, which seemed to shake the very ground.

"I turned my eyes and looked up into the bearded face of a man who was bending over me. He was doing something to my face. I learned later that he was picking teeth and dirt out of my jaw, which had been fractured.

"Something was the matter with one of my eyes and I couldn't see out of it. My body ached all over and I had a crushing pain in one foot.

"The man with the beard pressed a glass of brandy to my mouth, which was still full of blood and sand. It burnt my throat as it went down, but it gave me new life. I asked him who he was and where the devil I was.

"He laughed and in broken English said that he was a major and that I was in a dugout in the German artillery positions.

"'How is my comrade?' I asked.

"'Dead,' he replied.

"My mind started working at once. I was a prisoner, but, if I were not too far back from the front and if I were not moved, the place might be recaptured by our troops in the next attack.

"'What time is it?' I asked the major.

"'Midnight,' he replied, 'and your friends certainly are paying us a most unusual lot of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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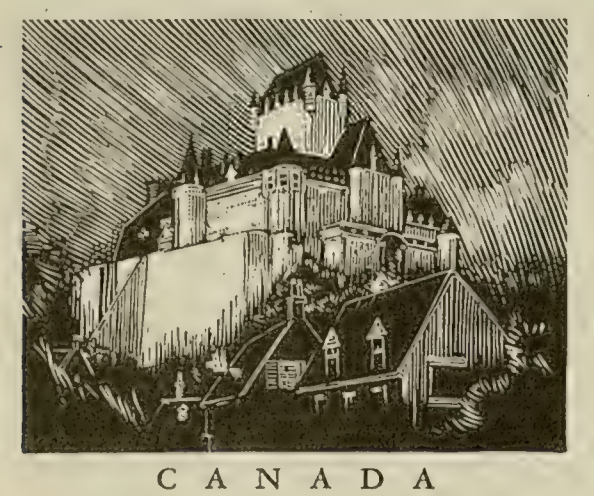

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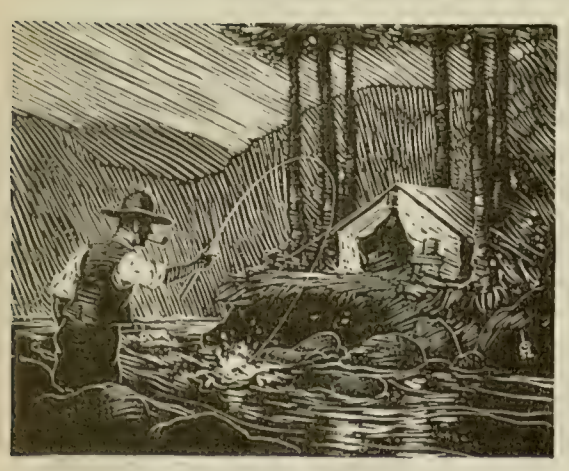

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]
attention tonight. The shelling has never been so heavy as it is this minute.'

"I had been unconscious twelve hours.

"My hopes rose. The barrage outside certainly was hellish. The very ground shook beneath us and dirt kept falling down through the chinks in the ceiling timbers of the dugout. Rats scuttled in and out of their holes and the candle flame jumped continually.

"I figured that this was the final intensive shelling preceding the attack. If no delay-action shells reached the dugout, there was a chance that I might find myself within our own lines in the morning.

"But luck was against me. A medical officer and four men entered. I protested that I was in no condition to be moved, but they placed me on a stretcher and carried me out of the dugout. I said good-by to the major, who had washed my face and foot and put clean bandages on me. The brandy was also a godsend.

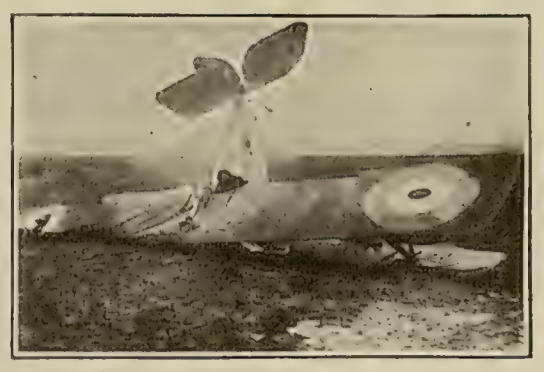
"OUTSIDE, all hell was popping loose as the men carried me on their shoulders through interminable communicating trenches. I never heard or felt the jolt of so many shells before.

"Lying on my back, I could see the sky above the trench walls lit up by the continual reflections of the explosions. I thought what a silly thing it would be for me, after having survived all that machine-gun lead and a two-mile fall, to be sent west by one of our own shells.

"Poor old Cantle! He was lying out there above ground in all that downpour of steel. But he was dead, and, at least, his body would be found by our troops in the morning advance. I wish I could have seen the poor devil before they took me back, but of course that was out of the question."

Heagerty paused to empty his glass.

"Well," he continued, "that's about all there is to it. My stretcher bearers dropped me at a dressing station, where a German doctor sewed up my eyelid, which had been split in half.



THIS photograph of a plane shot down by Richthofen was sent to him by a German infantryman. The ace could not remember the identity of the machine.

"He did a mighty good job of it, too, although I cursed him and yelled murder at the time. There were no anesthetics and it felt far from good. The doc was an old fellow, and he sewed away like he was darning a sock, while three of his assistants sat on me. I remember him saying:

"'You doan't permit me sew your eye, nefer again you see pretty *Fraüleins.*'

"Then I sat in jail until the Armistice."

Heagerty poured another whisky and soda. We drank to the memory of Health-Cantle, whose photograph I obtained later from his mother. On the back of it was written, "A dear son, loved by everybody."

Collier and Kito learned the next day from messages that Richthofen dropped over the lines, that Heagerty was a wounded prisoner and Health-Cantle was dead. Eight days later, when units of the British Third Corps had pushed the Germans off the Ridge, the latter's body was found lying beside the wreckage of his plane.

Heagerty has but few material souvenirs of the war, but there is one he wants. He has written to Richthofen's youngest brother, Bolko, to ask for the little silver victory cup with which the German ace commemorated the combat.

"Mrs. Heagerty and I feel that it would look well over the clock on the mantelpiece in our dining-room," says Heagerty.

Bolko von Richthofen and his mother, however, refuse to part with the silver trophy that rests today in the bedroom of the German ace.

In that set of sixty cups there's another exactly like Heagerty's which bears the same date. It is No. 39 and it symbolizes two more English fliers whose lives went to fill Richthofen's bag for April 8.

The flying uhlan shot them to pieces so badly that he never could learn their names, although he thought that one of them was called Davidson. From some of the wreckage of the plane, however, he picked up the number, A2815.

Second Lieutenants Kenneth L. Mackenzie and George Everingham, pilot and observer of the Sixteenth Squadron, flew A2815 that day.

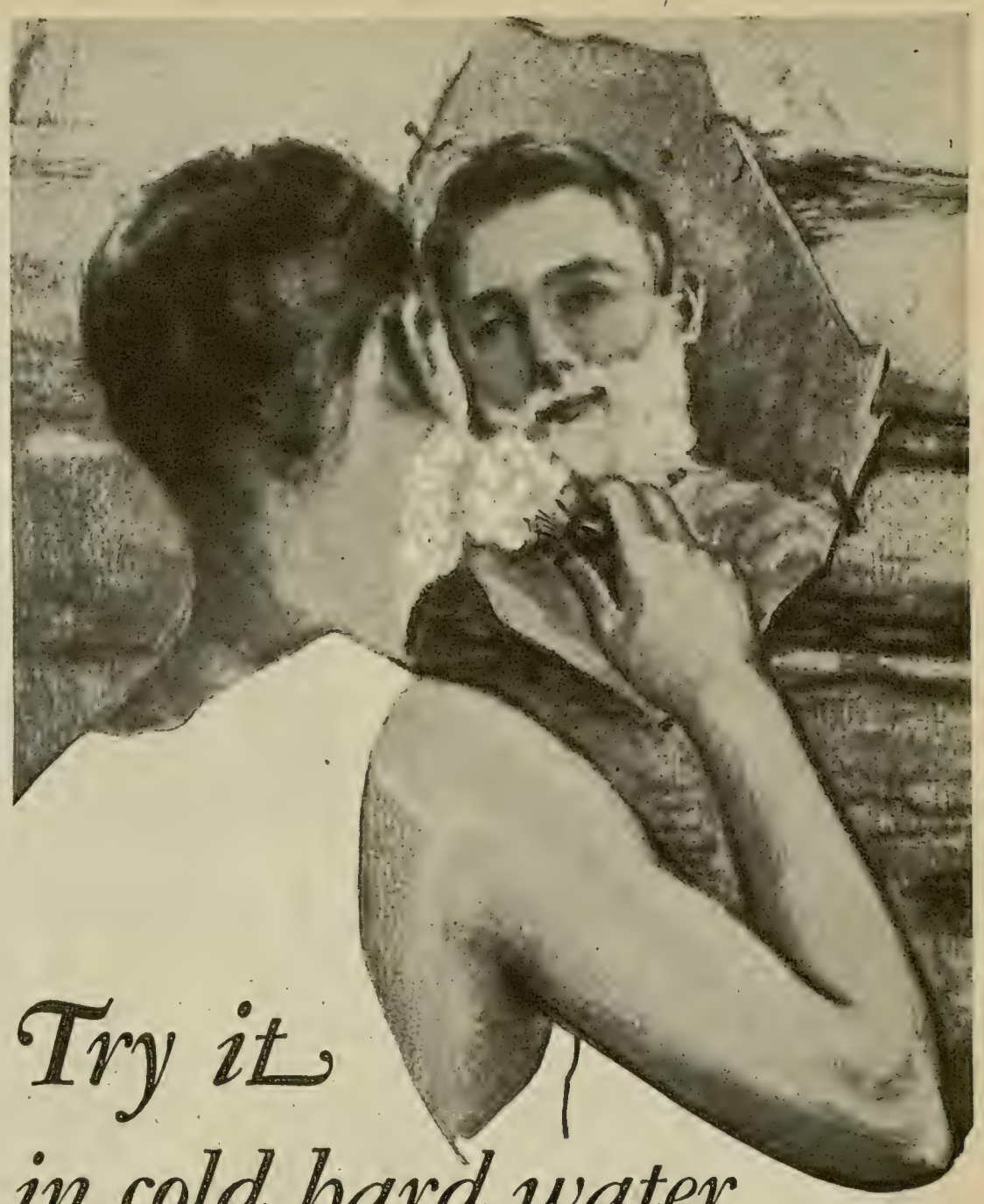
The plane was old, a B. E. two-seater, and the job of Mackenzie and Everingham was to make a mosaic photograph of the village of Farbus. They left the airdrome at 3 P. M., and at 4:40 o'clock observers in the English front lines reported them shot down by a German plane. They crashed about 1,000 yards west of Vimy.

Seven days later, when the English pushed forward, they found the bodies of Mackenzie and Everingham near the Bois de Bonval and buried them. That was the news sent to Everingham's young widow, who lived in North Wales.

Richthofen devoted few words to the story of the killing. His report reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-ninth Victory.
> Date: April 8, 1917.
> Time: 4:40 P. M.
> Place: Vimy, this side of the lines.
> Plane: B. E. two-seater, No. A2815. Remnants distributed over more than one kilometer.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Try it in cold hard water

Mennen whips up thick and creamy, under all handicaps

Mennen rolls up a thick heavy lather in cold hard water—even sea water. It originated supersaturated lather—first to prove that the more water a lather holds the cooler and more comfortable the shave.

Dermutation—the beard-softening action in Mennen—levels the little mounds of skin around the hairs—creates a smooth path for your razor—no pulling, no scraping. No little nicks left behind to cause smarting and soreness.

Mennen makes your face smooth, too. Five soothing emollients tone up and cleanse the skin. A comfort shave that lasts and shows.

Use Mennen, the improved shaving cream. It's different. *You feel the difference, others see it.*

Skin Balm after shaving gives a cool, refreshing tingle—is mildly astringent and antiseptic. Top-off with Mennen Talcum for Men tinted skin color—doesn't show. Removes face shine.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

Now Mennen Shaving Cream is also made with *menthol*. For lather with a snowy coolness ask for tube with red ball—"mentholized".

The Mennen Company, Newark, N.J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

Grim pyorrhea gets 4 out of 5

All around you are people doomed, through carelessness, to contract Pyorrhea. Four persons out of five past forty (and many younger), are its victims.

Carelessness—neglect of teeth and gums—is the cause. And the results, too often, are loss of teeth, neuritis, rheumatism, or other serious diseases and facial disfigurement.

And yet, if you start in time, it is so easy to prevent. If your gums are soft and bleeding, see your dentist at once for examination. And start immediately to use Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's forestalls Pyorrhea or checks it. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Ask your dentist about Forhan's. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., and contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Safeguard your youth and health! See your dentist twice a year. And start the morning-and-night Forhan habit, today. Teach your children to use it as health-insurance. Get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

You can be sure of this

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Try it. All druggists, 35¢ and 60¢.

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Twenty-seven

Occupants: Both killed. Name of one believed to be Davidson.

While scouting, I surprised an artillery flier. After a very few shots, the plane broke to pieces in the air and fell near Vimy on this side of the lines.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The flying uhlan had great admiration for the pluck of English fliers who risked their lives in antiquated airplanes. He thought that men of such courage deserved better than to die through structural weaknesses in their machines.

He was quick to report any such weakness in his own planes, and was unsparing in his criticism of errors in German design or manufacture.

That very day, with the horrible picture of an English plane's collapse in midair fresh in his mind, he returned to the airdrome at Douai and found that one of his own men had almost suffered a similar fate in one of the new Albatross triplanes. He reported immediately as follows:

Lieutenant L. Health-Cantle, killed by Richthofen in his thirty-eighth victory.

To the Engineer Department, Berlin, Adlershof.

Via C. O. Air Forces, Sixth Army.

Subject: Breaking of wing of Albatross D111, 2-23-16.

On April 8, 1917, Sergeant Festner's machine, Albatross D111, 2-23-16, broke its lower left wing at an altitude of 13,000 feet without previous straining.

In spite of the fact that the wing was torn to pieces and diminished by more than one-third of its surface, Sergeant Festner managed to land without accident. Sergeant Festner is submitting a detailed report of how it happened.

Captain C. D. Smart, who avenged the death of his younger brother.

Technical examination: From the second rib up to the V strut, the lower surface was folded upward. Cause: breaking of all ribs. Locality of the break: entirely near the forward part of the wing where the factory had applied special rib-supporting braces. The fabric covering of the wings was torn to pieces by the current of air through the broken parts.

The naked wing was thus strained in front by the wind, causing it to bend backward and then to move loosely frontward again. This, of course, was too much strain for the V strut.

The machine is being sent home as useless for warfare.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The German ace well appreciated the value of his men's confidence in the machines they flew. The danger of diving any great distance in a plane that might col-

lapse under the strain of coming out of the dive, was enough to prevent many fliers from adopting this most effective method of sudden attack.

Richthofen knew that, while the Albatross D plane was superior to the British planes he was then encountering, it had certain weaknesses that left it far from perfect.

Lieutenant J. S. Heagerty (left), captured, and Second Lieutenant G. O. Smart, killed, in two of Richthofen's victories.

Among the chief properties of a good pursuit plane [he wrote, in an opinion to the technical staff] are the following: A good plane must not lose altitude, even when curving and after flying and turning several times on its back; provided, of course, that the motor is doing full speed.

It would be ideal if a plane could even gain in altitude while performing these maneuvers, but this is not the case with the Albatross D111, and that is its chief drawback. When moving the side or altitude rudders, even the slightest change must effect a big movement. With the Albatross, the ailerons are not quite sufficient, and this is a most important factor with a pursuit plane.

Great speed and great altitude are both necessary. To be able to fly slowly by regulating the motor is very essential.

A pursuit plane must be able to stand the strain of diving 3,000 feet. The Albatross does not do this always.

The English fliers, handicapped by their old machines, had learned this weakness during April, and frequently were able to escape the Albatross by descending to 300 or 400 feet above the ground, at which low altitude the Albatross pilots did not like to risk diving on them.

But, in spite of this weakness, the Albatross fliers continued to exact terrific toll from the English every day. On the day Richthofen gave the above opinion, which was April 11, eighteen English planes were shot down.

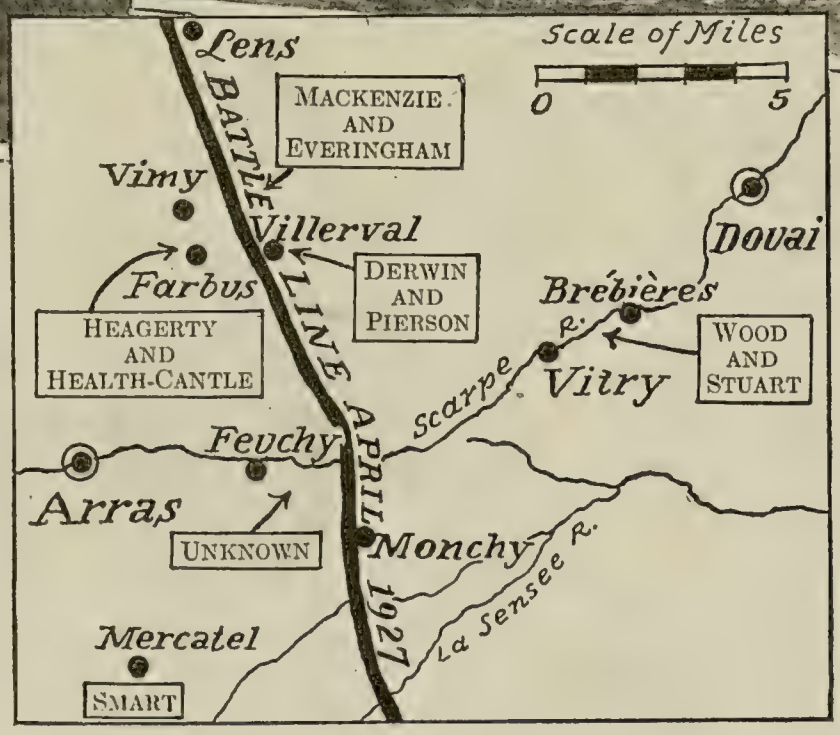
The German ace contributed one of the victories that made up the eighteen planes. It was another old B. E., and although it did not reach the ground whole, its occupants escaped with wounds, landing behind the English lines.

They were Lieutenant E. C. E. Derwin and Air Mechanic H. Pierson, both of whom survived the war and now live in Australia. The fight occurred not two hours after they had gone aloft on a photographic mission for the British Seventeenth Army Corps, which was then advancing.

The two English airmen landed in the front-line trenches, on which a terrific artillery fire was playing at the time. In spite of their wounds, they managed to crawl away from the wreck of their machine and reach the safety of an abandoned German dugout.

Richthofen's account of the fight reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fortieth Victory.
> Date: April 11, 1917.
> Time: 9:25 A. M.
> Place: Villerval, this side of the lines. [The lines moved that day.]
> Plane: B. E. two-seater. No details, as English attacking this part of front, making communication with the front lines impossible.
> Occupants: No details.
>
> Flying with Lieutenant Wolff, I attacked an English infantry flier at a low height.
>
> After a short fight, the enemy plane fell into a shell hole. As he dived toward the ground, the wings of the plane broke off.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.



In one week of Bloody April, 1917, the flying uhlan gained six victories and killed six men. This map shows the scenes of these combats.

ELEVEN days of Bloody April had passed, and the flying uhlan had added nine more victories to his record; but this last combat was one of particular significance to him.

With his fortieth conquest he had at last equaled the record of the dead Boelke. He could reflect, with the pride that was strong within his Junker heart, that no German, living or dead, had killed more men in the air than he.

Having brought his score of air victories up to the high level established by the great Boelke, Richthofen now sought to exceed the accomplishments of his master.

He did it two days afterward.

It was April 13, 1917. In three flights —morning, noon, and afternoon—he shot down three planes and killed four men in the space of ten hours. These combats brought him the much desired credit for his forty-first, forty-second, and forty-third victories, any one of which was sufficient to establish a new record in German air fighting.

Among his comrades in the flying corps and at German headquarters, particular significance had been placed on that number 41. It had proved fatal to Boelke. He had met his death as he dived to shoot down his forty-first victim.

Already Richthofen's superior officers were beginning to fear the loss of the new superace. They could ill afford to be without such an individual killing force as the man who had made his red fighting plane known as the terror of the skies. The death of Richthofen would also be a blow to home morale.

The ace was told that he would have to go on a leave of absence after his forty-first victory. That number was designated in consideration of Richthofen's unspoken but well understood desire to make his record surpass all others.

"Two occupants; dead. Shot down and burned on the electric wires," was the German ace's notation on this photograph of his forty-first victim.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In business
FACES that are FIT
inspire confidence

TO insure that look of fitness that comes with a well-conditioned skin, millions of men demand Williams for the morning shave. For Williams Shaving Cream—pure, mild, free from coloring matter—does far more than make shaving remarkably smooth and easy. It thoroughly cleanses the skin pores—tones up and conditions the skin texture—and leaves your face with a buoyant, youthful fitness.

87 years of research and specialized study have gone into the preparation of Williams. Ask the drug clerk! He'll tell you: *"Oh yes—sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"*

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 68B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.) At all druggists; two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Next time say
Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Twenty-nine

This desire was so keen in him that he wanted to veil it from his millions of German admirers. It would require the effort of no great psychologist to penetrate the intended obscurity, which Richthofen expressed as follows:

"As a matter of fact, I had been allowed to bag only forty-one. Any one will be able to guess why the number was fixed at forty-one. Just for that reason I wanted to avoid that figure.

"I am not out for breaking records. Besides, generally speaking, we of the flying service do not think of records at all. We merely think of our duty.

"Boelke might have shot down a hundred airplanes but for his accident, and many others of my dear comrades might have vastly increased their bag but for their sudden deaths."

Records and trophies were as precious to Richthofen as they are to any pot-hunter of the links or the traps. If his written denials were not sufficient affirmation of this truth, one may find further expression of it. The flying uhlan referred to the day of his forty-first victory as "my record day."

This referred to another record. It was the first time that he had "shot a triple," which was his manner of describing the day's bag of game.

The ace took great pride in the feat, because it was accomplished under the keen eyes of a high ranking and probably a noble officer of the German High Command. It seemed strange to Richthofen that this prominent spectator was not unduly thrilled by the sight of the burning planes and their human freight plunging earthward from fearful heights.

> The day began well [the ace later wrote]. We had scarcely gone to an altitude of 6,000 feet when an English patrol of five machines was seen coming our way. We attacked them with a rush, as if we were cavalry, and the hostile squadron lay destroyed on the ground.
>
> None of our men was even wounded. Of our enemies, three had plunged to the ground and two had come down in flames.
>
> The spectator below, who was watching us through the telescope, told us later that the affair had surprised him much, because it did not seem so fierce as he had imagined.
>
> He thought the whole encounter had looked quite harmless until suddenly some machines came plunging down like flaming rockets. I have gradually become accustomed to seeing machines falling, but I must say that it impressed me very deeply when I saw my first Englishman fall, and I have seen the event again and again in my dreams.

It was verily a day of records. That evening it was possible for Richthofen to report proudly that six planes of his staffel had destroyed thirteen enemy planes in the air. The flying uhlan reflected his satisfaction in this accomplishment when he wrote:

> Boelke's Squadron had only once been able to make a somewhat similar report. At that time it had shot down eight planes in one day. But today one of us had brought low four of his opponents. The man was Lieutenant Wolff, a delicate-looking little fellow, in whom no one would have suspected so redoubtable a hero. My brother destroyed two, Schaeffer two, Festner two, and I destroyed three.

Captain Jimmie Stuart, an Irishman from Coleraine, and Lieutenant M. H. Wood, a rollicking youngster from Essex, were the victims of the flying uhlan's first combat on his record day.

Flying an old R.E. 8 as an escort to photography planes, they bumped into the Baron's redbird about 9 o'clock in the morning and found out at the cost of their lives that their Vickers and Lewis guns were no match for the two sputtering Spandaus that snorted death from the nostrils of the flying uhlan's sky charger.

Richthofen's official report reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-first Victory.
> Date: April 13, 1917.
> Time: 8:58 A. M.
> Place: Between Vitry and Brébières.
> Plane: New body D. D. burned. Fixed motor 3759, V-shape twelve-cylinder.
> Occupants: Lieutenant M. A. Woat and Steward (Thomas); both killed.
>
> With six planes of my staffel, I attacked an enemy squadron of the same force. The plane I had singled out fell after a short fight and struck the ground between Vitry and Brébières. On touching the ground, both the occupants and the machine burned to ashes.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The wreck of a Bristol Fighter, a type often encountered by Richthofen in the spring of 1917.

The scene of their cremation was recorded by a German camera that same morning. I found the photograph in Richthofen's scrapbook at Schweidnitz. On the back of it Richthofen had written:

> My forty-first.
> D. D. two-seater, twelve-cylinder Beardmore motor. Two occupants; dead. Shot down and burned on the electric wires on April 13, 1917, about 10 o'clock in the morning, at the canal betwen Brébières and Vitry.

Wood's young widow has moved from the little cottage at Stansted in Essex, and Stuart's father was last heard from in Ireland. The only information either of them ever received was the contents of a message that Richthofen dropped over the lines several days later, announcing their death.

AFTER a late breakfast, the Baron went aloft again for his noonday flight. The fight that followed occurred over the British lines, and it would appear that Richthofen's victims escaped not only with their lives, but without wounds, because the English reports carry no account of the affair.

Richthofen's flying comrades confirmed his report of the fight, and the all-necessary credit was granted. The report read:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-second Victory.
> Date: April 13, 1917.
> Time: 12:45 P. M.
> Place: Between Monchy and Feuchy.
> Plane: Vickers two-seater, details unknown, as plane downed beyond enemy lines.
> Occupants: Unknown.
>
> Together with Lieutenant Simon, I attacked a Vickers two-seater coming back from German territory. After rather a long fight, during which I so maneuvered that my adversary could not fire a single shot at me, the enemy plane plunged to the ground between Monchy and Feuchy.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

There was always uncertainty about planes that were shot down behind their own lines, and the German as well as the English, French, and American flying services demanded ample verification of these affairs before the claimants were credited with a victory. The fact that most of the fighting occurred behind the German lines was a double advantage for Richthofen.

In the first place, in case of a forced landing or a slight wound, or in the event that he was shot down and survived, it did not mean the end of his fighting career, as would have been the case should the downfall occur behind the English lines.

In the second place, it was easier for Richthofen to substantiate his victories when the planes he attacked came to earth behind the German lines.

There was ample substantiation for his forty-third victory, the third that went to his credit on April 13, 1917. He killed both occupants of the plane he shot down over the village of Noyelle-Godault, just behind his own lines.

Richthofen and his squadron frequently entertained the enemies they had shot down during the day—if any were lucky enough to escape as prisoners—at their mess that evening. A unique scene, described in next week's instalment, shows the men doing their best to kill each other during the day, then toasting each other's health at mess the same night.

POKER

About Those Who Go Down to See with Chips

An Article by

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Pictures by
REA IRVIN

"Father, dear father, come home with me now—" Mr. Adams (behind the cigar) rebuffs an intruder in the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 30 seconds.)

IT might take a psychoanalyst 100 hours at twenty dollars an hour (which—as it is part of my duty as a reporter to give information—is what many of them charge to tell you that you ought to have more confidence in yourself) to reveal to myself my reasons for liking to play poker.

With me, to tell the reasons for and the origin of my now unsuppressed love for the game, is the work of a moment.

Either because as a child I read moral books in which gambling was the beginning of all vice and degradation—a boy played his first harmless game of euchre and a month later guzzled a glass of lager-beer, only to fill a drunkard's grave; or because a song I heard in my plastic days made a great impression on me. The first part of the song I don't remember, but the part that kept my adolescent feet in the non-gambling and narrow path of virtue (I heard Miss Imogene Comer, who I think was a Female Barytone, sing it) went:

The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
For there was the scene of the gambler's dark fate.
No thought had they got of the waking tomorrow,
Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,
The miser's black creed was in every man's heart,
As quickly the bets passed 'twixt backer and layer,
And Ruin was King in the Devil's slave mart!

Chorus

"I'll stake a hundred on this game."
"I'll go you, sir, I'll do the same."
Who cares for misery and shame,
As each his treasure guards?
"You lie! I saw you turn that ace!"
A smashing blow right in the face,
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace
Was in that pack of cards!

For one of those reasons or both of them, I thought it was a crime and a sin not only to play poker, but to gamble in any form. My father was a poker player, and I thought he must be a bad man. Long years later I found out that he was not a bad man, but a bad poker player.

Of course, any psychoanalyst will tell you in three seconds—chucking in a fixation and a complex here and an inhibition there—that it was because my father gambled that I really liked and admired it, but suppressed my feeling by pretending to hate it.

At any rate, I refused in those early days to have anything to do with the two popular forms of gambling prevalent with Chicago public-school children in the '80s and early '90s. These were blowing cigaret pictures, and marbles.

To play the former, you each put in your stake, known as "Two to lick" (or three, or ten); you "lagged for the line"—that is, each contestant threw or sailed a picture toward a given line, and the nearest won; and then you blew. All the pictures that turned over face upward were yours; then it was the next boy's turn, if any pictures were left. And so on. But that was gambling. I'd play for fun, but not for "keeps."

So with marbles. I was a skilful shooter, but I thought it wrong to play for keeps. So gradually only the sissies and the poor players would play with me. I was driven thus to play the shooting games—"ring" and "cincie"—for keeps; but I never would play odd-or-even.

For that game you put a number of marbles into your hand and made a fist. If the guesser guessed odd and you had eleven marbles in your fist, you had to give him eleven. If he guessed even, he had to give you eleven.

I wouldn't play, for that seemed an atrocious form of gambling. It was; and the boys who played it were the Big Operators.

Mere betting also was against my youthful principles. Arguments and controversies, ending in boasts accompanied by the offer to bet, consumed a large part of a boy's waking hours in those days. There would be bets—and those who View with Alarm the menace of the tabloids and the movies may have forgotten the threnodies that were chanted in 1890 about what the Cigaret Picture was doing to bring about the Ruin of the Younger Generation.

AND that is the reason, when some of my best friends shake their bald heads and ask me what the world will be like if the tabloids are allowed to continue, my crushing rebuttal is, "What was it like before we had tabloid newspapers?" And I answer myself with, "About the same as it is now."

There would be bets, I say, as to whether Vernona Jarbeau's legs were "better" than Della Fox's. Of course, such bets were so large as to be fantastic: fifty hundred quatrillions was usually the limit. And if a boy said, "Go on, you haven't *got* fifty hundred quatrillions," the answer not infrequently was, "Well, did anybody say I had? My father has." Whereupon the 1890 comeback was something like, "I'll bet my father's got a million hundred quatrillions more than your father has got."

Well, as I started to say, for bets like that I had the realist's scorn. Somehow I knew the actual cash was not to change hands. But even when arguments treated of facts, demonstrable facts, such as whether Boston was farther

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The *Light-touch* shave a bright spot in the morning

Rejoice, you men with temper-stirring beards and temperamental skins! The newly discovered, keener Gem Blade glides through your whiskers so gently that your face forgets it's being shaved! The lightest touch—little more than weight of the razor—is enough to make every hair vanish!

The Gem Blade is made of steel so thick, so sturdy that it stands up under the most rigorous and continual use—and stands out as the keenest shaving edge that ever glorified shaving!

It is rigidly reinforced with a solid steel backbone that eliminates the hop, skip, and jump from shaving. The stiffest beard meets its Waterloo when it meets Gem. Every blade in *every* package is perfect.

We are so anxious to have you try this super-keen blade that we're willing to present you with a razor to start you off right. Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem frame and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.

Gem Blades sold everywhere. Gem De Luxe Razors, $1 complete.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

[POKER
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

from Chicago than St. Louis was, and "Betchanickel" was a gambling proposal that might come to ultimate fruition, I refused to wager.

It was, not to be too mysterious, myself who had taken a trip to Boston, and I knew how long it took and that you could go to St. Louis overnight. But, sure thing though it was, I was too much of a Puritan to bet the nickel.

"If St. Louis is farther from Chicago than Boston is, I'll give you a nickel." That was my betting rule for many years. I was always right in those arguments, so I never lost any bets in which the odds were my Infinity to somebody else's Zero. I broke even. From the vantage-point of mature experience, I see now that such betting was uneconomic. A game, a contest, a business in which the best possible result is an even break, is no darned good.

Symbolic portrait of the author courting Death's Disgrace.

How my little feet strayed from the paths of what I thought was Virtue, I don't remember. And though, in these days of confessional, when no magazine or newspaper is complete without somebody's recital of the First False Step, my very literary life depend on telling, I don't remember the details of my first card game.

BUT I know the year and the place. It was the Christmas vacation of 1897. The game was twenty-one. Our limit was ten cents, though most of the bets were one cent. We played on my cousin's billiard-table, at 3337 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. We played mornings, afternoons we didn't attend vaudeville or The Belle of New York, and every evening until we were ordered to go home.

I must have won more than I lost, for my allowance was only five dollars a month, and I couldn't have afforded to lose much.

It was generally a three- or four-handed game. For the purposes of record, to show what gambling does to its weakened victims, one of the incessant players was Charles A. Riegelman, now one of New York's highly able and successful lawyers, and another was Dr. Jerome S. Leopold, one of the city's leading baby specialists. It is difficult to imagine two men more scrupulous and conscientious.

Before I forget, I must record that my experience has taught me that gamblers—particularly poker players—are the honestest men I know. Their word is a solemn contract, and they are better and quicker bill-payers than the men who boast that they never touch a card.

From twenty-one we fell—or rose—to casino. On the suitcase I took with me to college there still are written the scores of the games we played on the train.

There was, even in the pre-Volstead, pre-motor-car days, a good deal of poker playing among the students at the university; but I never played.

I played my first game of poker in 1901. I had watched a good many games, at home and elsewhere, and I knew whether a flush beat a straight, and the comparative values of the hands.

Like most beginners, I lost. Now, I am not like the sporting-page poets who say that Life is like a football game, or Life is like a game of poker. Life, I have found, is like nothing but life. And Fallacy No. 1 in the Popular Theories about poker is that beginners always win. At least three out of four beginners lose in the first game they sit into.

After that I played frequently. From the first I enjoyed it hugely. But I never have enjoyed playing with strangers, or with dull or slow-witted players. For it is the game that interests me, and a great part of the game is the triumph you may have over a player whose mind or character or style of play elicits your admiration.

Twenty years ago we had Saturday-afternoon poker games in the studio of Sewell Collins. They were ten-cent-limit games, and you had to have jacks or better to open the pot. Such a game would seem dull to me now—any limit game would—and not much better than show-down. But it fascinated me then, for the stakes were higher than I could afford.

And it was then that I found out what a stimulus poker was to me. For example, one day I lost seven dollars (those were the days when one of the players in our weekly game was Montague Glass, who was getting a salary of twenty-five dollars a week in a law office). I went home, greatly depressed at such a loss, and wondered how I could make it up. For it took a good many jokes at fifty cents apiece, or verses at twenty-five cents a line, to make up a seven-dollar deficit.

SO I wrote fourteen dollars' worth of verse that night (two ballades), selling them to *Puck*, one of the few magazines that paid me on acceptance; better, I could take the verses into the *Puck* office at Houston and Lafayette streets and get the money over the counter.

Thenafter, whenever I lost any money at poker, I would set myself the task of writing stuff that

would at least pay for my losses. It automatically raised my price per word. Reason totters at the thought of what American literature owes to my gambling follies of 1907, when I would draw to three-flushes and inside straights, and entered jackpots on an ace and a king.

WHICH brings me to the not uncelebrated Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club. I gave the club that name, for the club, founded a year or so before, got really established just about the time Sinclair Lewis was writing in Main Street about the Thanatopsis Club of Gopher Prairie.

The charter members were John Peter Toohey, affectionately known as Our Dear Founder (for he had the first meeting at his house), Heywood Broun, Harold W. Ross, George S. Kaufman, Alexander Woollcott, and myself.

One evening Broun gravely suggested that there ought to be some literary discussion before the game actually started. The following Saturday a member moved that the literary discussion be begun. Another member said, "I think Broun's stuff was terrible this morning." Still another member said, "Well, gentlemen, that seems to be the sense of the meeting. How about a little poker?" So the term Literary stuck to the club.

The club has changed slightly in personnel. Mr. Ross' and Mr. Toohey's duties and pleasures take them elsewhere. Their places have been snapped up by two Persons in Trade: Mr. Henry Wise Miller and Mr. Gerald Brooks, who do something in the City. Also, when he is acting within fifty miles of the table that night, a new but passionate member is Mr. Harpo Marx, the unloquacious—on the stage, that is—member of the Marx Brothers.

When Harpo was playing at the Lyric Theater, three blocks away from the club-rooms, he would come over from the matinée in his costume and make-up, figuring that he could play at least one extra hand in the time saved. One night they had to hold a scene for Harpo's belated entrance, owing to the fact that it took him a long time to decide whether to raise the too-confident holder of three treys, Harpo having a matter of four aces pat.

I dislike the ranking system as applied to artistic endeavor, but I think Harpo is our best all-around player. Another non-charter but constant member now is Mr. Raoul Fleischmann, an ex-baker, but now the publisher of the *New Yorker*.

We are a close corporation, for we are not only sticklers for poker etiquette, but we also insist that the player be amusing or silent. We are an abstemious club, too, and we don't like even partly drunk players. Now and then a stray visitor has been invited. One in particular, who was good for at least $400 or $500 loss a sitting, was so dull that we decided, even when we were short-handed, that it wasn't worth it.

One night Charlie Chaplin played with us; but in stud he would call the bet of a man who had a pair of kings showing, when his highest card was a nine. We didn't need easy money so badly as that.

We are snobbish about our game. We like chatter and frivolity well enough—maybe too well—and there is no cessation of talk from the start of the game to its sometimes matutinal finish. But we can not endure a player who tells a story while he is dealing, or delays for an instant indicating his procedure when it is his turn to bet.

Such a person, even if he be a guest player, is told in ever so certain terms that unless his actions are automatic, unless he can talk and deal synchronously, or if he has to be told more than three times what the values of the chips are, if he "folds" in stud, or throws down his hand out of turn, he'd better cash in at once and go home.

HOW the elaborate frivolity and carefully planned punning that have become one of the Thanatopsis Club's corner-stones began, I do not remember. My first recollection of them is that in the early days, before I had made an honest club of it and given it a name, we were playing at the residence of Heywood Broun, whose long record as a winner has earned him the office of Receiving Teller.

I thought it wrong to play marbles for keeps.

It was raining, and there was a bottle of port on the sideboard. "Have some of this?" Broun asked.

"It's not much good," observed a critical taster.

"Oh, well," said Broun (I don't know whether he did, but I have noticed that readers always like jokes better when you say somebody else said them), "any port in a storm."

At Toohey's, the grape juice used to repose in a large bowl, wherein was a silver ladle. Broun used to take this and drink from it, saying, "The ladles, God bless them!"

It is like that every Saturday night—the worse, the better.

We play alternate rounds of draw- and stud-poker. We have a joke for almost every two-card combination. "The queen bets," says the stud dealer. "The Good Queen Bets," says somebody; and it becomes part of the club's saga.

There are Broun's trey and deuce, which he won't play because he says he has been trey-deuced; his French hand, very brave, he says, because it is trey-four; and his Chopin hand, which is eight-twoed. There is the asinine (pronounced ace-nine) bet; the bet that is yours for the ace-king. One folds one's tens like the Arabs; there is queen-nine (good for a cold); and there are dozens of others I can't recall.

But we never use the old poker clichés, like "Thirty days" or "Judge Duffy" for three tens; and a member guilty of saying "Two pairs—of kings" instead of "Four kings" would never play again. Such cheap, bromidic talk is unthinkable in the Thanatopsis Club.

RIGHT here it may be interpolated that the only member of the club ever to have held the highest possible hand in the club's history is Mr. Raoul Fleischmann, and for two days he was called Royal Flushman. That was *my* joke, and it seemed wonderful at the moment of creation, two years ago. Today it sounds pretty poor, even to me.

We have played together every Saturday night for four or five years. Two games of ours have run twenty-four hours each; but usually the game begins about nine and ends anywhere between three and seven. We play a table-stakes game, but the actual amount of money in the game is limited: at a certain point the players must buy from each other instead of from the bank.

The stakes are just a little higher than most of us can afford, but my theory is that gambling for what you can easily afford is no fun at all. And most of us have more fun, more concentrated pleasure, at the Thanatopsis games than at any other sport or game we indulge in.

Of course, I no longer feel on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[POKER Continued from Page Thirty-three]

Thursdays, "Goody, goody! Only two days till Saturday!" But I do get an incomparable thrill when Saturday night comes, and the Pivot (now corrupted to the Dybbuk), so called because the game revolves on him as the initial dealer, deals the first hand.

Some of us lose more than others, and when people say, "Well, you play together so much, I suppose it all evens up in the course of a year," I feel like shooting the utterers and taking my chances with a jury composed of twelve good poker players and true. It does not.

In the course of the year the best players win. It is the luck that evens up; but luck is only a part of the game.

Harpo Marx, as I have said, is our best player. Broun is a great player, although his appeals for sympathy, such as calling himself "Poor old Broun," when, with a show of reluctance, he enters a pot, which somebody has opened on a pair of fours, with a hand consisting of three aces, has lost its potency.

We have long since ceased to feel sorry for Broun. For his game is based on so obvious an intent to deceive that we have two words to indicate blind betting: blind, which means that the player bets without knowing what his hand is; and Brounblind, which means that the bettor pretends to be "blind," but has seen his hand.

Our jests run in cycles. One night somebody, not calling, said, "Drop."

"Droppo," said another.

Then somebody said, "Droppo, the monk," as infinitesimal as a jest could be.

From that there evolved:
Checko, the Slovak.
Zeno, the Stoic.
Ohio, the Buckeye State.
Hop o', my thumb.
Quito, the capital of Ecuador.
Nero, the Emperor.
Zero, the cipher.
Swallow, the dose.
Lido, the beach.
Will o', the wisp.

Most of us feel the same way about the game: we'd far rather win than lose; we'd rather lose than not play.

That gambling distorts money-values there is not doubt, at least in my mind.

You win $250, and your wife's new opera coat therefore costs nothing, and you've had a lot of fun.

You lose $250, and you say to yourself that if you can lose $250 at gambling, that isn't your wife's fault and why should she suffer for your folly in calling that hand, or for your ill luck in not filling that flush?

You see a book you want. It costs $12.50. Why not buy it? You win or lose much more than that in a single pot.

Not that that is a bad thing, for my experience tells me that, for the one time you regret having bought something, there are nine times you are sorry you didn't buy something you wanted.

With women, my experience shows, these percentages are much higher: they're never sorry they bought anything, and always sorry they didn't buy everything.

While it is true that when I lose at poker I try to make up for it—it is, I suppose, a form of self-punishment—by writing an additional piece about something or other, the economics of it is false; the philosophy of it is phony.

In the time I spend playing poker I could make more money and more reputation and learn more if I put in that time at reading or the fashioning of belles-lettres.

Certainly I give a minimum of six hours a week to poker. Slowest and most painstaking of the scriveners, a burrower in thesauri for *mots justes*, I still could make more money at writing than I do at poker.

And if I play till Phœbus 'gins arise (slang for 6:30 A. M.), I go home and feel so angry at myself for getting to bed so late that I don't sleep at all, and all the next day I feel, as the saying goes, rotten.

Not one to wallow in self-indulgence, I find myself taking cabs and buying neckties and books I don't need, because:

(1) I have just won $382, and what is $8.50?

Or (2) I have just lost $382, and what is $8.50?

The poker player often deludes himself that he plays for relaxation; but most of those who really play for relaxation play so badly, and so slowly, that the Thanatopsis Club wouldn't have them in their game.

But—to me, at least—poker is a stimulant and a narcotic.

I play it because I love to. I love to win and I don't like to lose; but I'd rather lose than not play at all.

THERE is, of course, another side to all this. There is the side of the Sweetest Little Woman in the World, gentlemen, gazing out of the window in the not-so-gray dawn, and weeping as she sings:

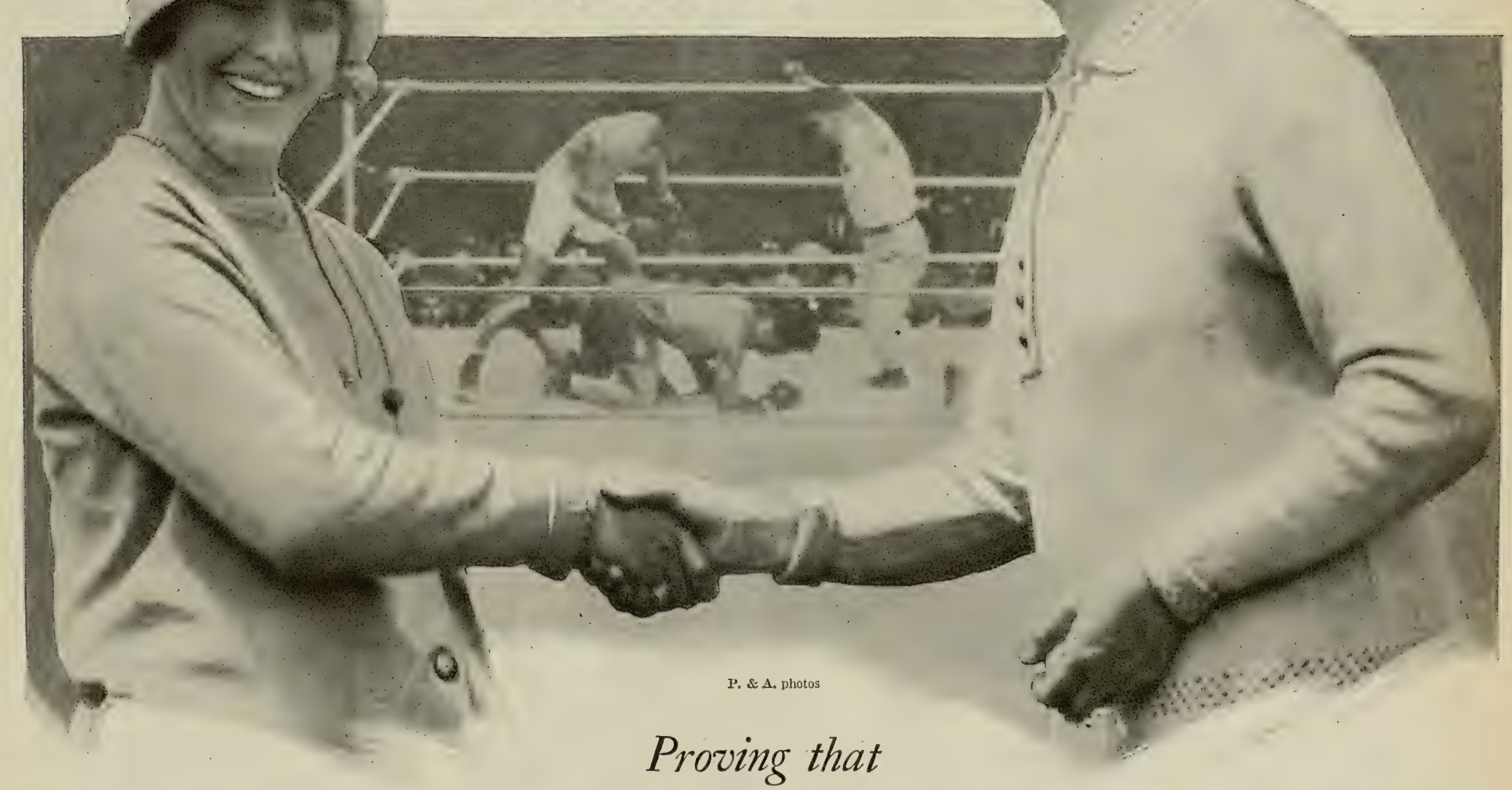
"Father, dear father,
come home to me
now;
The clock in the
steeple strikes
four.
You promised that
you'd come right
home from the
game
As soon as you
played one round
more."

There is, I say, the Little Woman's side—the side of the Poker Widow. And hers—at least, if the kind, dear, magnanimous (I lost quite a bit last Saturday night) editor of LIBERTY will only order me to write it—is another story.

No, Mr. Adams, we fear the Little Woman's side might break our hearts. But if you know any who play, write about them and we'll print the story in an early issue. Mr. Adams did, and we will.

SPORT'S *Amazing Paradox*

"WOMEN golfers are not good finishers. They lack the 'killer instinct.' This is responsible for many an upset in women's golf."



P. & A. photos

Miss Glenna Collett, America's greatest woman golfer.

Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, who also swings a lusty driver.

Proving that Women Athletes Lack Men's Delicate Touch

An Article by

GEORGE TREVOR

(Reading time: 12 minutes.)

AN army was on the march. Say rather it was on the run, scaling Sahara-like sand-dunes, scrambling through patches of gorse, sloshing through marshy burns, wallowing in bunkers deep with clean white sand. A typical Scotch golf gallery, this. It was every man for himself in that cross-country race from tee to green.

This was not the place for studied dignity. What price Anglo-Saxon reserve when the champion women golfers of two continents were trading strokes?

In the very center of this seething human vortex trudged two clear-eyed young women. Winsome Glenna Collett was fighting against the remorseless, machine-like game of wiry Joyce Wethered.

Glenna's slender back was to the wall. Her sturdy British opponent needed only to halve this particular hole to clinch the match. The gallery, keen to be in at the death, surged forward to the fifteenth green.

The two drives lay barely five feet apart. Out came their brassies. Each sent a wood shot winging toward the distant green.

Still there was no appreciable difference between the balls. With wood and long iron, the American girl was giving as good as she got. Only a meager chip separated both players from the pin. But in that subtle little shot lay the difference between victory and defeat. In that delicate stroke lay the sole reason for Miss Wethered's supremacy.

Miss Collett's chip, a tentative, hesitant effort, ran barely half-way to the flag.

Now it was Miss Wethered's turn. Her deft chip shot, hit with crisp finality and admirable firmness, trickled up to the lip of the cup. Joyce's run-up, executed with a bold decision typical of Hagen, settled the match.

Miss Collett, after missing her approach putt, extended her hand graciously to the victor.

Reporters swarmed around the pretty American. Would she give them her reactions regarding the match?

"Your champion was too good for me," responded Glenna, with that entrancing smile. "Miss Wethered simply refuses to make an error. Her short game is like a man's!"

Very significant, that final comment. In it you find the key to sport's most amazing paradox. Woman is deficient, as compared to the supposedly awkward male, in executing those gentle, delicate little shots that require finesse rather than brute force.

The gripping match at Troon, two summers ago, which saw Miss Wethered conquer Miss Collett four and three through the devastating accuracy of her short game, was one of the few exceptions that prove the rule.

When Miss Collett characterized Miss Wethered's game as masculine, Glenna meant that Joyce had mastered the meticulous niceties involved in babying up a short approach dead to the cup.

Paradoxically enough, women excel at driving and at long approaches—phases of golf that one might suppose best adapted to the physically stronger male. This is not to say that Miss Collett can force Bobby Jones to play the odd. Naturally, Bobby can outrange Glenna anywhere from twenty to fifty yards.

It does mean that, allowing for the disparity in physical strength, women hit a golf ball

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "*Six weeks!* You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice, and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I——"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A, B, C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Any one* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"One boy I knew who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

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[SPORT'S AMAZING PARADOX Continued from Page Thirty-five]

just as lustily as the lords of creation.

Oddly enough, the girls fall down just where you'd expect them to be strongest—in the short game. They lack those very qualities which one is accustomed to regard as essentially feminine—delicacy, subtlety, finesse. It is woman who is awkward at making those delicate half-shots and subtle wrist strokes that distinguish the masculine star's game.

Take the gentle art of putting. There doesn't seem to be any valid reason why the woman golfer shouldn't putt as well as her brother, yet feminine golf stars are notoriously poor putters. Almost invariably they are short on approach putts, leaving themselves ten- or twelve-footers, which they proceed to miss.

Of course, there are exceptions, such as Dorothy Hurd, Joyce Wethered, Mrs. Gavin, and Mrs. Vanderbeck.

Bobby Jones claims that the third shot is the crucial one in golf: by which he means either the long approach putt or the chip from just off the carpet. Masculine head-liners are consummate artists at chipping up dead to the flag.

Conversely, the leading feminine golfers can not entice a reasonable percentage of their chips and long-approach putts to march up and wink at the cup. What is the reason?

Many theories have been advanced to account for woman's inadequate short game. Enemies of the Lucy Stone League contend that a sensitive, delicate touch is inherently lacking in the female. With few exceptions, the master painters, sculptors, poets, dramatists, musicians, composers, and decorators have been men.

THE psychologist has his own explanations. He will tell you that golf is largely a mental game—that steadfast, instantaneous decisions are a *sine qua non.*

"The average feminine golfer changes her mind two or three times before playing a short chip," said the late Douglas Edgar, a noted golf instructor. "She vacillates between two clubs. She has no clear pattern in her head of what she intends to do. Her mind and body do not co-ordinate in making these delicate half-shots."

Golf is a matter of relaxed control. You've got to concentrate mentally while relaxing physically—a singularly elusive combination. Women can not concentrate on a mechanical action as men can. Naturally more self-conscious than the male, they find it hard to relax before a gallery. Instead, they tighten up. Tension is fatal in golf.

So much for psychology. The physiologist maintains that the apparent paradox doesn't exist. Women are weak on the delicate little shots, he declares, because their meager strength is exhausted in the act of pounding out drive and approach. Fatigue kills the sense of touch on soft, dainty run-up shots.

Jess Guilford, known as the "human siege gun," used to expend so much energy driving the ball a mile that his chip shots wouldn't come off. Lack of physical strength may be at the root of woman's weak short game, after all.

Iron wrists are of vital importance in golf. Miss Collett believes that lack of firmness in the wrist is responsible for the failure of her sex around the greens.

Moreover, a woman's arm is hitched to her shoulder in such a way as to restrict lateral freedom of motion. Few girls acquire the limber snap throw which is a natural part of every boy's equipment.

WOMEN are further handicapped by their inability to gage distances. This doesn't cut any ice on drives and long approaches, but it is vital when chipping up to the pin.

Feminine golfers don't take the trouble to size up a chip shot, perhaps because they are acutely self-conscious. A man will spend minutes examining the line of play, oblivious to the fretting spectators. But a woman is afraid of making a spectacle of herself. We have yet to see a woman golfer kneel on the turf to squint along the line of her putt.

P. & A. photos

Miss Marie Jenney and Miss Marion Hollins (left) politely abrogated the stymie rule in a Metropolitan Championship.

On short approach shots, the right hand supplies the motive power, while the left hand guides and controls the club. For some obscure reason women cannot get the left hand into the stroke. This explains why so many girls hook their putts off line to the right of the cup.

We think of women as creatures of lissom grace. So they are, on the dance floor, the bathing beach, and, to a lesser degree, the tennis court. Golf, however, wasn't designed to show the feminine form to best advantage.

The feminine is the awkward, ungainly sex on the links. Some feminine golfers take too wide a stance; others hunch over the ball in an ungraceful posture; few strike the happy medium that means symmetrical rhythm.

Women have scant respect for the sacrosanct traditions of the Royal and Ancient Society, that august body which makes the laws of golf. If a rule doesn't suit them, they ignore it.

The obnoxious stymie never has appealed to the ladies. They refuse to play stymies in friendly matches, and on one occasion, to the chagrin of the United States Golf Association, Miss Marion Hollins and Miss Marie Jenney collaborated to ignore the stymie rule in a Metropolitan Championship match.

Miss Hollins, putting weakly, happened to lay Miss Jenney a dead stymie on the second green at Cherry Valley.

"Oh, my dear, I'm too sorry for words!" exclaimed Miss Hollins. "I must get out of your way."

She stepped up to her tiny putt and holed out, leaving Miss Jenney a clear path to the cup.

"My dear, you shouldn't have done that!" exclaimed Miss Jenney. Nevertheless, she proceeded to take advantage of Miss Hollins' generosity by holing an unimpeded eight-footer.

On the fourteenth green the stymie again reared its leering head. This time Miss Hollins was the victim, when Miss Jenney's putt stopped between her ball and the cup.

Titian-haired Marie Jenney didn't intend to be outdone in generosity.

"Hold on, Marion!" she warned. "I'm going to putt out of your way."

"No, no! Marie—you can't do that!" shrilled the alarmed Miss Hollins, who now realized that she had set a dangerous precedent. "Please don't—it's against the rules!"

"Well, you did it," came back the determined Miss Jenney. "This is my turn to even up."

Whereupon the hoydenish young lady tapped her ball squarely into the hole. Miss Hollins had an unobstructed putt for a half.

Her putt clucked home. Every one was laughing. Enemies of the stymie could hardly restrain a cheer. Here was a cardinal rule of golf—albeit an unpopular one—deliberately abrogated by two contestants in a Metropolitan Championship. The joke was on the U. S. G. A.

THIS delightful episode is hardly typical of the sportsmanship that prevails in matches between leading feminine exponents of the game. Women are frequently catty toward one another; yet many championship matches are marked by a chummy camaraderie altogether lacking when male stars cross niblicks.

Undoubtedly, feminine competitors talk too much. They commiserate with one another over a hook to a trap, and offer condolences when a putt rims the cup. Cynics interpret such remarks as hypocritical.

Beneath this veneer of politeness feeling flames high at times. A professional tells how a former

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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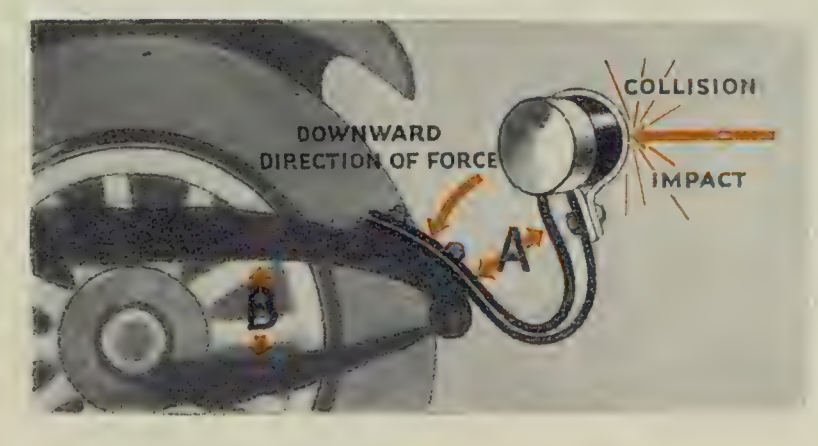

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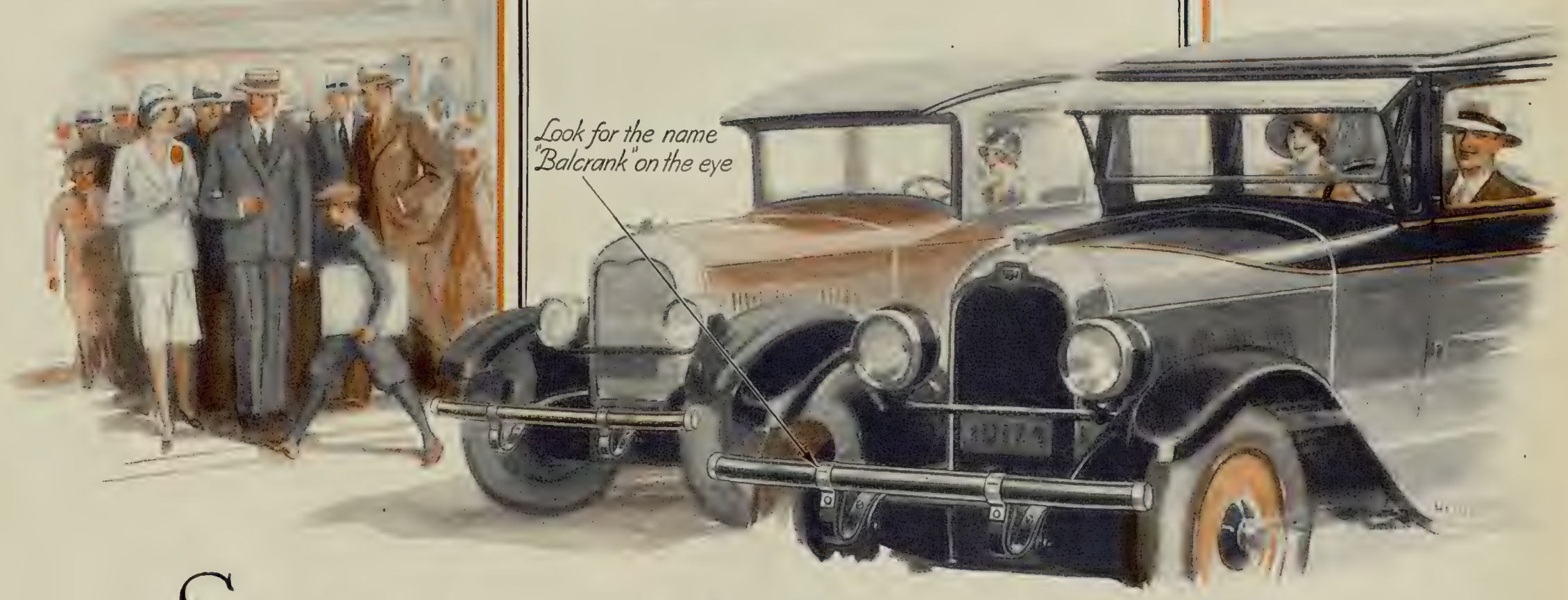

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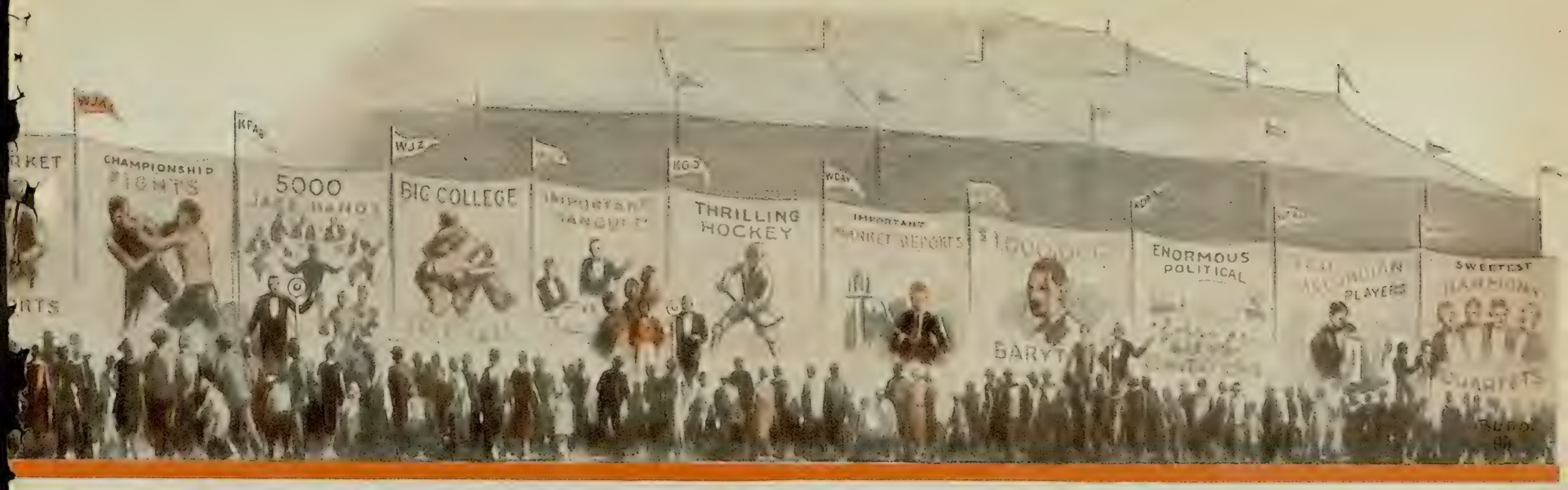

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The "BANDBOX"—a phenomenal Crosley radio receiver for the complete enjoyment of the 1927-28 Radio Season!

Recent court decisions which clarified the radio patent situation have paved the way for still greater Crosley triumphs.

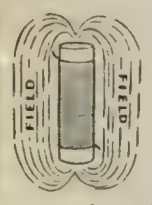
Now—completely available to Crosley—and amplifying Crosley supremacy in fullest measure, are the enormous resources, great discoveries and ideas embodied in patents of

1—The Crosley Radio Corporation.
2—The Radio Corp. of America.
3—The Westinghouse Co.
4—The General Electric Co.
5—The American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6—The Hazeltine Corporation.
7—The Latour Corporation.

under which Crosley is now licensed to manufacture.

Here are the seven big things which represent radio's greatest advancement, brought together by Crosley and combined with the experience, mass production method and leadership of the Crosley organization. No wonder a waiting radio world pronounces the "Bandbox" at the unprecedented price of $55, Crosley's paramount achievement.

The Bandbox is Shielded



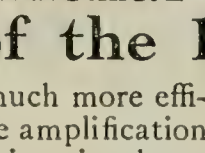
Radio coils are surrounded by magnetic fields similar in every respect to the magnetic field around the earth that moves the needle of a compass but around radio coils these fields make nuisances of themselves by feeding back on each other. Heretofore it has been customary to make inefficient coils with inefficient fields to prevent such feeding back. The Crosley Bandbox incorporates copper shields around each coil to prevent such feeding back. The coils consequently can be made and

are very much more efficient. The amplification of the receiver is, therefore, much higher—the sensitivity is greatly increased. Condensers are also completely shielded from each other in separate metal compartments. Hitherto, only high priced sets have enjoyed this super radio advantage.

There Is No Oscillation

The Bandbox employs completely balanced or neutralized radio frequency stages to prevent oscillation, instead of the common form of losser method. More costly, to be sure, but extremely necessary in achieving such results as are obtained by this marvel of radio reception.

For Sharpness--The Acuminators



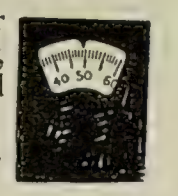
"Bandbox" acuminators enable "fishers" for distant stations to bring them in loud and clear. As powerful telescopes magnify distant scenes, acuminators increase the volume of far-a-way signals so they seem like local programs.

Volume Control

This is another big "Bandbox" feature which permits full brass band power for those who want their dance notes strong and loud. For others, it cuts volume down to a soft and gentle murmur, without distortion.

Illuminated Dial

A Master Station Selector has an illuminated dial for easy reading in shadowy corners. A single knob permits full tuning for ordinary reception of local, nearby and super-powered stations.



Installation Simplified

A woven cable, containing vari-colored rubber covered leads makes installation and hook-up easy for the veriest novice. No waiting for the radio service man, should the batteries be changed.

Easily Adapted to Consoles

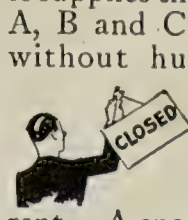
Simply remove screws in escutcheon and in base of set. Lift off metal case. Chassis now stands ready for installation in console cabinet. Opening in console cabinet permits control shafts to protrude. Escutcheon screws in place and—Presto! the console radio is complete.

For A C Operation a special Bandbox is available at $65, wired specially for use with the Crosley Power Converter at $60. This special Bandbox utilizes the new R.C.A. AC tubes which have made the operation of radio receivers direct from house current so simple, efficient and dependable. The first three tubes employed in the A C model are UX 226. These go into the radio frequency sockets. The detector tube is UY 227, with

indirectly heated emitter. Another UX 226 is used in the first audio stage. Raw A C current heats the filament of all UX 226 tubes. Power tube UX 171 is in the last audio socket. This makes the "dog houses" rumble sonorously and the bass drums deeply boom.

The Power Converter

The power converter which smooths the alternating current is a marvel of engineering ingenuity. Only half the size of an ordinary "A" storage battery, it supplies the required A, B and C currents, without hum. Finished in brown frosted crystalline.



There are models for 25 and 60 cycle current. A snap switch shuts down the set and power converter completely.

Price of Power Converter—$60

You owe it to yourself to see the "Bandbox" and listen to its remarkable performance. If you cannot easily locate the nearest Crosley dealer, his name and address will be supplied on request. Write Dept. 76.

CROSLEY RADIO

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.*
CINCINNATI, O.

Crosley recommends the use of five 201-A Radiotrons and one UX171 power tube, which are furnished at standard tube prices, with each Bandbox. While Radiotron UX-171 is 180-volt tube, it gives a superior performance for 135-volt "B" batteries.

WAHL SPRING-BRAKE

The Better Shock Absorber

No straps—No cables—
No noise—No adjustments

THE Wahl Spring Brake is a trouble-proof shock absorber. It stays on the job without adjustment.

It does this because built on an entirely new principle—the brake idea applied to springs.

The Wahl Spring Brake is a better shock absorber for these reasons:

It has no straps or cables to stretch or break. It is rigidly connected to the axle and therefore follows every movement of the chassis springs.

Its braking effect or resistance increases as needed; the bigger the bump, the bigger the resistance.

A perfect "free center" of live rubber cushions insures free spring action over small bumps.

It has no metal-to-metal bearing surface; therefore is silent and requires no lubrication.

It is dirt-proof and water-proof.

The net results are a smoother ride—a surer holding of the road—a cushioning which protects working parts of the car.

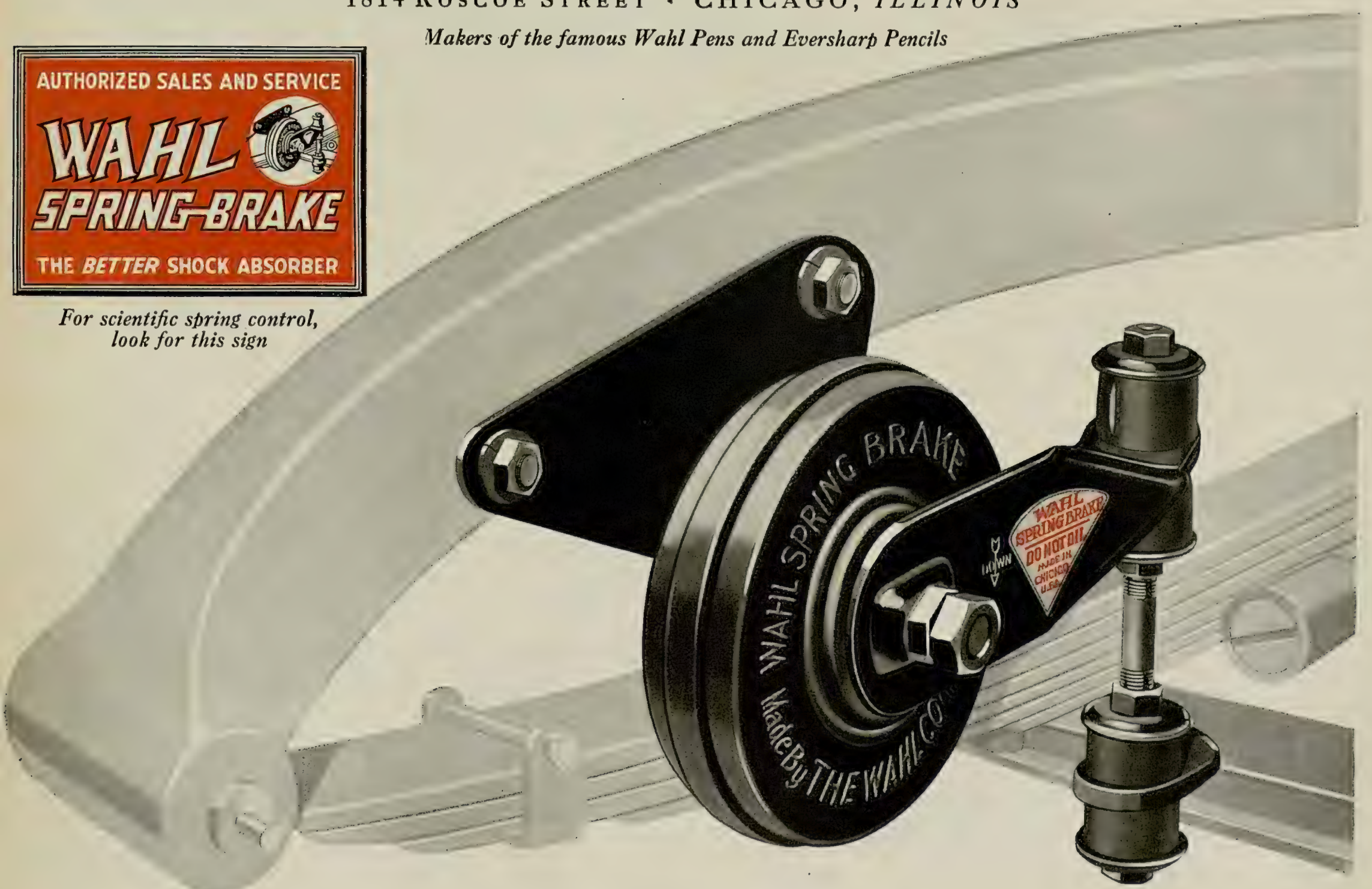
Put Wahl Spring Brakes on your car today. If your dealer is not yet supplied write for full information.

Full set of four Wahl Spring Brakes, $34.00. Set of two for Ford cars, $17.00
Inter-Mountain and Pacific Coast prices, $36.00 and $18.00. In Canada, $39.00 and $19.50

THE WAHL COMPANY
1814 ROSCOE STREET · CHICAGO, *ILLINOIS*

Makers of the famous Wahl Pens and Eversharp Pencils

For scientific spring control, look for this sign



[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

champion of America, who happened to be his pupil, came to him one day with a novel complaint.

"Miss X. gets my goat by her mean tactics," said the girl. "Whenever I'm trapped in a bunker, she comes over and stands right in front of me, watching every move I make. It gets me so mad and so nervous that I usually flub my recovery. Can't you tell her to quit?"

ANOTHER professional, well known on Long Island, cites the case of Mrs. Y. to demonstrate that feminine golfers do not trust one another from here to the nearest bunker.

"Mrs. Y.," said this pro, "was one of those uninspired plodders who never had a brilliant round and rarely a really bad one. Her form would have given Vardon the heeby-jeebies, but she got there in her own awkward fashion. Our club happened to stage a major medal championship for women, a phase of golf that the ladies rarely attempt.

"I remember the lifting of eyebrows and the half-stifled coughing around the score-board when Mrs. Y. posted her card showing an 84.

"One of my own club members expressed her misgivings rather bluntly. 'What do you think of that 84 of Mrs. Y's.?' she asked me. 'You know Mrs. Y. can't score that low on this course.'

"'I don't know anything but what I see on that card,' I parried. 'Mrs. Y. has posted her score as 84, and that will have to stand unless somebody produces proof of fraud.'

"In another women's tournament which I ran, one girl was accused of picking up her ball from a bunker and throwing it on to the fairway. Her caddie later substantiated this charge.

"Another woman was charged with deliberately improving her lie in a sand-trap. The accused pleaded ignorance of the rules. You'd be surprised how few of the women who play in local tournaments know the code of golf.

"Printed rules irk the female. She has no patience with what she regards as stupid masculine technicalities."

It is only fair to add, however, that women have no monopoly on the convenient habit of forgetting to count strokes. There have been many scandals in masculine championships, involving players who aren't imbued with the sacred traditions of the "gentleman's game."

We recall the case of two ex-caddies who threw a bombshell among the score-board watchers at one of the big open championships in New York, by returning cards in the low seventies. In the next round, when the boys were not paired together, each returned a score in the high eighties.

Not long ago the writer reported a match between two leading women players in which bitterness seethed beneath a benign cloak of suavity.

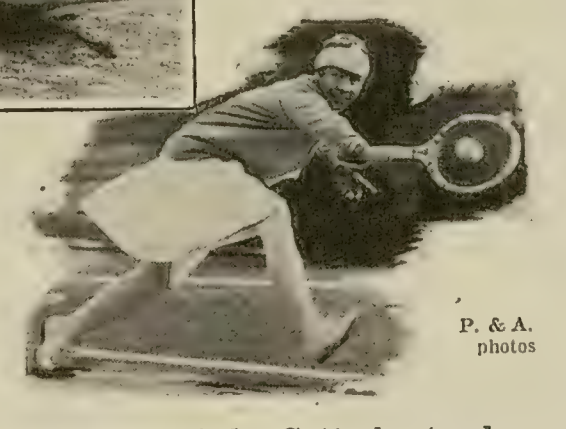
"I wish Miss X. wouldn't adopt that patronizing manner toward me," said the younger. "She almost weeps when I hook to a trap, and she apologizes profusely whenever she lays me a stymie. I happen to know it's all a pose. She's really as pleased as Punch whenever I get into trouble.

"A friend told me that Miss X. said I was just a fresh kid and was too young to play in this tournament. I hate pretense. I'm glad when she misses a putt, and I don't care who knows it!"

Most of the women tournament golfers are divided into cliques. Members of a clan have the same tender regard for their sisters outside the pale that the Hatfields entertained for the McCoys.

One young lady, who has lately attained national prominence as an exquisite shot-maker, is not popular with a certain metropolitan clique. In a recent intercity team match, this Miss B. should logically have been assigned to the No. 1 honor position. Miss B. found, to her surprise and chagrin, that she had been placed at No. 2, below a player whom she can beat nine times out of ten.

Youth takes such disappointments hard. Miss B. broke down and cried. Catty bystanders rushed to the committee with the false report that Miss B. had withdrawn. The clique, eager to find an excuse for eliminating Miss B., dropped her summarily from the team.



P. & A. photos

IN tennis, women ask no quarter and give none. Miss Elizabeth Ryan (left) and Mrs. Molla Mallory photographed in action.

The sequel occurred in a sectional championship a fortnight later. Miss B. played in the finals against a member of the clique. The latter's friends formed a phalanx around her and offered more or less expert advice as to the best way to defeat Miss B.

The rule against coaching from the side-lines was ignored. The golf code specifies disqualification as the penalty for the competitor who takes advice on the choice of club, type of shot, and so forth, from anybody but the caddie.

This ill-concealed animosity was actuated not so much by anything Miss B. had done as by antipathy for her relatives, who were considered uppish in pushing the girl forward.

The sentiment of the gallery, however, didn't prevent Miss B. from winning the championship.

Admiring fathers and solicitous mothers have succeeded in rearing many a mental hazard in the paths of their young hopefuls. We recall one garrulous dad who used to embarrass his golfing daughter by displaying his bank roll on the links as he told the world: "My little girl can beat anybody in this field and here is the dough to back up my claim."

Women golfers take defeat as gracefully as their brothers, generally speaking; but they chafe inwardly to a degree of which the masculine soul is incapable.

SOME years ago the champion of America was caught off her game by a mediocre rival, and beaten. The dethroned title-holder maintained admirable composure as she graciously congratulated her adversary.

An hour later we met one of the ex-champion's friends.

"How did Miss A. take defeat?" the writer asked.

"She's up in her room having hysterics," was the curt rejoinder.

This is not meant as a knock. The man or woman who takes defeat light-heartedly will rarely reach the top of sport's ladder.

Women golfers generally lack the truculent chip-on-the-shoulder combativeness which characterizes Hagen, Sweetser, Von Elm, and other masculine stars. She takes the links with a deprecating, half-apologetic attitude.

She should cultivate a superiority complex. When she hits a good shot you feel that she is thinking, "I was pretty lucky on that one," instead of: "I'm darned good today; watch me poke the next one even closer!"

It was Mary Browne's combativeness that enabled her to reach a national final despite a technically inferior stroke equipment.

Women golfers are not good finishers. They lack the "killer instinct." Instead of applying the thumbscrews relentlessly upon a weaker rival, they are inclined to let up and allow an opponent to get her teeth in the match. This tendency is responsible for many an upset in women's golf.

It may be that golf is too impersonal a game to arouse the elemental vindictiveness that lies dormant in every daughter of Eve. Tennis —a game of direct stroke contact —fans this spark to white-hot flame.

Those who saw Molla Mallory and Elizabeth Ryan fight it out across the Forest Hills nets last summer, with no quarter asked or given, might have imagined they were watching two women of the Stone Age battling to the death.

Edith Cummings, a championship golfer and daughter of a Chicago millionaire, believes that unremitting application is the price of a masculine short game.

"Personally, I haven't the time to devote to practise," Miss Cummings told the writer. "To become proficient at those delicate, subtle chip shots means hours of painstaking practise each week. I won't pay the price."

Yet, conceding the formidable handicaps, psychological and physical, that beset the feminine golfer, the ladies can still take six bisques and give the lords of creation all the argument they may be looking for! Yes!

THE END

Whee-ee!

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—there's nothing quite so delicious as good ice cream frozen in a Dixie. Sealed tight by the ice cream maker right at his plant, each Dixie brings you the best ice cream made in your town—and brings it to you *clean*, never exposed to dust or touch.

Ask your dealer for your favorite kind of ice cream in a Dixie—the lid shows the name.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO.
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What is a Dixie?

A dainty, inviting individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to DIXIES for ice cream, Individual DIXIES for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

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HERE is a tire gauge you can trust. A gauge with no delicate parts. No complicated mechanism to get out of order.

Buy one of these dependable gauges today. And then use it regularly once a week. We suggest Friday because most tires do their hardest work over the week-end.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Vacation Farm Adventures

Including Lemonade, Licorice Shoe-Strings, and a Movie Stunt

A Chapter of Good Times in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"OH, Ma! Where does this one go?" Charlie Ingalls called, balancing an awkward rolled-up rag rug upon his head.

"In front of the whatnot," Mrs. Ingalls said. "And Junior can put the grass rug back on the piazza." She was directing the boys' domestic chores from the shady seclusion of her screened-in porch.

It was Saturday morning—allowance day—always ushered in by errands-to-run and back-breaking duties around the place!

"Any more rugs to shake?" her nephew (Lil's brother) asked. He appeared to lisp, having a mouth crammed full of delectable sour-grass.

"No; but spray the hydrangea bushes," replied his aunt.

"And then we'll hoof up the street," Junior Morse puffed to his cousin, flicking an adventurous grasshopper from his aunt's rug. He carried it from lawn to piazza, keeping step to the whistled tune of Yankee Rose.

The boys thrilled to the prosperous weight of their pocketed weekly allowances—two bits!

Creak—creak! Swish-sh-SH! from the squeaky flower spray. And excited thoughts of his coming spending orgy popped into Junior's head. The white liquid, warranted to "get every bug's goat," oozed out and spread a snowy layer upon the bushes.

Creak—creak! Swish-sh-SH! O-o-oogle!

Mrs. Ingalls called, "Ice-cold lemonade!"

Now, Mrs. Ingalls had recently been in charge of the Firemen's Fair refreshment booth in Town Hall, so she called out this announcement in a loud, practised voice.

While lemonade in the kitchen seemed rather tame to boys who were educated to the thrill of bubbling root beer in a mug, they downed two glasses apiece, shouted grateful thanks, grabbed cookies, and sped across lots to the village. There they acquired the following:

Luscious licorice shoe-strings	10 cents
Classy cowboy bandannas	25 "
Cigar coupons found on the drug-store counter	0 "
Two red bananas	5 "
Two mugs of root beer (in back of barber shop)	10 "

And, as a dramatic climax, twenty minutes' cynical whispered remarks while a woman changed her own tire in front of I. Luxon's Imperial Garage.

"Some Katrinka!" the boys said, and shuffled down the street.

Home again—and the barn's shady doorway became an inviting retreat in which to chew licorice. A panorama of blue sky, hills, fields, and Rusty, the Ingalls' horse, grazing placidly by the pig-pen.

"Guess I'll be Tom Mix," Junior said, risking the foundations of his front teeth in a vigorous yank upon the leathery licorice.

He strode with cinematic, important strides toward the harness corner. Rusty's ears began to semaphore his suspicion as the quasi-cowboy approached.

"See the open ranges all around?" Junior asked Charlie. "An' the Indian?" He pointed to his aunt, now decked out with curl papers in the hall window.

"I'll get my lasso," Charlie said. "I'll catch a hundred head with my—my runnin' noose!"

"Come, puss, puss!" Junior intoned, making believe he was chewing tobacco.

And he camouflaged his Wild West designs with a tempting square of sugar!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The New Radio

When Thomas was three years old his baby brother came, and Thomas was a bit jealous. When the baby was about four days old, he loudly voiced his desire for an earlier mealtime.

Thomas listened for a few minutes, then turned with a disgusted air to the nurse, saying:

"Turn it off, turn it off!"—Mrs. Ora C. Mudd, Granite City, Ill.

If She Knew So Much

The other day I overheard the following conversation between a young mother and her small son at a candy store:

"Mama, I want chocolate."

"No, you don't, dear," firmly.

Then in a small, quavering voice, the little fellow asked:

"What kind of candy do I want, mama?"—Flora Fuller, 2708 Arch St., Little Rock, Ark.

A Knockout

Try Planters Salted Peanuts. You'll admit you never tasted any quite so big and appetizing. Brown and wholesome. Look for the glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Glossy Hair Ever Wavy

By Edna Wallace Hopper

That glow in my hair, that fluff, that wave are not due to a hairdresser. I have no time for that care. They are due to a dressing famous experts made for me. I call it my Wave and Sheen. That glitter, that wave, that seeming abundance come from applying that dress twice a week.

It keeps the wave or curl. Or it keeps hair fluffy, like my hair, if one desires. Or it keeps hair smooth and glossy without grease. At the same time it gives the hair a luster and enhances the color. I have never found a hair dress to compare.

Whatever style of hair you like best, this is something you must try. The added beauty it gives will amaze and delight you.

I think every girl and woman will be glad to know it. Your hair's beauty will be doubled in an hour. You will need no more Marcel waves.

All toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's Wave and Sheen. The price is 75c. You will find my guarantee with the bottle. It will cost you nothing if it doesn't do what I say. Go try it today.

Film Fade Outs

A Report of the Screen Stars of Yesterday

By
ROBERT LANDRY

(Reading time: 6 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Where are the screen stars of yesterday? Mr. Landry recently investigated their fate for the famous theatrical weekly *Variety*, and compiled an impressive list of those who, once "out," have found it hard to get back. With the editors' permission, we are printing his report as it appeared in *Variety*. Here it is.]

A FEW clever actors have been able to get back into the movies after once dropping out; but the record of those who have tried to get back proves that, as hard as it is to get in the first time, an ambitious extra rates a better chance than a has-been, even with a name.

Checking those once prominent and now out, the shortness of a movie actor's professional life and the hazards are strongly stressed.

Some of the "old-timers" of the screen who have passed into semi- or complete eclipse:

Clara Kimball Young.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. One of the earliest stars. After a long career, she refused to accept feature rôles and retired. In vaudeville since.

VIVIAN MARTIN. Early Fox star. On legit stage for many seasons past.

MARGUERITE CLARK. Second only to Mary Pickford at one time. Married and living in New Orleans.

MAE MARSH. D. W. Griffith protégée. Failed to click when coming out of retirement a couple of seasons ago.

GEORGE BEBAN. Makes one picture annually and travels with it as a road show.

FANNIE WARD. Recently in vaudeville. Early screen luminary.

MARY MILES MINTER. Left in flood of unfavorable publicity. Now in Europe.

Mary Miles Minter.

ANITA STEWART. One of the great a decade ago. Popularity gradually diminished.

Here today and gone tomorrow—reproduced from LIBERTY'S cover of August 6.

G. M. ANDERSON ("Broncho Billy"). Led way in riding and shooting operas. Made much and lost lot producing musical revues. Now on coast.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. Just getting break after notoriety interrupted career. Has been playing vaude dates.

WILLIAM FARNUM. Stepped from the legit stage to become one of Fox's biggest stars. Recently appeared in a coast production of The Firebrand (play).

MAX LINDER. French comedian who made several pictures on this side. Committed suicide in Paris last year.

BEVERLY BAYNE. Former wife and co-star of Francis X. Bushman. Vogue couple of years ago in Warner Brothers' pictures. Inactive lately.

EARLE WILLIAMS. Recently died in Hollywood. Vitagraph star for years. Later appearances were in featured rôles.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL. Early matinée idol. Transferred to English screen several years ago. Married to heiress.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD. Died during the influenza epidemic of 1919 at height of popularity as screen hero.

MAY ALLISON. Allowed herself to get out of the public eye. Recently married James Quirk, publisher of a fan magazine, and now appearing more often.

Olga Petrova.

OLGA PETROVA. Metro star during war. Since leaving screen has appeared in plays written by herself.

FRANK KEENAN. Appears intermittently on screen and stage. Star of the old Triangle.

WILLIAM S. HART. Away for two years. Once greatest of Western stars.

GERALDINE FARRAR. Retirement from screen was followed some seasons later by retirement from grand opera. Ex-wife of Lou Tellegen, screen actor.

EDDIE POLO. One of the earliest stunt men to star in serials. Kids he once thrilled are now grown up.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN. Has done little since The Covered Wagon.

PAULINE FREDERICK. Has refused to accept secondary rôles and is seldom seen on screen over here. Appearing during the past season on London stage and screen.

WEDGEWOOD NOWELL. Old-time movie villain. Now represents Equity in Los Angeles.

J. BARNEY SHERRY. One of the real "old-timers." Graces an occasional flicker drama.

JANE and KATHERINE LEE. Kid stars. Became a standard vaudeville act.

TEXAS GUINAN. Did a female Bill Hart on screen. Now New York night-club light.

MARJORIE DAW. Protégée of Geraldine Farrar. Enjoyed several years of popularity. Last appearance in recent Tom Mix release.

LOUISE GLAUM. Of "vampire" vogue. Away for four years.

Louise Glaum.

RUTH ROLAND. Serial star. Immensely wealthy, due to business sagacity in Los Angeles real estate.

MITCHELL LEWIS. Star when popular fancy favored hefty heroes. Still active.

ELLIOTT DEXTER. Does an occasional chore for picture producers, but has worked chiefly in vaude of late. One of Cecil De Mille's early protégés.

MONROE SALISBURY. Of old burly type of hero. Last reported breaking in act around Los Angeles.

MOLLY KING. Married.

CARTER DE HAVEN. Did light domestic farces with wife. In real estate. Promoted Hollywood Music Box Theater last year.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE. One of the stars who rose and set overnight. Went to England. Married to Walter Wanger. Played Orpheum Circuit last year.

Justine Johnstone.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA. Japanese star of Robertson-Cole (now F. B. O.). Since return to America, produced and starred in spoken drama that flopped. Has done vaude sketch.

WANDA HAWLEY. Star for Artcraft. Now in independent pictures on coast.

CRANE WILBUR. Early leading man. Appeared in The Perils of Pauline in 1913. Playwright and stage actor. Now in vaude sketch.

Irene Castle.

IRENE CASTLE. Came to fame via fox-trot craze. Appeared in many features and several serials. Now married and living in Chicago.

WILFRED LYTELL. Brother of Bert Lytell. Returned to the legit stage.

HOPE HAMPTON. Married Jules Brulatour, millionaire. Ambitions for operetta.

IRVING CUMMINGS. Turned director.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN. Not on screen since automobile accident. One of Selznick's stars.

THEODORE ROBERTS. Ill health. At height of screen career was probably best known and liked character man in pictures.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Try this method *of* Cleaning Teeth

Take advantage of this Free Trial Offer—See your teeth grow beautifully clean

TEETH that flash and sparkle when you smile; teeth so clean you love to show them . . . you can have them quickly, easily, if you will use this simple cleansing method.

It is a scientific method, developed after thousands of experiments. It is a method that has been used by three generations. Today more dentists recommend it and more people prefer it to any other dentifrice made.

Leading dental authorities now say that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen: First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 H-2, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
Send me a sample of this modern cleansing dental cream that most Americans use.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

GAIL KANE. Back in legit. Picture star for brief time.

ENID BENNETT. Wife of Fred Niblo. Seldom seen on screen. Formerly leading woman to Fairbanks and numerous other big names.

LILA LEE. Recently appeared with husband, James Kirkwood, in legit play produced in Los Angeles. Beginning in vaude as protégée of Gus Edwards, hoisted overnight into picture stardom.

HARRY MOREY. Great favorite of old Vitagraph. Seldom on view.

MAURICE COSTELLO. After passing into oblivion, returned to memory through prominence recently achieved by two daughters, Dolores and Helen. Costello screen idol more than fifteen years ago.

Agnes Ayres.

AGNES AYRES. Retired upon marriage to Mexican. Marriage reported upon rocks, with Miss Ayres' return to screen not unlikely.

WALLACE REID. Before Valentino, greatest male star. Died some years ago.

WESLEY BARRY. Kid star. Now married and conducting jazz band.

LEAH BAIRD. Writing scenarios.

DORIS MAY. Once co-starred by Paramount with Douglas MacLean. In semi-retirement since marrying Wallace MacDonald, screen actor.

NAZIMOVA. Went out via the Orpheum Circuit and to England.

ETHEL CLAYTON. Appears now and then between legit engagements. Former Paramount star.

DOROTHY DALTON. Now Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein.

JANE NOVAK. Reported appearing in pictures in Australia. On screen here now and then in independents.

Dorothy Dalton.

PEARL WHITE. In Paris for many years. Picture for Fox about five years ago. First serial queen.

FRANCIS FORD. Leading man and villain in serials. Directing for Universal.

FRANKLYN FARNUM. Western star. In vaude.

ORA CAREWE, DOLORES CASINELLI, LOUISE LOVELY, LOUISE HUFF, ALICE LAKE, BILLIE RHODES, GLADYS LESLIE, and MISS DUPONT. Each twinkled briefly and was forgotten.

BILLIE BURKE. In retirement with husband, Flo Ziegfeld.

JOSEPH KILGOUR. A familiar heavy. Returned to spoken stage last season.

ROSEMARY THEBY. No longer active. Of the vamp school.

MILDRED HARRIS. Chaplin's first wife. Has had many ups and downs. Still functions sometimes as leading lady, sometimes in bits.

Katherine McDonald.

KATHERINE MCDONALD. Introduced as overnight star by First National. Married wealth and retired.

MARY MACLAREN. Sister of Katherine McDonald. Married. Reported living in India.

FRANK MAYO. Infrequent player.

JUNE CAPRICE, CATHERINE CALVERT, PEGGY HYLAND, JUANITA HANSEN, EVELYN GREELY, SYLVIA BREAMER, JUNE ELVIDGE, FRANCELIA BILLINGTON, MIRIAM COOPER, GLADYS WALTON, ANN LITTLE, ZENA KEEFE, SHANNON DAY, RUBYE DE REMER, and VIRGINIA PEARSON. Passed from camera's eye and public's memory.

THE END

The above is a true report of the great movie "has-beens." Next week, LIBERTY will present the story of a movie "never-was." But this will be fiction, instead of fact. Watch for Double Exposure, by Edwin Balmer.

Poems You Ought to Know

HIGHLAND MARY

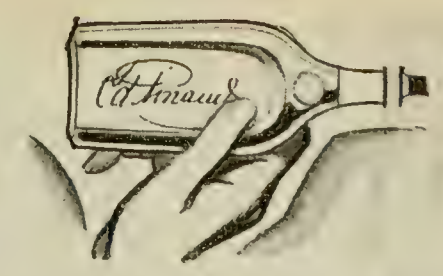
By ROBERT BURNS

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel's wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.



Heal those dangerous

SHAVING NICKS!

No shave leaves your skin *safe.*

For even the sharpest razor nicks the skin in countless small places. Neglected, these invisible nicks invite annoying skin infections.

Protect your skin after each shave with a healing antiseptic. A dash of Pinaud's Lilac—infections can't start!

You'll notice, too, the glow this cool, tingling liquid gives to your face. And you'll enjoy its clean lilac freshness.

Get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store today. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

So Slender

It Pays to Reduce

Over-fat people suffer a handicap, today more than ever. People know that obesity is largely due to a gland disorder. Exercise and diet carried to extremes may correct the result for a while. But the right way, the easy way, is to correct the cause.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research. They act to correct the cause of excess fat. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. The use has grown, by users telling others, until people now are taking a very large amount.

You can see the results wherever you look. You can learn them from your friends, if you will. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

If you need help, learn this easy, pleasant, scientific way to fat reduction. Do that in fairness to yourself. Watch the fat reduction, watch the new vitality. You will be amazed and delighted. You will know that this way is right. Test Marmola now, and learn what millions know about it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

AT sight and sound of the one-sided conflict, a traffic policeman bore down on the scene, blowing his whistle as he ran.

The Short CUTTERS

A Story of Easy Money

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Pictures by ROBERT W. STEWART

(Reading time: 17 minutes 35 seconds.)

IT was a right pleasant partnership. Harry Mauger was its brain and Titus Lench was its hands.

From their first day together at No. 12 Grammar School, Lench and Mauger were sworn comrades. More, they were partners; and partners they remained. It was Mauger who suggested, that very day, a lucrative business connection. It was Lench who worked out its details—as follows:

No. 12 School was passing through one of its periodic gambling crazes. While the smaller boys were content to glut this craving by playing marbles for keeps, the seventh and eighth grades gathered in threes, behind sheltering wall angles, and matched pennies.

Mauger evolved a series of signals whereby he and Lench should always show opposite sides of their coins. Thus, by the rule of "odd man wins," one or the other of them invariably must annex the third player's pennies.

It was a hoary trick, even in those days. Generations of schoolboys had lost their pocket-money at it. A hundred times had it been exposed. But so have worthless stock schemes and wire-tapping hoaxes been exposed a *hundred* hundred times. Boys in their early teens can not expect to be more trap-wise than their own parents.

Mauger thought up the idea—original, as far as he knew—and devised its signals. Lench went among the sillier and more pecunious of their classmates, guying Mauger's alleged bad luck in penny-matching, and luring victims into an effort to clean him out at odd man wins. After the game the partners divided the loot.

When even the most gullible of their schoolmates refused to keep on losing to them, they carried the merry sport into Sunday-school and to acquaintances in far parts of town. For months, off and on, it was a bonanza.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Blades Men Swear By-not At

EITHER SET ~ $1.50 With Two 50¢ Pkgs of Blades

Interchangeable Blades 50c for package of 5

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade — nothing else — that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham-Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—*cutting* your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. *Sales Representatives in All Countries.*

Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25c.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada; 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred. Lib. 8

Name.....

Address.....

Town or City and State.....

I prefer Long-handled Type....Safety Type....

[THE SHORT-CUTTERS Continued from Page Forty-five]

A simple modification of the same trick, in the high-school penny-ante games, brought them ample pocket-money up to the time of their graduation. Not once did either begrudge the other his share of the winnings.

Then Lench's parents went to Midwestburg to live; and for a time the partnership lapsed. The chums met by chance, on Broad Street in New York, eight years later—on their way to lunch. Before the meal was ended the partnership was resumed.

Each was a clerk—Lench in a bank, Mauger in a commission house. Neither was making much money. In common with 10,000 other clerks, each yearned to find the elusive short cut to wealth. Alone they had not been able to discover it. Now that they were together again, the chance seemed brighter.

"Remember that wheeze in the geom book?" asked Mauger, as they met again, after work hours that afternoon, and started uptown together on a reunion celebration. "The one about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points?

"There's an awful lot in that, if you come to think it over. It's about the only thing in geom that can ever help anybody; except in passing an exam.

"Here's the idea:

"LOOK at the swad of folks on the street here, all of them going home to get a feed and a sleep that'll put them in shape to come back to the job tomorrow and make more cash for the man who hires them. Pretty sight, isn't it?"

"Not so hell-fired pretty from where I sit," denied Lench. "Besides, what's it got to do with straight lines and—"

"It's got this to do with them," expounded Mauger. "I've thought about it till my head's sore. These poor saps are clumping around in circles. They work to get cash enough to eat, so's they can work some more. A few of them pinch themselves and go without things they want.

"Then, after they've lived like tightwads for about seventy years, they've maybe saved enough to let them keep on living like tightwads till they die.

"They're going in circles, like I said. They aren't taking the straight line that's the shortest distance between two points. They haven't the sense to think of a short cut."

"It sounds grand," admitted Lench. "But it don't add up to anything that I can see. What's it got to do with—"

"We're all of us scraping along on just about enough to keep us alive," explained Mauger, glibly vocalizing his oft-pondered theory. "That's one point. The other point is the top of Easy Street—where every one wants to land.

"Now, instead of going by the straight line that's the shortest distance between those two points —taking the short cut—we're nearly all of us going around in that circle I was speaking about. Your boss tells you, 'Work hard and live frugal, and some day you'll be where I am.'

"He's a burning liar, at that. He's where he is because he figured out a short cut. We're where we are—and where most of us will always be—because we haven't the sense to figure out the short cut. So—"

"At school we did," Lench reminded him wistfully. "Remember the stunts we worked to get spending-money? The rest of them would do errands after school and do odd-time chores and the like to earn the pennies you and I took off them without any work at all.

"And remember the way we swung the exams together, and got all kinds of better marks than the simps who studied all night long? Yep, we've worked a short cut or two, just you and me. And—"

"That's what I'm getting at," interrupted Mauger. "The two of us could do it. I could have turned a hundred tricks, these few years; only there wasn't ever any one I could trust to tie up to as a side-kick.

"That's why I'm so tickled to run up against you again, Tite. This bum old world is cramful of dandy short cuts for us if only we—"

He stopped to grin at a jaywalker who was seeking to cross the thronged street in the middle of a block instead of going on to the corner. The man dodged and slipped hazardously amid hurrying motor-cars and trucks, only to be stopped almost at the edge of the farther pavement by a mounted policeman who turned him back.

"How about that guy for a short-cutter?" morosely asked Lench.

"He didn't have the sense to try it at a place where there wasn't any cop," was Mauger's sententious answer to that question.

TITUS LENCH'S substitute for a home was the third-floor-back hall bedroom of an unwinsome boarding-house high in the Bronx.

The establishment was run by a Mrs. Ardelia Fay—a former skilled laundress who had put thirty-two years' savings into the venture, and who was not growing rich thereby.

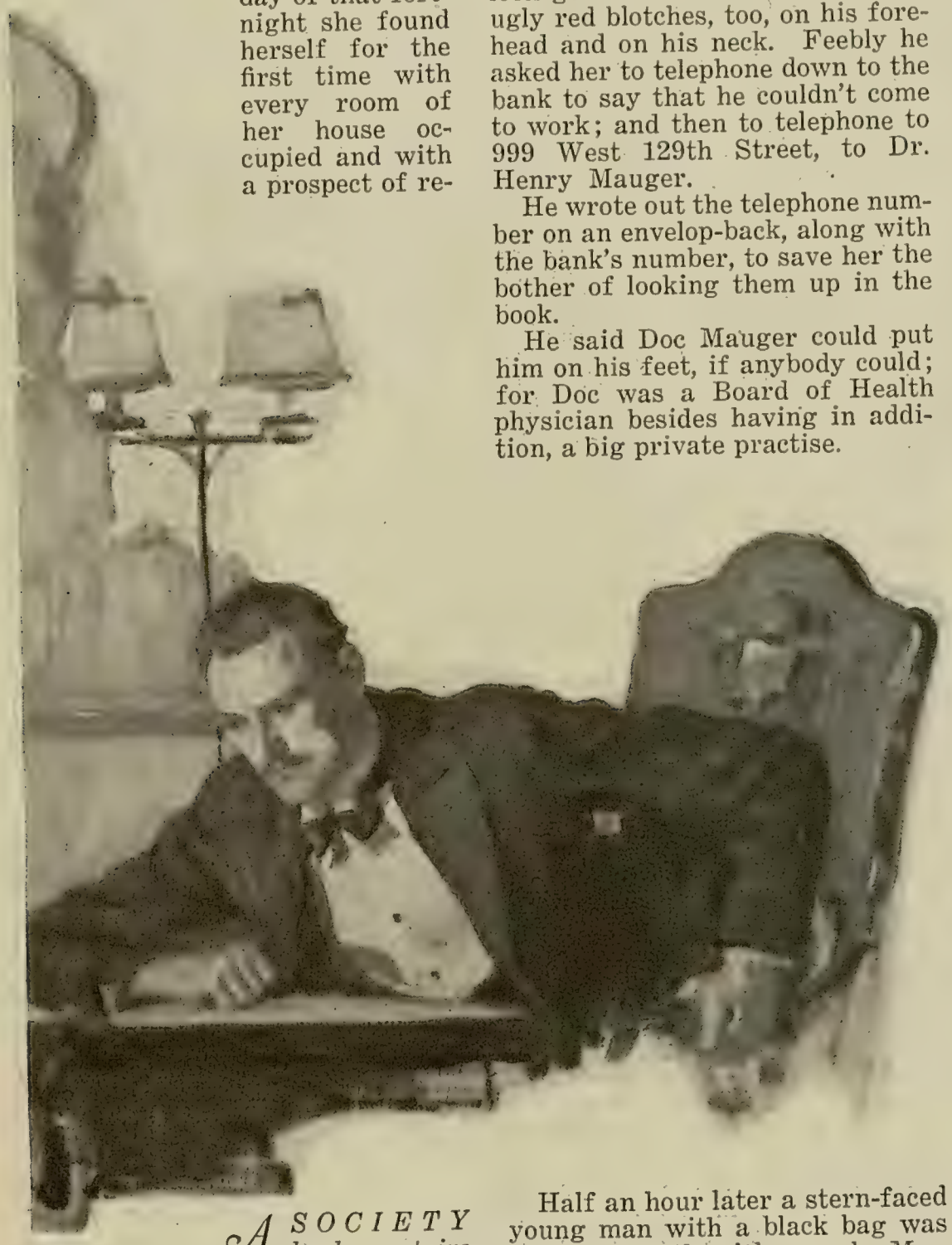
Mrs. Fay was built for endurance rather than for speed. Her days and nights were spent in endless and fruitless mental calculations on how to keep her sagging assets one step ahead of her rent-and-tradesmen liabilities.

This long-continued practise had

given her a morose and semi-lacrimose air that added little to the homelikeness of her house or to the cheer of her reluctantly paying guests.

Then, in a single fortnight, she touched the zenith of her professional ambitions and the nadir of her despondency.

On the initial day of that fortnight she found herself for the first time with every room of her house occupied and with a prospect of re-



taining most of her underfed boarders for the rest of the season. Fortune at last was smiling.

A SOCIETY back-stairs weekly had hinted broadly of domestic strife in the Vayne home.

Without undue flights of optimism, Mrs. Ardelia Fay could picture herself as staying out of bankruptcy for another six months, at the very least. She almost smiled. She found herself conjuring up Aladdin dreams of raising her prices and possibly of buying magenta chintz curtains for the dining-room.

Then came the swift punishment that lies in wait for day-dreamers.

Her third-floor-back hall-roomer, that nice-spoken young Lench feller, had acted kind of peaked and hungerless for pretty near the best part of a week. One morning he didn't come down to breakfast at all, and he sent her a note by the maid of all work that he was "dretful sick."

Mrs. Fay climbed puffingly the two flights of stairs to his room, bearing a cup of slopping tea with some grayish toast for it to slop on.

True enough, the poor chap did look gosh-awful bad. There were ugly red blotches, too, on his forehead and on his neck. Feebly he asked her to telephone down to the bank to say that he couldn't come to work; and then to telephone to 999 West 129th Street, to Dr. Henry Mauger.

He wrote out the telephone number on an envelop-back, along with the bank's number, to save her the bother of looking them up in the book.

He said Doc Mauger could put him on his feet, if anybody could; for Doc was a Board of Health physician besides having in addition, a big private practise.

Half an hour later a stern-faced young man with a black bag was ushered into the sick-room by Mrs. Fay herself. The landlady had been thinking more and more about those angry reddish splotches on her boarder's face and throat; and the more she thought about them, the more she worried.

"Good morning, Mr. Lench," the doctor hailed his patient, speaking with crisp haste. "I really ought to be at my office, at the Board, this minute. Your message caught me just as I was leaving home. At first I thought of sending up my assistant to see you, but—"

HE checked himself as he caught a better view of the invalid. In one rapid motion he flooded the dingy room with light by pulling high the torn window-shade. In another he ripped open the neck of Lench's frayed pajama coat. Mrs. Fay's first impulse to turn modestly away was checked by sight of the flaming rash that covered Titus' exposed upper chest.

"What on earth?" she shrilled.

But Dr. Mauger paid no heed to her. He was bending over Lench, expertly examining the red surface and looking into the patient's mouth.

Then he crossed the room to the wash-stand and rinsed his hands vigorously.

"What's he got, Doctor?" quavered Mrs. Ardelia Fay, following him to the wash-stand. "Oh, dearie me, but I do hope it isn't anything that—"

"There's no question, unfortunately, of hoping it isn't," rapped out Mauger, drying his hands. "Any layman can see what he has. The man is in an advanced state of scarlet fever."

Mrs. Fay made a sound much like a turkey whose tail is pulled just as it starts to gobble. With speed amazing in a woman of her bulk, she made for the open doorway.

But Dr. Mauger barred her line of retreat.

"One moment!" he ordered. "Do I understand you are the proprietor of this boarding-house, madam?"

"Yes—oh, yes, sir!" she gurgled. "And let me out of this room, if you please. I don't want to go carrying germs to the rest of my guests, or maybe catching—"

"Wait!" he bade her, still standing firmly between the quaking woman and the door. "You do not seem to understand, madam, what this means. My patient—"

"Won't you please get him away from here, to the hospital, just the very minute you can, sir?" she begged. "And can you give me something to fumigate the room with, and to fumigate me too? I'll pay for it. I—"

"THERE is no charge for fumigating," Mauger assured her. "The Board of Health will do that, without charge, as soon as the quarantine is lifted. Meanwhile—"

"The—the quarantine?" she babbled, aghast.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "if you will show me where your telephone is, I will report the case at once and order a scarlet-fever sign sent up here and tacked on your front door, as the law requires.

"Mr. Lench must go to a hospital, of course. I will take him there, myself, in the taxi I came here in. It is waiting for me. But the quarantine must be established immediately."

For the first time Mrs. Ardelia Fay had realized that goal of landladies, a full-up house of permanents. Her bad luck had turned the corner. She was on the way to success. And now—a scarlet-fever sign on her front door! She was ruined—flat ruined.

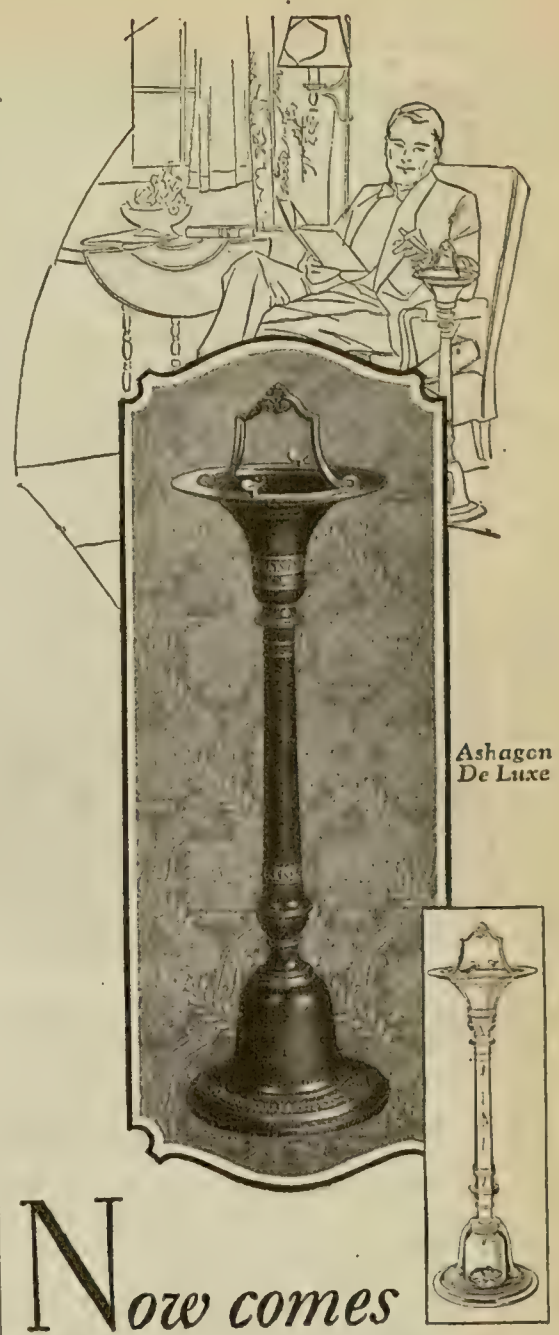
"Doctor," panted the stricken Lench, "this means a lot to Mrs. Fay. It'll take months for boarders to begin coming back here. She's on the rocks, unless—unless—"

Mrs. Ardelia Fay caught at the hesitant hint.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm a poor woman. But, if you can fix it for me so that that awful sign won't be put on my door, and if you can get Mr. Lench out of here without anybody guessing what ails him—"

"Are you two people trying to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Now comes Exquisite Design *in* ashless ashstands

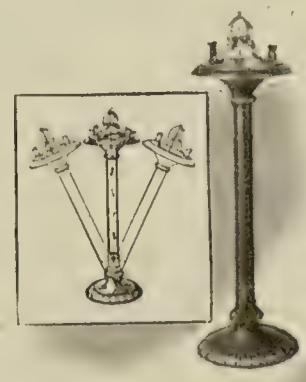
BEAUTY—that delightful composition of line and color—now awaits you in so sensible an accessory as the *ashless ashstand*. To wonderful utility is added exquisitely beautiful design and finish. The above photograph of the Ashagon De Luxe shows the classic grace of its Grecian lines.

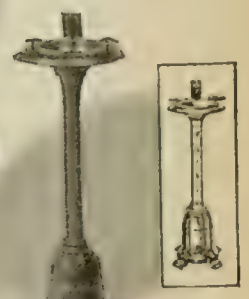
UTILITY—the small drawings illustrate how Ashagons eliminate all the smell and mess, and how supremely easy they are to empty. De Luxe and Master are serviced by merely tilting, and unscrewing the glass jar in the base; the Corona, by just slipping out the inner tube, and removing the cap.

There are three fine Ashagon models* from which to choose, and five beautiful colors: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red. If your dealer hasn't Ashagon *artistic ashless ashstands*, he will order them for you—or you can order direct. De Luxe, $15.00; Corona, $10.50; Master, $8.50—50 cents more West of the Mississippi River. Write to us for free pamphlet.

Ashagon Corona

At the left is a picture of the *non-tippable* Corona and a diagram showing its functional features.





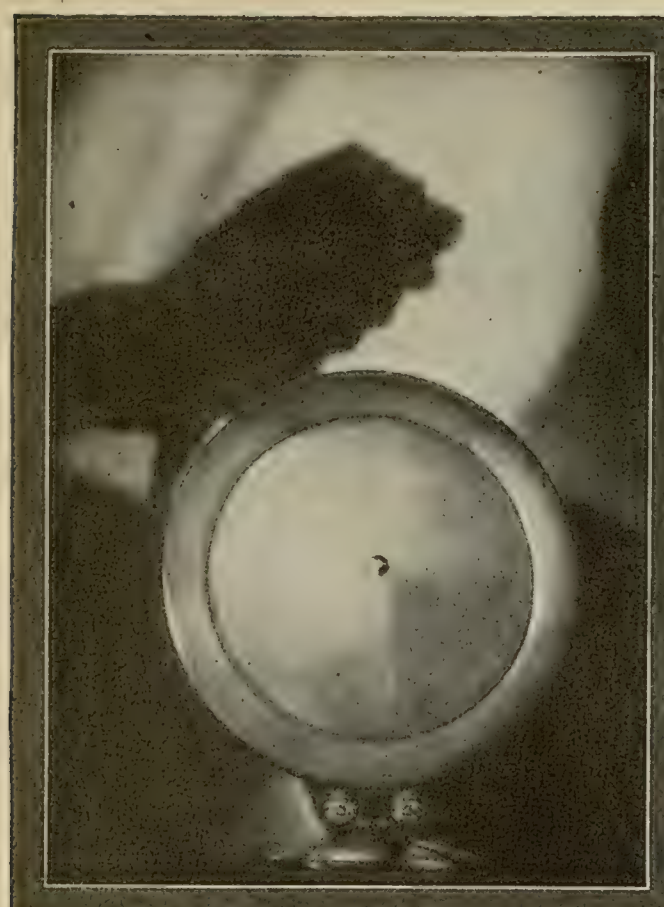
Ashagon Master

At the right is shown the Master and how it functions for safety and cleanliness.

THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
artistic ashless ashstands

* Patents Pending. Copr. 1927 Tubular Products Co.



The LION

New Amplion Cone AC21. Price, $25.00. Height including handsome bronze base 22½."

The unit in the Cone is the new Amplion balanced armature type, non-adjustable, with straight bar magnets of the highest grade English tungsten steel.

The Lion combines a 14" Cone with an 18" Sound Board extended at the back towards the center, forming a resonating chamber. This construction enables the Cone to reproduce with absolute fidelity all the notes—high and low—that your set detects.

How much is your radio set worth?

—not in terms of dollars, but in terms of loud speaker reproduction. That's the way to determine its value.

FOR proof of this, do not fail to have a demonstration of an Amplion—no matter what *set* you have or consider buying.

The Amplion line includes models from $20.00 to $145.00—one for every radio reproduction requirement. Amplion prestige back of every model. Write for descriptive literature.

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Get these four things *then* GO!

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8-27-27

[THE SHORT-CUTTERS Continued from Page Forty-seven]

corrupt me?" demanded Mauger, frowning suspiciously from one to the other.

"Yes," declared Lench, "we are. At least, I am. Doctor, I have three hundred dollars in the bank, down-town. It's worth that much to me to save this lady from going broke. She has been just like a mother to me. And it's because of me that she will be put out of business if you do your alleged duty.

"Nobody will be harmed if you just forget you've been here today. Take me to a hospital and fake the address you took me from. Three hundred dollars, man! It's all I have."

Mauger hesitated, and Mrs. Fay took hope. Then he shook his head with much decision.

"I should like to oblige both of you," he said, "and I sympathize with her in her bad fortune in having to lose all her boarders. But I have myself to think of. If it got known, I'd be disgraced. There is a fine, too, of five hundred dollars for failing to report such cases. Why, your three hundred dollars wouldn't even pay that fine. If it were five hundred, I might take the chance. But—"

TITUS LENCH, dressed, and supported on each side by Mauger and the trembling Mrs. Ardelia Fay, got into the taxicab that had brought the doctor thither.

Only once did the partners pause on their down-town ride—and then only to drop into the Aaron Burr Twelfth National Bank of the Bronx, to cash a shakily written and tear-smudged check for $200, drawn on fat Mrs. Fay's spindly account. Only once, on the way to the bank, did Harry Mauger speak to his patient.

"I believe she'd have been good for another hundred, if we'd worked it right," said he. "And it's lucky for you that the old girl has a cold in the head. The whole room was reeking of that mustard-plaster stuff. Next time we'll have to think up something that'll put red blotches on you without smelling like a mustard factory."

Five times more during the ensuing year, and at carefully chosen boarding-houses of the poorer kind, Dr. Mauger consented unwillingly to be bribed to silence about Titus Lench, or Dr. Lench yielded to the same kind of persuasions as to the red-rashed Harry Mauger.

In only two cases out of seven did the ruse fail to draw an average of $200 apiece from panic-smitten landladies.

Eight half-days lost from their respective desks and less than twenty dollars in taxi fares, were the only outlays the partners had to make in return for something like $1,200, which they divided fairly between them.

Thriftily, they did not spend their winnings, but hoarded every penny of them, living meagerly the while on their small salaries.

They did not intend to pass their lives in swindling boarding-house keepers, safe as the graft had proved to be. This was but a step in their rise—a mere means for making a stake for some more ambitious venture. The partners were financial climbers, not wastrels.

Then, after months of shrewd planning and of rehearsal and of testing every inch of the way for possible flaws, Mauger was ready for them to launch into their true life careers.

Half of their $1,200 went into the purchase and refurnishing of a second-hand little delivery car of snappy yet solid aspect; and into the renting of garage space; and into the hiring of two bank-vault boxes, one in Brooklyn and the other in Paterson. Another hundred dollars bought two well fitting liveries and several silvered plates.

The plates had names engraved chastely upon them in black letters. Each plate was of a size to slide snugly into a groove-niche at the outer side of the delivery car's seat.

Each plate bore the name of a Fifth Avenue jeweler.

Toward the end of their time of preparation, Mauger put in many leisure moments on telephone calls. For example, he would ask for the credit manager of the famed McCrœsus jewelry house, and say bruskly:

"This is the credit department of Gloria's, Philadelphia. Mr. Jabez Vandersluys of 234 Park Avenue in New York has applied for a charge account here. Know anything about him?"

Since the names were chosen with due care from the *Social Register* and from other aureate sources, the burden of the reply, at least once in three times, would be:

"Yes; he has an account with us," etc.

Thus, bit by bit, grew the partners' authentic list of well-to-do New Yorkers who had charge accounts at various jewelry concerns. By close study of the society columns they gained a workingly accurate knowledge as to which of these charge customers happened just then to be in town.

Then, calmly, in serene self-confidence, the two tackled their new venture. Theirs was none of the nervousness of the novice, nor of the crook who has reason to dread discovery. Their project was perilproof, as long study of it had shown them. They were playing safe. They were perfect in the minutest details of their simple rôles.

AT 10 o'clock on the morning of April 15 the jewelry firm of Ophir, Ophir & Cleg received a telephone call which was switched to the desk of Erasmus Cleg. A

correctly toneless voice addressed thus the jeweler:

"This is Mr. Hedric Taylor Vayne's secretary speaking. Mr. Vayne would like you to send up three or possibly four solitaire diamond rings, averaging from two and a half to three carats, with as unusual settings and stone shapes as you happen to have in stock.

"He would like to have them here, to choose from, between eleven and twelve today, if possible. Also, if you chance to have anything unique in jeweled slave bracelets, please send one or two with the rings. Thank you."

The order was in no way unusual. Erasmus Cleg smiled to himself as he made note of it. Many of the firm's more important charge customers were wont to order several items of jewelry sent to their homes, to choose from.

A SOCIETY back-stairs weekly, to which Cleg subscribed and which he read as a matter of business, had hinted broadly, a few days earlier, of domestic strife in the Vayne home. Cleg saw in the commission a probable effort on Hedric Taylor Vayne's part to hold forth a jeweled olive branch to his irate spouse.

Vayne was one of the firm's oldest and most lavish customers. Cleg himself selected the assortment to be sent up to him.

Promptly at eleven, one of the Ophir, Ophir & Cleg clerks, escorted by a store detective, arrived at the elderly Vayne house on Seventy-second Street, bearing a parcel for which he asked and obtained a receipt from Vayne's butler.

The butler bore the package to Vayne in the latter's study. Vayne glanced idly at it, supposing it contained something ordered by his wife.

A few minutes later a subduedly smart little delivery car halted at the curb. A chaste silvered plate alongside the driver's seat bore the legend, OPHIR, OPHIR & CLEG. The liveried driver sat loftily moveless at the wheel, while another uniformed man descended to the pavement and approached the house.

The livery of both was dark green and sprucely cut. On the visored cap of each, in small gold lettering, was emblazoned, OPHIR, OPHIR & CLEG. Briskly the second of the men ran up the steps and rang the bell. A footman answered the ring.

Presently the footman presented himself to the butler with the tidings that a messenger from Ophir, Ophir & Cleg had left a parcel there by mistake and that another employee of the jewelers was calling to take it back.

The butler went out into the hallway, where he was met by a man whose livery and manner were irreproachable.

"Sorry," explained the caller. "Mr. Horace Vayne ordered some things from us, to be sent for his inspection at the Union Club. The man at the desk made a mistake and sent the things here. The company told me to come for them, and to present their apologies for any annoyance the blunder may have caused."

The butler vanished into the upper reaches of the house—reappearing with the parcel, which

MRS. FAY made a sound much like a turkey whose tail is pulled just as it starts to gobble.

Mrs. Vayne had been tearing open when news of the mistake was brought to her.

Mauger accepted the packet from him, frowning in genteel annoyance at the ripped outer paper. Then he made his way down the steps with it toward the waiting delivery car—a vehicle on whose quiet smartness and modest nameplate the butler's eye had rested with approval.

At no more than a professionally rapid pace, Mauger descended the steps. His heart did not beat fast, nor did his nerves tingle. It had all come off as he had known it must. There had been no danger, no chance of a hitch.

In his grasp was a torn little bundle containing jewelry to the value of several thousand dollars. He had annexed it as easily as he had mulcted boarding-house women of bribe-money.

THIS was the first of four houses at which he and Titus Lench had arranged to call that day. With any semblance of good fortune, their day's plunder ought to run into many thousand dollars. Naturally, he was wise enough to know the same trick could not be played in New York on the morrow.

By that time, one of the robbed jewelers might conceivably call up some house to which goods had been sent, to inquire as to the choice made.

But Philadelphia lay less than 100 miles away on one side; and Boston less than 250 miles on the other. Then there was Chicago. A few weeks of preparation would enable the partners to carry on their lucrative trade, successively and successfully, in any and all of those big cities.

With a reasonably good break and with sanity, the harvest could be extended until it should make them both independently rich.

Meantime, on the morrow the smart delivery car would have vanished; the plunder would be safely stored in the rented bank-vault boxes in Brooklyn and Paterson; and two industrious young clerks would be back, temporarily at least, at their jobs in lower Manhattan. No trace of the simple and safe operations of the preceding day would be left.

The short cut to prosperity was an accomplished fact.

MAUGER hummed softly to himself as he strode down the steps to the car where the imperturbable Lench sat waiting for him.

Then, as he swung across the sidewalk, several million tons of clamorous softness were propelled against his jaunty back.

Taken off balance, Mauger sprawled full length on his face. In the same motion, the noise-emitting weight that had smitten him from behind sat heavily down upon him, pinning him resistlessly to the flagstones.

Soggily, unwieldily, the Vaynes' laundress had emerged from the basement doorway under the front steps. Lugging puffily a mighty burden of soiled linen as unwieldly and soggy, in its way, as herself, she panted up the basement steps, heading for the nearest up-town subway station.

Her burden was heavy. Her heart was heavier. Not always had she been a mere "fine laundress," condemned to lug mountains of linen back and forth and to bend gruntingly for hours a day over a steamy wash-tub in a dark three-room flat.

True, she had begun life in that line of moist endeavor; but there had been a bright era—brighter daily in retrospect—when she had been a lady, a householder, a sovereign ruler over a three-story mansion in the Bronx.

From present sweatsome toil to memory of those rich days was a monstrous chasm—a chasm cloven by a slick scoundrel who had robbed her of 200 fiercely garnered dollars.

She had tipped one Dr. Henry Mauger not to tell she had a case of scarlet fever in her boarding-house. That was all the good it had done.

The house's maid of all work had listened to their excited talk from the passageway outside the sick-room, and had told one of the boarders. Before night her house had been empty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He stropped a new blade and it changed his whole idea about shaving...

LIKE many men he had always said: "Why should I bother to strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?"

To him a new blade meant a good shave. To be sure the second, third and fourth shaves were not so good, but he got by.

One day on a Pullman he got out a new blade, and was unwrapping it when his friend Putney showed him his Twinplex and offered to strop the new blade.

That first shave with a new blade, Twinplexed, was an eye opener to him. He admitted to Putney that never before had he had such a wonderful shave with a new blade.

Of course he bought a Twinplex when he got home, and now every shave is like that first one—caressingly smooth.

To his surprise and delight he finds that a blade when stropped regularly on Twinplex holds its original keenness for weeks and weeks. He shaves in less time, has a cleaner shave and has more than saved the cost of his Twinplex.

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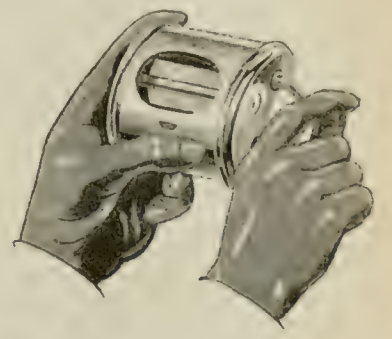
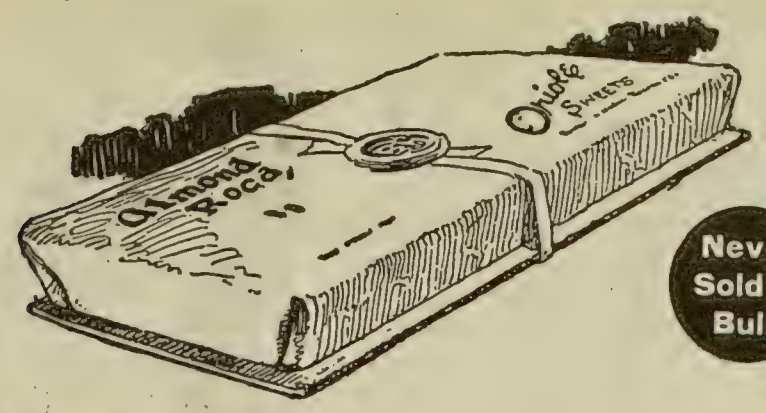


Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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WORLD'S LARGEST PORTABLE MAKERS

[THE SHORT-CUTTERS Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Then, in desperation, she had gone to the Board of Health to make a personal appeal to Dr. Henry Mauger to give her back part of the money she had paid him. There she found the Board of Health knew nothing about any Dr. Mauger.

She had traced his home-telephone number, given her by Lench, to a corner drug store.

Her swiftly emptied boarding-house had failed to refill. Wherefore, perforce, she had gone back to her abhorred earlier trade of fine laundress. All because of one hell-begot scalawag who had fooled her into giving him—

DOWN the front steps above her came a nattily liveried young man. Dully Mrs. Ardelia Fay glanced upward at him. Then, with a shrill howl, she went into action.

Berserk at surging memory of her wrongs, she swooped after the receding green form, swinging aloft her heavy bundle of laundry, and smiting with all her sturdy strength and incredible weight.

As her victim crashed headlong to the wet pavement, she threw herself bodily upon him and screeched for help.

At sight and sound of the one-sided conflict, the traffic policeman at the near-by corner left his post and bore down on the scene, blowing his whistle as he ran.

The butler and footman, drawn by the ungodly hubbub, came charging down the steps.

A crowd gathered with the speed of light.

Titus Lench had just one chance to escape. Whether through loyalty to his partner or in hope of extricating Mauger and the jewelry by a lucky dash, he failed to take that chance. In a leap he had left the car seat and dashed nimbly to the rescue.

As he came within reach, a fat red arm darted forth from the centipede-like mêlée on the ground, and a wash-tub-puckered set of fingers nabbed him by the nearer of his putteed ankles.

A vicious jerk brought him crashing down upon the recumbent pair—just as the policeman arrived to take charge of the muddled situation.

MRS. ARDELIA FAY carried the morning paper to the window of her laundry-kitchen, the more vividly to behold her own photographed features on the first page. A fatuous smile wreathed her round face.

"They couldn't of put President Coolidge any further front in the paper than what they've put me," she murmured blissfully.

Then, noting afresh the caption line under her name and pictured visage, she scowled darkly.

"'A Boadicea of the Tubs,'" she read, half-aloud. Then:

"I'll look up that 'Bodisha' word in Mrs. McCran's dictionary book. If it means what I think it does, maybe I can get me a nice slice of libel-money from the newspaper, to tuck away with the reward those jewelry folks gave me."

THE END

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MIMI'S farewell in La Bohème. (Left to right) George Hassel, Edward Everett Horton, Geno Corrado, Renée Adorée, Lillian Gish, and John Gilbert.

Lillian Gish

The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

REEL EIGHT

THERE'S a notable difference between going out to hunt a job and sitting back while a job comes hunting you. You appreciate the difference when you begin to compute your income tax.

In the autumn of 1902 Lillian Gish had gladly accepted ten dollars a week as a child actress in the old-time itinerant melodramas. In the summer of 1913 she had ridden in a street-car to ask David Wark Griffith for a place as an extra with the old Biograph Company at five dollars a day—some days.

In the summer of 1922 she sat at ease, opening letters containing offers to star her at wages then deemed fabulous.

Dick Barthelmess influenced her greatly in her choice. He had gone to the new Inspiration Pictures Company, headed by Charles H. Duell, of the law firm of Duell & Smith.

Duell is a scion of a distinguished old Knickerbocker family and related to Elihu Root; he was a successful barrister and prominent in Bull Moose politics after having been treasurer for the New York Republican State Committee. Backed by W. Averell Harriman, he had organized the new company and signed Barthelmess and Henry King, one of the industry's finest directors.

Dick had made Tol'able David for Inspiration, and he carried the Joseph Hergesheimer picture out to Mamaroneck under his arm to run it off for Griffith, Miss Gish, and his former associates. It was splendid, and Griffith wept as he embraced the lad he had taught to act before the camera.

Inspiration made Lillian Gish an offer. So did the Tiffany Pictures and other big companies. Indeed, the Tiffany people trebled the salary offered by Inspiration.

But, after a long conference with Dick and her sister, Miss Gish accepted Duell's offer, principally because he agreed to star Dorothy and let King alternate between the two girls as director.

The Inspiration salary was not a large one, considering the sums paid to stars of lesser magnitude—$1,250 a week; but Miss Gish was to have a percentage of the gross intake of her pictures. The contract, running until January 31, 1930, called for twenty-four pictures, with an increase in salary up to $2,500 a week and a mounting interest in the receipts.

So Lillian and Dorothy signed with Inspiration on September 1, 1922. Then came the hunt for a suitable story. Lily Haywood, a reader for Duell's company, suggested The White Sister.

Miss Gish liked it; but everybody was afraid of this story of F. Marion Crawford's nun who leaves a convent under special dispensation to marry the Italian captain she loves.

It was at this point that Lillian Gish began to take a dominating part in directing her pictures—the fruit of her long association with the master director, Griffith.

She believed that religion, being closer to mankind's heart than anything in life save, possibly, love and patriotism, could be handled beautifully and tactfully on the screen. She persuaded Duell and King to the idea of having *Angela*, the young nun, renounce love to keep inviolate her vow as Bride of the Church.

"We decided that the picture must be made in Italy, the scene of the book," Miss Gish said, picking up the story of her life. "We didn't have an awful lot of money and we had to economize wherever we could. We began to look for a leading man who answered the requirements of the play and who would not cost much.

"James Abbé, the famous photographer, found him for us. He had gone to see Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in *La Tendresse*, and he liked the acting of a young man named Ronald Colman. He told me about him on Wednesday, November 15, and we were sailing on Saturday. I went to see him on Thursday.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Shaler Patch can't come off!

FIXING a puncture with the handy Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer means a heat-welded repair that becomes part of the tube itself. No worry about its leaking or coming off and having to do the job over again. Nothing but a welded patch can hold up under the terrific strain of constant flexing of balloon tires.

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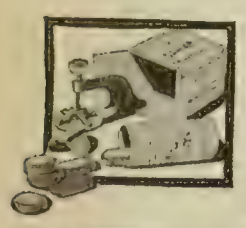

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5-MINUTE
VULCANIZER

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

"On Friday I talked to him, and he accepted our offer, provided he could get his release. I explained to Mr. Miller, and he was splendid about letting us have him.

"Still thinking of expenses, we chose a little steamer to take the company to Italy. The fare was $150 and the trip required fourteen days. Mary Pickford drove Dorothy to the Brooklyn pier to tell me good-by, and for the first time I was alone.

"Mother was very ill in a New Rochelle hospital; but Dr. Brewer, in charge of it, had assured me I might safely leave her there with Dorothy near.

"Among those who went along were Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hass, Gail Kane and her husband; Barney Sherry, Charles Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Overbaugh, Joseph Boyle, assistant director; James Abbé, who was to take the stills of the picture; Mrs. Mary Kratsch, my companion; and Mme. Juliette La Violette.

"We kept busy on the little steamer, rehearsing all day long. One of the most interested passengers was Mgr. Giovanni Bonzano, apostolic delegate to Washington, D. C. He was going over to be made a cardinal, and he became one of our friends.

"Through his benign courtesy many doors were opened to us in Rome and elsewhere in Italy where our picture called us. And he gave us tickets to the ceremony in the consistory of the Vatican chapel.

"What a marvelous pageant that was! We presented Mgr. Bonzano's cards at sunrise. All the women were in black and heavily veiled; the men in evening clothes, and the diplomats in their colorful uniforms and decorations.

"The great chapel was a riot of hues and incense and ancient paintings and priceless statuary under modern lighting.

"When all were settled in their seats, the Sistine choir came in. Following, came Vatican dignitaries in their wealth of picturesque costume; the Swiss guards in medieval garb; the priests and the novices and the exalted lay personages privileged to witness the installation of the new prelates.

"THEN, in a great golden chariot borne on the shoulders of twenty-four stalwart attendants, came the Pope, his white satin raiment, his towering miter, the famous emerald, all making a moving impression under the tasseled canopy and against the background of enormous waving ostrich-feather fans.

"The cardinals followed him afoot, some of them with clear-cut, ascetic features from which shone benevolence and peace and dignity.

"I think Cardinal Merry del Val is the handsomest man in the world! Stamped on his brow and glowing from his eyes is the true quality of greatness, of knowledge, of charity, and, most of all, of understanding.

"And how glorious did my friend Cardinal Bonzano appear as he knelt to receive the red hat! Ten years in China, ten in America, all his days a profound student of life and its manifold problems.

"There was one smile-provoking touch to the installation: Barney Sherry and Charlie Lane, white-haired, handsome members of our little film company, were mistaken for foreign dignitaries, and the chapel attendants politely ushered them into the elevated inclosure reserved for diplomats accredited to the Holy See.

"They looked proudly down at us where we sat among the less prominent spectators.

Miss Gish and Ronald Colman in a scene from The White Sister.

"WE went to work. I rehearsed the company while Henry King went out to hunt palaces we might use for interiors and beautiful locations for our outside work. Cardinal Bonzano's good offices helped us mightily.

"We worked in Rome, Naples, Castle di Marre, Sorrento, on a little boat to Capri, along the ancient Amalfi Drive, in Tivoli, in Rocca di Pappa (the Rock of the Pope).

"What fine people the Italians are! In the little town of Rocca di Pappa the populace had never seen a movie, much less witnessed the making of one. How awed they were when we set up our airplane propellers in order to make the cyclone scenes necessary to picturing the eruption of Vesuvius.

"So kind, so gentle, so eager to help, they contributed their all to make the picture a success. We hated to leave them; and today, when any of us who were on that trip meet away out here in California, we almost weep over our recollections.

"I was able to learn the language. Italians were the heads of many of the departments we require in making a picture, and we employed many of them in the scenes, and they all were so patient in helping me to master their liquid speech.

"We sailed for home in June, 1923. From that time until fall we cut and titled the film; and on September 5 it was shown at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, New York. A distinguished throng was generous enough to join the critics in acclaiming it as a splendid thing.

"While we were in Rome we had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Some of the most sought-after Girls

NATURE was rather unkind to some of us, bestowing a careless sort of nose or chin without apology. Still—some of the most sought-after girls we know have overcome such handicaps in a charming and interesting way. They do it with color. Carmined lips—a splash of color on one's hat—a bag that's like the sunset. Yet—if one's hair doesn't rise to the occasion, the effect is apt to fall a little flat. Drab, mousey hair is not exactly—er—stimulating, is it? Still—it needn't stay that way. One chooses, now-a-days. Because those hidden lights, those Titian gleams will reappear after a Golden Glint Shampoo. It's NOT a dye—it's a glint o' gold for blondes—a bronze sheen for darker heads. And one feels so—right! 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. * * * J. W. Kobi Co., 634G Rainier Ave., Seattle.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

had to decide on my next picture. I wanted Dorothy in it. She had been making The Bright Shawl with Richard Barthelmess in America. She was eager to play *Tessa* when Romola was suggested.

"The company agreed that George Eliot's powerful novel would do. While in Italy we had located a studio in Florence, the scene of the book, and made other arrangements for our return there.

"On November 7 the company, with mother and Dorothy, sailed for Italy. I stayed behind a few weeks to cut The White Sister from twelve reels, which is road-show length, to nine reels, which is called picture-house length. Then I hastened to Naples with Mrs. Kratsch.

"Most of the former troupe had been retained for Romola, with a few new members. Gail Kane and her husband remained in New York; but William Powell, Amelia Summerville, Mr. and Mrs. William Richie, and Gustave Deitz, developer and film printer, went over.

GALLANTRY of another day. Miss Gish and Creighton Hale in Annie Laurie.

"We had planned to finish Romola in January, when Dick was to come over to play *Romeo* to my *Juliet*. But bad weather delayed us. The studio was inadequately equipped, and lights had to be brought from Rome—and we wasted time wandering around in a dream of beauty—the beauty that is Florence.

"It was like a great moving tapestry of the Middle Ages, a painted pageant in motion; and we spent days in our search for sheer beauty to incorporate in the picture. Then, too, the new panchromatic color film we were experimenting with was costly and time-consuming.

"It is so highly sensitized, it gives such exquisite half-tones, that we wanted to use it; but it is so delicate and mysterious to handle that time passed quickly. We employed more than 365 Italians all the time.

"WE finished in May, 1924, and sailed for home on the Conte di Rossa. Nearly six months were spent preparing the reels, and Romola opened at the George M. Cohan Theater on December 1. While it was enthusiastically received by the public and the reviewers, it is a bit early now to tell definitely whether it is a financial success.

"Immediately following the première, mother, Dorothy, and I made a flying trip to Los Angeles for the formal opening of Grauman's Theater with Romola. We remained there only two days and then returned to New York City."

Lillian Gish abruptly stopped speaking. I looked at her.

"And then—?" I inquired, wondering what her answer would be, since I was familiar with the next links in the chain of her career.

She stared at me.

"And then—I was brought into court!" she answered slowly.

"Do you wish to talk about it?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I think," she said, "that I'll simply let the record speak for itself."

Well, here's the record:

ON July 31, 1924, Inspiration's contract with Lillian Gish had been transferred to Charles H. Duell. On January 24, 1925, Mrs. Duell (Lillian Tucker of Pasadena, California) divorced him in Paris. They had been married in Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania, on October 29, 1921, and she had appeared in Chicago in Three Faces East and other plays.

On January 30, 1925, Duell sued for an injunction to prevent Lillian Gish from acting for anybody except himself. He claimed that she was planning to star in The Outsider for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

The hearing was set for February 6 before Federal Judge August N. Hand. Louis S. Levy, of Chadbourne, Stanchfield & Levy, appeared for Miss Gish, and Duell's brother led his legal forces.

Mr. Levy told his honor that the contract was designed to have Lillian Gish support Duell; that Barthelmess and Henry King had had the same experience with him; that Duell assumed to act as Lillian's lawyer, trustee, manager, and executive head of the company to produce her pictures; that the original Inspiration contract was "fairly intelligent" and made with a highly responsible, first-class corporation.

He maintained that after two years, however, Miss Gish suddenly found herself working for Duell's personal company; that he couldn't pay her the salary due her, and in part thereof had given her receipted bills for law services and asked an extension on the balance.

Mr. Levy disposed of Duell's more personal contentions with this:

"The wholly unwarranted presumption that Duell hoped to win the favor of Miss Gish's hand is some indication of the lengths to which the gentleman is now willing to go to coerce her into working for him.

"There is absolutely no foundation for this presumption, and it would perhaps have been more fitting if he had sued her for breach of promise rather than have adopted an indirect means of forcing her to work for him."

On February 14 Max D. Steuer appeared as one of the counsel for Miss Gish. Duell stated that in December previous a necklace and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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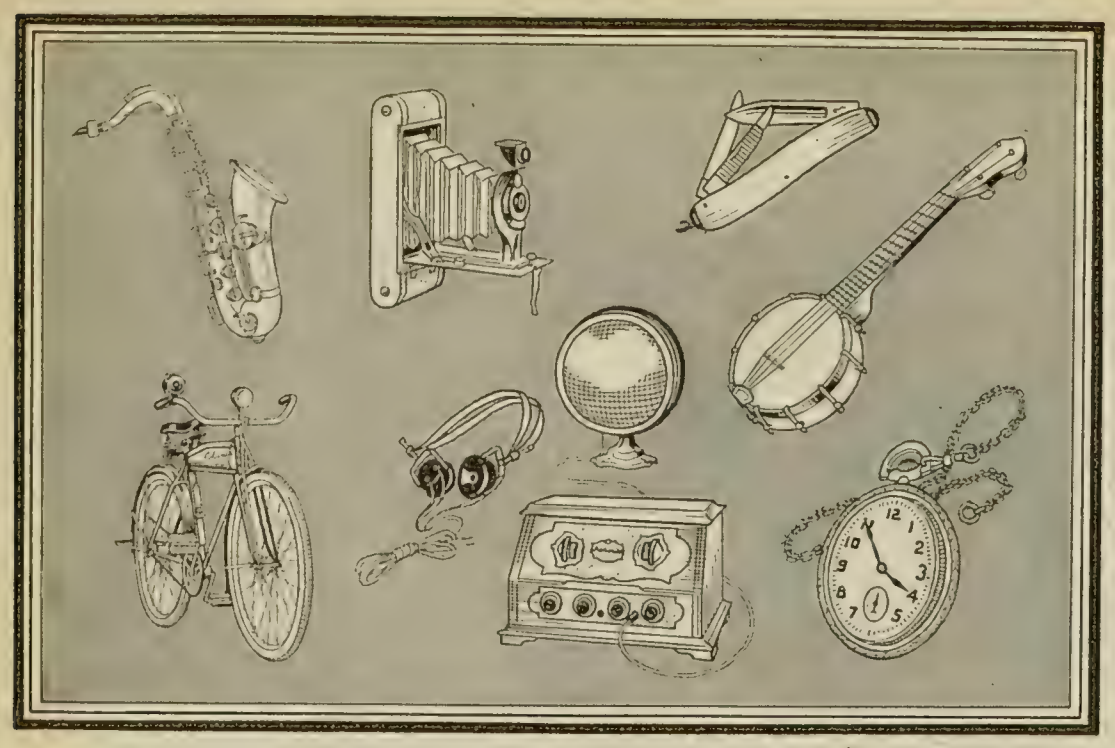

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

other jewelry had been seized and held by the customs men until James D. Rennie, Dorothy's husband, appeared and paid $12,000 for its release.

The implication was that the Gish family was smuggling. Rennie said it was just forgetfulness in the matter of declaring the gems. Just what this had to do with the injunction process seems to be obscure.

On February 24 Duell had Rennie summoned for "threatening to do him great bodily harm." On March 11 this disorderly-conduct charge was dismissed.

On March 12 Judge Goddard, before whom the hearing was now being held, dismissed the plea for injunction, but forbade Miss Gish to act, pending a hearing to begin on March 23.

On March 24 the case got under way before Federal Judge Julian W. Mack—and for a number of days thereafter the newspapers printed extended accounts and numerous pictures of the nervous Lillian Gish nibbling at a little carrot in the court-room!

THERE was much wrangling among the lawyers. We are concerned here with two phases: personalities and the final verdict.

As to the former, Duell testified on March 30 that Lillian Gish was "unofficially" engaged to him from the end of June, 1923, until the end of January, 1924, when the engagement became "official," the change taking place when the Paris judge gave Mrs. Duell a divorce.

He admitted that the "engagement" had been broken in April; but, in support of the "unofficial" betrothal, he produced a letter he said Mrs. Gish had written him, in which she was quoted as being "very, very happy" that she was to have "two such fine sons-in-law" as Rennie and Duell.

Mr. Steuer wields a wicked wallop with a witness; and presently Judge Mack warned Duell that he was verging closely to perjury. Duell seems to have been a wretched witness in his own behalf; and on April 2 Judge Mack suddenly threw the case out of court, and addressed himself to Duell along these lines:

That this was the worst case of perjury that had come before him in twenty-two years of judicial experience; that he had never heard of a more outrageous breach of trust and overreaching, or listened to more downright perjury; that he doubted the sanity of any man who thought he could get away with such a tissue of falsehoods.

In addition he held Duell in $10,000 bonds for perjury, and said that he was recommending that the Bar Association remove Duell's name from the list of lawyers practising in State courts, and he hereby did remove him from the right to appear in any Federal court.

To finish with the Duell episode in Lillian Gish's life before continuing with the chronicle of her career, it should be said that on May 20 Duell was indicted on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

twenty-three counts for perjury; that after several hearings a Federal jury disagreed after nineteen hours' cogitation; that on November 26 the charges were nolle-prossed by the Federal prosecutor; and that during the various hearings it was disclosed that the company's "angel," W. Averell Harriman, had advanced $600,000 to the firm.

In mid-April, 1925, Lillian Gish signed a contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. It was to run for two years and the salary is said to be $8,000 a week. Miss Gish did not contradict this statement by the company.

No stated number of pictures were to be made. Nothing is said therein about the star's marrying, and nothing about her putting on or taking off weight, as frequently is provided. Incidentally, Miss Gish is five feet four and a half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds.

The contract merely calls for such pictures as the company wishes to make, with a holiday of three weeks after each picture.

ON April 25, 1925, the New York City newspapers saw something significant in the fact that George Jean Nathan, the celebrated critic, was squiring Miss Gish at every opportunity. It is his wont to purchase two seats for performances he is to review, using one of them for his coat and cane and hat.

These were frequently displaced about that time by the slender figure of the picture star.

Romance — betrothal — marriage! cried Broadway.

I have not questioned Mr. Nathan. I did ask Miss Gish about it. She merely said:

"Mr. Nathan is a very brilliant man, and my friend."

Lillian Gish has a capacity for the stillest silence at times!

"Neither Metro nor I had any definite ideas for my first play for them," she resumed her story. "I went to them with my ideas for pictures—some of them mine, but most of them suggested by literature.

"Among them were La Bohème and The Scarlet Letter. The latter had been forbidden by Will H. Hays as edging too closely on religious themes and love and sin.

"La Bohème had been done for the screen by several excellent actresses: Jacobini once gave a German version; an Italian interpretation is on record; and Alice Brady was an exquisite *Mimi* in a picture put out by the Old World Film Company.

"But I thought something different might be done with the deathless rôle if we could incorporate in the picture the charm and varied moods of the Puccini score.

"It was arranged, then, for me to hear the Metropolitan Company's orchestra play it one morning and I closed my eyes and sought in the matchless music the *Mimi* I longed to capture.

"I think I found her: the delicate, joyous, courageous, innocent young girl of many moods, of many unhappy moments, of many very real tragedies. Our audiences seemed to like the picture, and it pleased me to find that *Mimi* was accepted with such unanimous encomiums by the music-loving German and Austrian critics.

"La Bohème was arranged for Metro by my dear friend, Mme. Fred de Grésac, a brilliant Frenchwoman, who has twenty-four successful plays to her credit on the Continent. She wrote for Duse and Bernhardt.

"When we decided on La Bohème, Mme. de Grésac was working on a play for Charles Dillingham. I brought her out here with me to California to arrange the script.

"With her help and that of Irving Thalberg, supervisor of all Metro's productions, we began the picture. Thalberg, by the way, is one of the most amazing figures in our industry. Barely twenty-six years of age, his rise has been unprecedented, and he ranks among the outstanding producers of all time.

A FAMOUS group snapped a few years ago. (Left to right) Mary Pickford, Mildred Harris, Mrs. Gish, and Dorothy and Lillian Gish.

"It is positively bewildering to watch this boy controlling the destinies of all the mammoth productions going on simultaneously in the fifty-three-acre Metro lot. He has to his credit Ben-Hur, He Who Gets Slapped, The Big Parade, and other classics.

"I came out here in May of 1925. My mother stayed awhile, and then went to Dorothy, who was in London doing Tip-Toes with Will Rogers for Inspiration. John Gilbert was made my leading man.

"He showed such talent that I was not surprised when he rose to magnificent heights in The Big Parade. Nor was I surprised by the excellent work in that great film by Renée Adorée; for she was with me in La Bohème and displayed there her fine abilities.

"KING VIDOR directed La Bohème, and one of the best camera men in my experience, Hendrik Sartov, lent his aid. Sartov, incidentally, had made a still of me which he entered in the London Photographic Salon in 1919, and it was awarded first prize for the finest photographic pose of the year.

"La Bohème had its première in the Embassy Theater, New York City, on February 24, 1926. I believe it is regarded as a good picture.

"We finished it on a Saturday, and, without waiting for my three weeks' holiday, we began The Scarlet Letter on Monday. We had persuaded Mr. Hays that it could be done without offense to anybody, even the most orthodox.

"Nicholas Schenck, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and brother-in-law of Norma Talmadge, was a tower of strength in the important matter of releasing this picture. A number of our executives were afraid of its fidelity to the crisis in Puritanism told with such power by Hawthorne.

"But Mr. Schenck declared that if complaint could be made of the beautiful story narrated by the picture, then indeed the industry was standing on feeble feet. His opinion was vindicated by the reception accorded it by critic and spectator alike.

"We finished The Scarlet Letter on schedule, eight weeks having been allotted to it by Mr. Thalberg; but we found we would require about two weeks for certain retakes and changes. Just as we began this added work, I received word from London that my mother was dying.

"JAMES RENNIE telephoned me from New York City that by leaving Los Angeles on Friday, April 15, I could catch the Majestic, sailing from New York City on the 19th.

"That would give me two days to finish up the fourteen days necessary for the retakes! I told Mr. Thalberg and Victor Seastrom, my director, and we worked forty-eight hours without more than two hours' sleep. Interiors were made all night and outside scenes every moment of sunlight.

"Then, at the last minute, the police from Culver City to the Santa Fé station in Los Angeles gave us the right of way through the traffic. I was still in my costume of *Hester Prynne* and had the make-up on.

"Mme. de Grésac, who had written La Bohème; Frances Marion, who wrote The Scarlet Letter; and Josephine Lovett (Mrs. John Robertson), who was then working on my next picture, Annie Laurie, rode to the station with me in the car, all of us talking over business as fast as we could.

"Miss Phyllis Moir, my secretary, had gone to the train with our luggage; and then began a frantic race to London with death as my opponent.

"We reached New York City on the morning of the 19th, and sailed that afternoon, arriving in London twelve days from the time I had left the studio in Culver City. Dorothy was almost crazy with anxiety; and I found that a blood clot in the left half of my mother's brain had left her speechless, her right side paralyzed. But she recognized me and smiled bravely as best she could."

Reel Nine, telling Miss Gish's impressions of other artists and what those who work with the tragedienne think of her, will appear in LIBERTY next week.

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Picking Menus *Off the* Grape-Vine

By ETHEL SOMERS

WHITE, red, and purple grapes are invading the market to tempt the appetite. Fortunately, there is no need of medical motive to persuade us to eat grapes. Yet grapes are particularly valuable as a health food because of the minerals they contain, especially iron.

They supply body iron, which materially helps in building the red blood corpuscles so necessary to a healthful circulation. Hence we present this article, hoping to stimulate a more extensive use of grapes by preserving them for winter use.

Grape Jelly

1 cup grape juice ¾ cup sugar

SELECT unripe grapes, or even actually green grapes, for the most perfect jelly. Rinse thoroughly with water, to clean the skins. Pick over the grapes, carefully removing them from the stems and discarding any that show signs of decay. Add no water except what clings to the grapes after the washing.

Put about 1/6 of the grapes into the kettle, and crush these, so there will be enough liquid to prevent burning. Place over a medium flame and cook until the fruit is tender (indicated by the seeds cooking loose from the pulp).

Turn into a wet jelly bag made of double cheesecloth or thin cotton flannel, and drain—but do not squeeze, as this gives a clouded product. Let the juice drip several hours or overnight.

If desired, second and third extractions of juices may be made by adding a bit of water and recooking the grapes. These second extractions require a long, slow cooking for thirty minutes to extract the pectin. Second and third extraction juices may be jellied separately or combined with the original extraction.

Measure the juice accurately and place in a *large* kettle, using not more than 2 quarts of juice at a time to permit rapid boiling. Boil rapidly for five minutes, skimming as needed. Add the measured warmed sugar and cook up the syrup as quickly as possible to the jelly stage.

To test for the jelly stage, lift the spoon out of the jelly and note how the juice runs off. If the spoon is coated with a jellylike substance, and if two drops form side by side and sheet rather than drip off the spoon, it may be said to have reached the jelly stage.

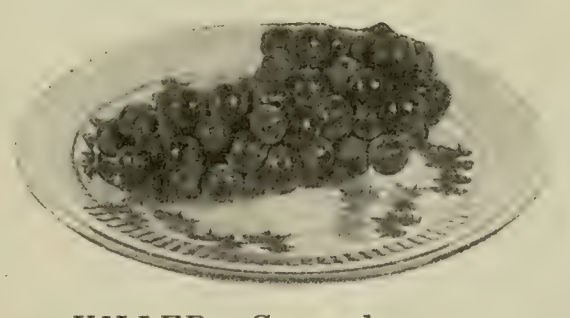
Remove the jelly from the fire and further test it by putting a small quantity on a chilled saucer in the ice-box. If this cooled sample shows satisfactory jelly characteristics, pour the hot jelly into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

When cool, seal with hot paraffin, cover, and set away in a cool, dry, dark space. The color of the jelly will fade if kept in the light.

Grape Conserve

2 pints of Concord grapes
2 oranges, sliced pulp
1 orange rind sliced thin
1 cup raisins seeded
2⅔ cups sugar
½ to 1 cup walnuts

WASH, stem, and seed the grapes. (For an easy method of seeding see the recipe for Grape Jam, second sentence.) Wash the oranges and slice one of them with the skin on and the other with the rind removed. Put ¼ of the grapes in the preserving-kettle, and crush to extract some of the juice. Add the orange and rind. Let stand one or two hours, and then add the raisins and sugar, and cook until the mixture drops from the spoon in jellylike masses (about 5 minutes). Before removing from the fire add the chopped nuts.



CHILLED Concord grapes are appetizing and healthful.

Grape Preserves

2 pounds of Concord grapes, stems removed
1 cup water
1 pound sugar (2 cups)

MIX the sugar and water and cook for 10 minutes to form a syrup. Add the prepared clean grapes and cook until clear and thick. Skim off the seeds. The finished preserve should sheet from the spoon, even though hot, in rather thick drops.

Grape Jam

2 cups grape pulp, skins removed
Skins from same
1½ cups sugar

WASH the grapes and remove the pulp. Place the pulp over a low fire and cook until the seeds are loose. Skim off the seeds or sieve, and add the skins, which have been cooked tender in water to cover. Boil the mixture 5 minutes, measure, and to every two cups of measured fruit add 1½ cups of warmed sugar. Boil rapidly until thick, as for preserves or conserve.

Grape Pie

1 cup seeded grapes
1 cup sugar
½ tablespoon flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon butter
2 pie crusts (See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 19)

BLEND the sugar and flour thoroughly and add the beaten egg and grapes. Mix thoroughly, pour into a floured pie-shell, moistening the edges of this lower crust with water. Dot with the butter and cover with a top crust or lattice strips. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, or until brown and thickened.

Plain grape pie may be made by omitting the egg and tripling the flour called for above.

Peek-a-boo Grape Tarts

1 cup grapes
½ cup water
1 cup sugar
} or grape preserve
Pie crust or cooky dough
(See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, Chapters IV and V)

BOIL the sugar and water 10 minutes to form a syrup. Add the seeded grapes and cook to the jelly stage, or use grape preserves previously made. Roll the cooky or pie dough to ⅛-inch thickness, and cut into fancy shapes. In half of these cut small holes with French cutters, a thimble, or a pointed knife. Prick the other half with a fork.

Place one teaspoon of the cooled grape-preserve mixture in the center, moisten the edges, and place the piece from which the hole has been cut on top. Press the edges firmly together and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve either warm or cold.

UNRIPENED grapes may be kept until Thanksgiving by dipping stem ends in paraffin and storing in a cool, dark place.

Grape Tartlets

1 cup grapes
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
} or grape sauce
½ cup grape juice
1 teaspoon corn-starch or 2 teaspoons flour
1 cup whipped cream
Pie crust or puff pastry (See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 19)

COOK the washed grapes, skins and all, in the water until tender. Sieve to remove the seeds. Add the sugar and cook 10 minutes or to the jelly stage. Dissolve the corn-starch or flour in the additional ½ cup of grape juice, which may be bought prepared or made by cooking washed grapes (no water added) until tender and draining through a jelly bag. Slowly stir the corn-starch-grape-juice mixture into the hot grape sauce. Cool, and fill into the baked tart shells and top with whipped cream before serving.

Canned Grape Juice

5 pounds grapes ½ cup water 3 cups sugar

WASH and stem the grapes. Add the water and place in a large preserving-kettle. Boil rapidly until the pulp and seeds separate easily. Drain through a wet jelly bag. Add the sugar and heat quickly to the boiling point. Bottle in sterilized bottles, cork, and seal air-tight with wax. This may be diluted as desired for serving.

Uncooked Grape Juice (per quart)

1 cup grapes ¼ cup sugar Boiling water

WASH the grapes, remove from the stems, and place in a sterilized quart fruit jar. Add the sugar and pour in enough *boiling* water to fill the jar. Seal, and allow to stand at least one month before using.

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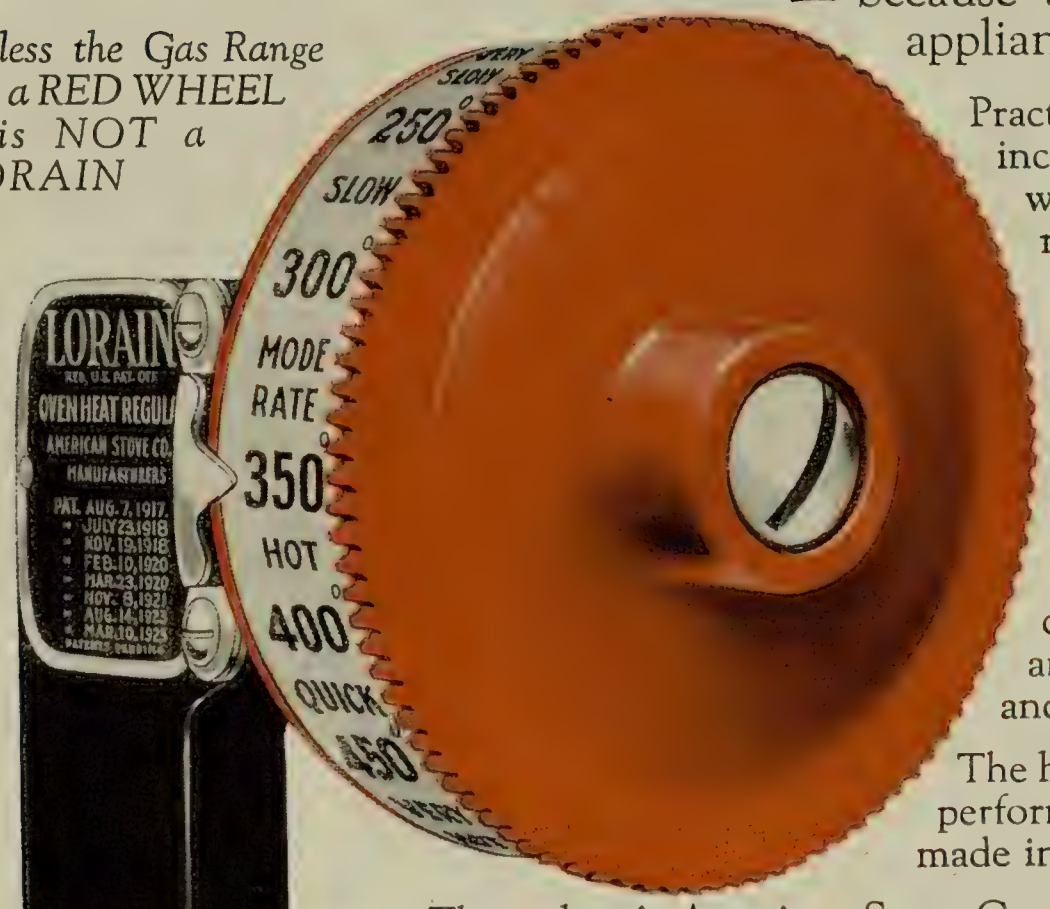

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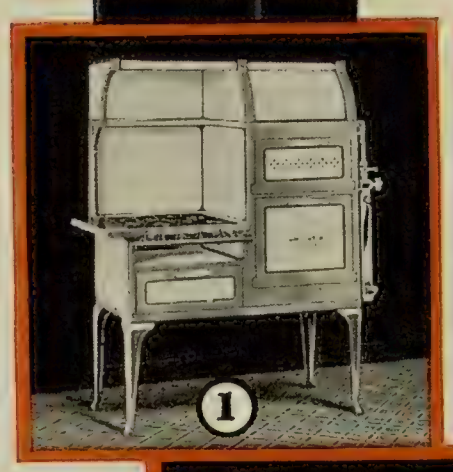

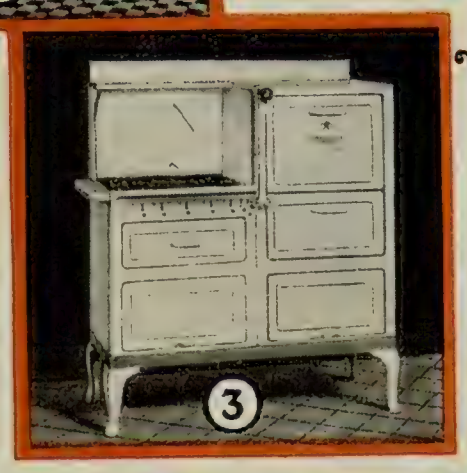

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Every hour of sleep on this Giant Pillow for the Body is sixty full minutes of nourishing relaxation—nature's true source of energy, health, youth.

The Sealy TUFTLESS MATTRESS

Air Woven
(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS)
of long fibre virgin cotton.

$50.00
EAST OF THE ROCKIES

The Sealy Supreme Spring
—fast becoming as famous for comfort as the Sealy Tuftless Mattress. A super double-deck spring, deriving its comfort from an unusual assembly and ultra-resilient coils. Fits wood or steel beds.

Sealy Factories strategically located in 28 Cities from Coast to Coast

Atlanta, Ga.	Cleveland, O.	El Paso, Texas	Little Rock, Ark.	New York, N. Y.	Saint Louis, Mo.	San Francisco, Calif.
Baltimore, Md.	Dallas, Texas	Houston, Texas	Los Angeles, Calif.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Saint Paul, Minn.	Seattle, Wash.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Denver, Colo.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Memphis, Tenn.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Sugar Land, Texas
Chicago, Ill.	Detroit, Mich.	Kansas City, Mo.	New Orleans, La.	Richmond, Va.	San Antonio, Texas	Tigard, Ore.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—How many pieces of wood are there in a good violin?

2—Why do many foods not taste right when you have a cold?

3—What makes the Red Sea red?

4—How does the white of an egg settle coffee?

5—Why is cuttlefish bone placed in canary cages?

6—How far can a flying-fish fly?

7—What means of support is a cadet allowed while at West Point?

8—What is the longest big-league baseball game on record?

9—What country is known as the land of no jails?

10—How many signs are there in the zodiac and what are they?

11—Do ships pass through the Panama Canal under their own power?

12—If you traveled consecutively through all the streets in New York City, how far would you go?

13—In what war did Abraham Lincoln serve?

14—How much of an iceberg's total bulk is submerged?

15—How are the titles of nobility graded in Great Britain?

16—Which is the oldest college in the United States?

17—What is the distinguishing feature of a cheroot?

18—How early and how late can Easter come?

19—What country controls the majority of the world's raw rubber production?

20—How many American-born people are now living in the United States?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the smallest bird in the world?
A.—The fairy humming-bird of Cuba. It is only 2¼ inches long.

2—Can hyenas be tamed?
A.—Yes. They have even been used as watch-dogs.

3—What woman was the wife of one French king and the mother of three?
A.—Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry II, and mother of Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III.

4—What States have the largest number of flying-fields?
A.—California leads with 100 fields; Texas has 84; Illinois 64; New York 30. Chicago has 15, the largest number for a city.

5—Why is the Presidential residence called the White House?
A—The first Executive Mansion was of buff freestone. After the British burned it in 1814, the walls were covered with white paint to hide the traces of fire.

6—What are the doldrums?
A.—The word was applied originally to belts of calm or very feeble winds near the equator.

7—What was the longest prize-fight ever fought?
A.—Andy Bowen *vs.* Jack Burke, at New Orleans, April 6, 1893. The fighters fought 110 rounds, in 7 hours and 19 minutes, to a draw.

8—Name the one-eyed face cards in a deck of playing cards.
A.—The Jack of Spades, Jack of Hearts, and King of Diamonds.

9—How many passengers sailed on the Mayflower from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, Massachusetts?
A.—One hundred and four.

10—Does catgut come from cats?
A.—No. It is usually prepared from the intestines of sheep.

11—In how many wars has the United States participated since the Declaration of Independence?
A.—Six: the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the World War.

12—When and where was the first oil-well in the United States discovered?
A.—In 1627 a Franciscan missionary discovered on the site of the present Seneca Indian Reservation, near Cuba, New York, a spring out of which oil was bubbling.

13—What is the world's annual production of diamonds, and from where do most of them come?
A.—Diamond production in 1926 was 5,649,100 carats, an increase of about 25 per cent over 1925. Brazil furnished 50,000 carats, Borneo 5,000 carats, and Africa the remainder. South Africa alone produced 3,202,100 carats.

14—What European nation has changed its monetary standard since the World War?
A.—Belgium. The standard unit of coinage was changed from the franc to the belgae, having a value of five francs.

15—Who invented the saxophone and why is it so called?
A.—The saxophone was one of several reed instruments invented about 1840 by Antoine Joseph Saxe, of Belgium and Paris. It was named after the inventor.

16—Who was the youngest President of the United States?
A.—Theodore Roosevelt, inaugurated at the age of forty-two.

17—What President served only one month of his term?
A.—William Henry Harrison, inaugurated March 4, 1841, died the following April 4 of pneumonia. He was sixty-eight.

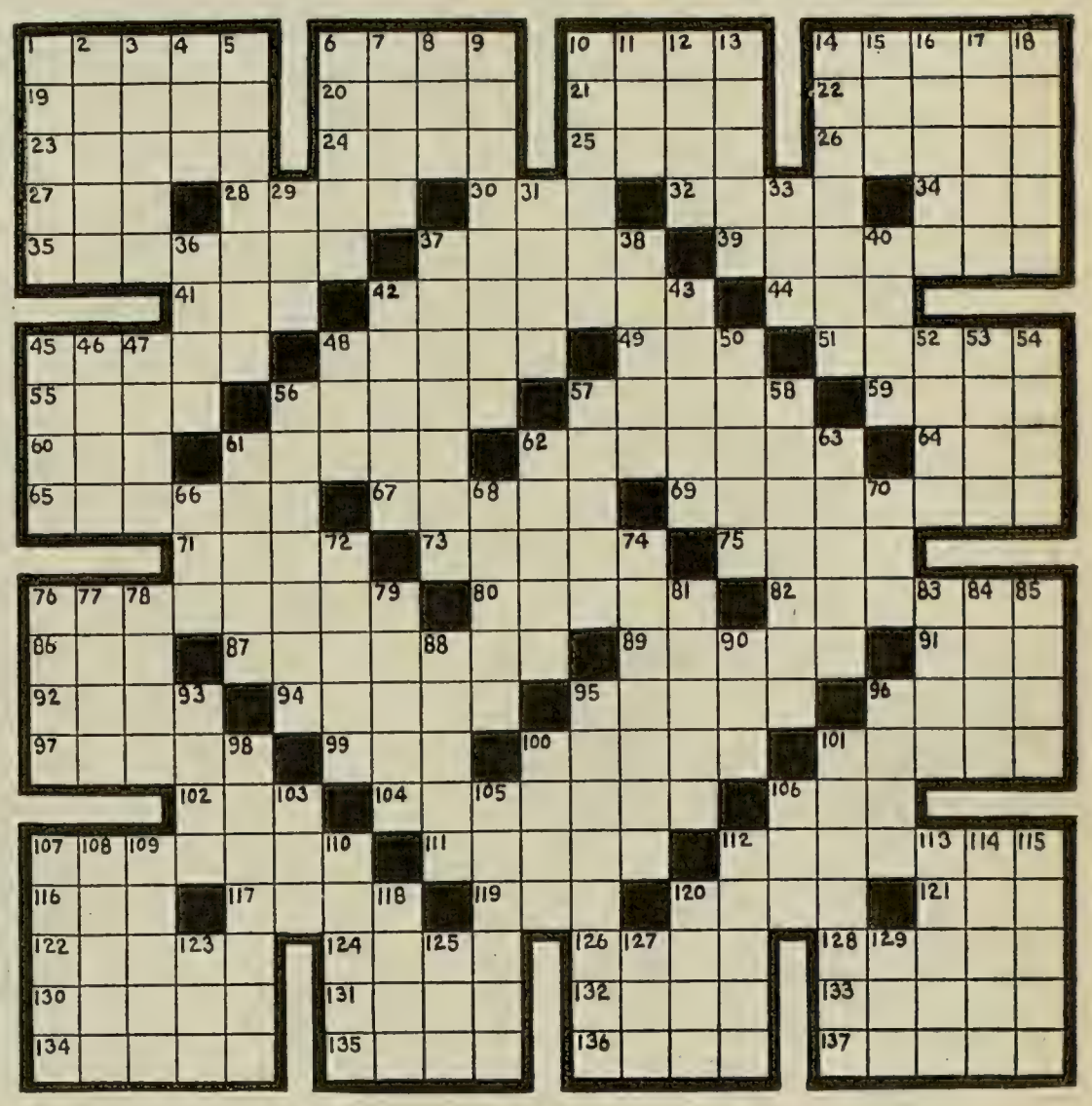
18—Where is the largest iron-mine in the United States?
A.—Near Hibbing, Minnesota.

19—What was the origin of the word "mausoleum"?
A.—It derives from King Mausolus, whose magnificent tomb at Halicarnassus, Asia Minor, was one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

20—What prominent American's portrait appeared upon the first postage stamps issued in the United States?
A.—Benjamin Franklin's. The stamps were first issued in 1857.

Turn Your Fad into $25

LIBERTY'S Prize Puzzles have passed the half-century mark, and they're going stronger than ever. Send yours—inclosing stamped, addressed envelop if you wish it returned—to Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 51

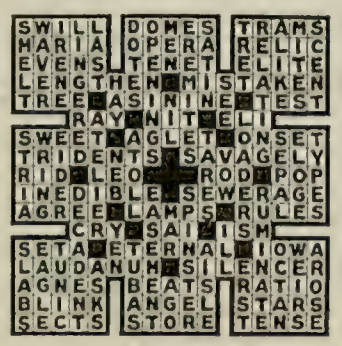
By C. T. EISEN, Henry, Illinois

HORIZONTAL

1 To provide food
6 Exclamation of sorrow
10 To give way to dejection
14 Auctions
19 Imbecile
20 Exhaust
21 District
22 Occurrence
23 Registers
24 A sign
25 Tidy
26 Discontinue
27 A poem
28 Docile
30 Playing-card
32 Withered
34 Petition
35 That which is learned (plural)
37 Platform
39 Knotted
41 Craft
42 Fire-tenders
44 Entreat
45 Bill of fare
48 Reproductive body of a plant
49 Devoured
51 To repulse
55 Drug-yielding plant
56 Goads to action
57 Apart
59 A matron
60 Matter
61 Frighten
62 Barren
64 Fastening device
65 Mutinous outbreak
67 Degree of speed in music
69 To become motionless
71 Intone
73 Ancient Italian goddess
75 Parent
76 A shade tree
80 A cubic meter
82 Considered
86 A monkey
87 Occupants
89 Characteristic
91 A sheep
92 Part of a telescope
94 Requite
95 Sounded, as a trumpet
96 Large plant
97 A whip
99 Small bird
100 Silly creatures
101 Fragment of a brittle substance
102 A fish
104 Woven like damask
106 Shame!
107 A flask
111 Sings spiritedly
112 Ramrods
116 A beverage
117 To abound
119 Pitch
120 Stringed instrument
121 Recline
122 Body with legal authority
124 Small tumor
126 An image
128 Wear away
130 Penetrate
131 City in Pennsylvania
132 Defy
133 Bound
134 Reposes
135 To incline
136 An eagle
137 Prophets

VERTICAL

1 A song
2 Positive terminal of a battery
3 Tiling
4 Measure of length
5 Replace
6 Minute particles
7 A fruit
8 Exist
9 Legislators
10 Riding school
11 Crude metal
12 Edible seeds
13 Corroded
14 Withdrawer
15 Salutation
16 Fewest
17 To come afterward
18 A charger
29 An insect
31 Harden into a mass
33 Plunder
36 Satiate
37 Raged
38 Expunge
40 Ancient
42 To squirt
43 Agitates
45 Sleeveless garment
46 An astringent
47 A flower
48 A spring
50 Amends and revises
52 A parent
53 Give forth
54 Unaspirated consonant
56 Slim
57 To expiate
58 Artificial solid fat
61 Sloping
62 Gaiters
63 Plumed bird
66 Employ
68 Foggy
70 Born
72 Animal of the civet kind
74 Guileless
76 Frustrate
77 Disclose to view
78 Combinjng form meaning strange
79 Swift
81 Irregular; uneven
83 Only
84 A jug
85 An action
88 Native
90 Reverential fear
93 Animal fat
95 To straddle
96 A pronoun
98 Seesaws
100 A festival
101 Smirks
103 A shelter
105 A glove
106 Remote
107 An antic
108 Single
109 Cozy abodes
110 Post in a stairway
112 Indian princess
113 To abscond
114 Passenger
115 Ovules
118 Equine animal
120 Trumpet
123 To place
125 Long, narrow inlet
127 A conveyance
129 A deer



Answer to Puzzle No. 50

VOX POP

The Mystery of Lillian Gish

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I had long been awaiting some one who could tell me what lay behind the artistry of Lillian Gish, with her faëry charm, her delicate, adorable hesitancy, her portrayal of gallantry waging a losing fight against life's futility.

Sidney Sutherland has *done* it!—*Woodbridge Ross.*

(Auto) Biography?

TORONTO, CAN.—The first instalment of Lillian Gish—The Incomparable, leaves me uncertain as to whether the subject is really Miss Gish or Mr. Sidney Sutherland.—*O. K. Hardy.*

The Loud Laugh

BILLINGS, MONT.

OH — Ho — Ho — Ho
Oh — Ha — Ha — Ha
Oh — Ho — Ho — Ho
That first article
by a Mr. Sutherland—
Oh — Ho — Ho — Ho
Oh — Ha — Ha — Ha
Lillian Gish, the Incomp—
Oh — Ho — Ho — Ho
Oh — Ha — Ha — Ha
I thought I'd die—
Oh — Ho — Ho — Ho
Oh — Ha — Ha — Ha
Oh — Ho — Ho — Ho.

—*J. H. Josephson.*

Hurls a Cabbage at the Screen

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The over-wrought, sophomoric, and slopping-over "piece" on Miss Lillian Gish, by Sidney Sutherland, gives me an awful weariness.

I quit going to the movies a dozen years ago, because, after many weary evenings spent in front of the screen, I was forced to the conclusion that their message was for women, children, and morons—and I notice of late that even the women are beginning to balk at the "acting" that is being served up in the pantomime palaces.—*Smith O'Brien.*

Paris Green

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I crave the honor of presenting my only partially used fur-lined cuspidor to Sidney Sutherland for his article, Lillian Gish—The Incomparable.

I should not be surprised if Duse or Bernhardt should rise from her grave in consternation and box Mr. Sutherland's ears for classing her with a sheep-faced movie actress, who can (attempt to) portray emotion by showing her molars, rubbing objects against her face, running around aimlessly, and drawing her countenance up into inane expressions.—*Ada de Vilbiss.*

Appreciation, at Last!

DETROIT, MICH.—I wish to express my appreciation of your fine publication, and also of Mr. Sutherland, for the first article of the series concerning Lillian Gish. It held my absorbed interest from the beginning, first because of its being a different kind of interview, and second because it reveals the fact that Miss Gish has some very splendid ideas and ideals.

I am anxiously awaiting the articles that are to follow.—*Virda Alston.*

Rough on Rats

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I can't understand how people can criticize Leslie Thrasher. He is a wonderful artist. I'd like to see them draw. Why, they couldn't draw a rat!—*Helen Price.*

Threatening Us

NASHVILLE, TENN.—We are three Phi Kaps. We want more of your *Trub* stories "in a quick way"; and, if we don't get them, we will be forced to come up and give you a "nose poke." We think *Trub* is a great woof—and also like the *Molecule.*—Doggedly yours, (1) *Bales*—(2) *James*—(3) *Mathis.*

Jumping on the Fence

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Let me at him! Who? L. C. Fence. I take authority for granted from 5,000,000 golfers.

Where does this guy get the nerve to pan your articles on Bobby Jones? I don't see his name plastered on the front page of America's chronicles, in 96-point type, heralding him as the invincible at anything.

Now ponder over this: I would like to see Fence, or any of his ancestors, or grandchildren, if any, match wits with Bobby. Bobby has not been taking law as a screen to hide his uselessness. You will hear from him again, off the links.

There's a putt, Fence. Now, sink it.—*W. E. Henderson.*

Our Uncouth Words

WILLOW GROVE, PA.—I am a student at Penn State. I just finished reading your editorial, Let the Eagle Scream Again, and it left a bad taste in my mouth.

Some of the things stated made me so disgusted that I wanted to say the whole article was rotten. However, the third and fourth paragraphs (about our country's development) and the next-to-the-last paragraph (stating that, from where we stand now, there is no place to go but down) were fine.

Now let's get back to the bad parts. "We whipped England"—"Spain felt the heel of our boot"—"We grabbed nearly a million square miles from Mexico"—"We booted the Spaniard out of his last Pacific and Atlantic islands," etc.

What a nice, cultured way to relate our history! Your foreign readers and many Americans will relish that—*not!* You say: "Make them [the nations] respect us and our leadership." How can you expect them to respect a braggart who can't even couch his phrases in polite terms?—*Ralph G. Kennedy, Jr.*

Attention of Mr. Marquis

INDIANA, PA.—Let's have more of Don Marquis, and lots of it. He's the best American humorist and with his amusing stories can do a lot to put LIBERTY on the map.—*Skipper.*

Soaking "Gentleman Gene"

DEADWOOD, S. D.—Let's have some more jokes about Gene Tunney's big heart, like your article, Soft-Hearted Gene. Well, if there ever was a Cheese Champion, he's it. Can't see where he would draw a gate with any one—after all the dough stolen on that last fight.

And his war record: a few months' summer-resorting in some nice camp. If he has a war record, I know of thousands who should be wearing the Congressional.

Yep, he's a bum.—*Chicago Kirby.*

Allowing Ralph to Live

VICTORIA, B. C.—Just before you act on the suggestion of the Vox Pop critic who urges: "Above all, shoot Ralph Barton," I should like a

thorough investigation to ascertain whether or not said critic has any sense of humor, and, if so, where is it?

I honestly can not see how any one could fail to be amused at the good-natured humor and clever sarcasm of Ralph Barton in News of the World. I think it's one of the best features of LIBERTY, and it's always the first page I turn to.

I strongly suspect that this critic is one of those few Americans who are unable to appreciate any humor other than that of the comic-strip type.—*J. L.*

Too Pro-German!

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Permit me to condemn in the strongest terms your poor taste and judgment in publishing the biography of The Red Knight of Germany. While all will freely admit his wonderful courage and efficiency, still he was a bitter foe of this and the Allied countries and simply an efficient killer of our men. So why put a halo around his head and laud him to the skies? Let his own countrymen do that. We owe him respect as a brave soldier, but that is all.—*J. H. Topham.*

Too Anti-German!

CHICAGO, ILL.—You are printing a series by Floyd Gibbons under the caption of The Red Knight of Germany. The articles are fairly good, and even instructive, with the exception of vituperative remarks such as the following:

"Killing beasts by night and men by day brought a sense of completion and well-being to his combative spirit."

Hunting and fishing is a trait with the average American, and his idea of a real vacation. Will you censor in a German what the American does?

The editor's note is particularly obnoxious:

"In the early days of the World War the fliers made little attempt to attack each other. Their work was chiefly confined to observation and night bombing. But Richthofen yearned to kill."

Just because Richthofen was successful in bringing down eighty planes, would that prove he *yearned* to kill?

We thought the war was over, and also the war hysteria. Are you fighting a defenseless Germany, much as twenty-six nations fought *one,* during the war?

This is a fair warning. Such vituperative articles must cease.—*Victor W. Richter.*

Call for a Yankee Ace

OTTAWA, KAN.—I see another article regarding your celebrated Hun airman, Richthofen. Now, don't you think you have enough heroes among your own Americans who fought for your own country?

I think you are carrying things just a little too far regarding this German, and that it's about time some American shot himself a German "for his dinner," too.—*An American Citizen.*

The Most . . . Ever Printed!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Floyd Gibbons' article, The Red Knight of Germany, is without a doubt the most vivid, the most authentic, and the most thrilling war facts ever printed.

Gibbons is well qualified. Let's hear more from him.—*J. C. S.*

How Stonewall Jackson Died

COLUMBUS, GA.—Frederick Palmer, in his article entitled The Gettysburg Fourth of July, states:

"Reynolds, re-forming his lines, rallying them, was shot dead by a sharpshooter, as Stonewall Jackson had been; for generals were the big game to the marksmen."

General Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, of the Confederate army, was not killed by a sharpshooter, but by his own soldiers (members of a North Carolina regiment), who mistook his party for Union soldiers in the darkness during the battle of Chancellorsville.—*H. Fay Gaffney.*

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Baked fish, piquant caper sauce—a savory, tempting variation from the usual. The subtle master touch is the use of Carnation Milk in the sauce, giving it a smooth, creamy texture, a rich flavor that even the best of bottled milk cannot achieve.

The *double* creaminess of Carnation explains the richness. "Homogenization" accounts for the smooth fineness of texture. . . . Use Carnation Milk daily in all your cooking. It is simply pure rich *whole* milk, made doubly rich, in a most convenient, economical and dependable form.

Carnation Caper Sauce—Prepare a cream sauce of 1 tbsp. butter, 1½ tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. salt, dash pepper, ½ cup meat or fish stock, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ⅓ tsp. onion juice (if desired). Add ⅓ cup well drained capers; heat one minute before serving.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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938 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

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LIBERTY uses 58-pound *cover stock* for *all* four-color advertising — over 15 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses.

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A Weekly for Everybody

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap
to foster good complexi

In France, home of c
selling soap, and has suppl
beauty-wise Paris, Palmoli

Remember those fa
on your skin.

HAT BRIMS Again Spread Their Wings

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

PERHAPS more progress has been made in hats recently than in anything else, stylistically speaking. By progress one means change, and by change one means not merely stupid, aimless substitution of something different, but an organized movement toward another fashion.

Very soon the hats of today are likely to look foolish when we find them chucked away on some back shelf of the closet while we are searching for something else. We will stick them on to make sure we can't use them, and will exclaim, "Gracious! Did I such a little while ago run around in this fright?"

Really, in hats we seem to be working definitely toward another picture, and it would appear that the accepted image of a girl in a hat is going to be a more gracious feminine presentation than the one for which we have been furnishing the model this many a day.

FALL hats are showing brims. The model on the left is of green felt, with a draped crown and one side of the brim wider than the other. The right-hand hat is of black satin with insets of snakeskin or figured ribbon.

One of the changes will be that from now on (unless the public refuses to accept the new fashions) brims are going to have a showing. The skull-cap belongs to history, and hats will not consist solely of crowns. These, indeed, would appear at last to have run their course and to have reached their highest point.

Crowns promise to be lower from now on, and, indeed, for some time past a hat of medium size has been in excellent taste. For the coming season the modistes are thus far succeeding in putting over a larger size still. And this is how they do it.

You know, we have remarked several times that women have to be led to new types of styles blindfolded, so to speak, or they have (figuratively speaking) to be given a sort of anesthetic, and not allowed to know that the old style is being taken away from them, so eager have we been to standardize the fashions. Brims have thus been "put over" on us by making them large—or larger—on one side. The "close" look of the small side reconciles the buyer.

The big fashion note in hats is that they are coming to be less standardized and more individual or personal than for years past. Maybe this is a fashion note that is going to carry over into the entire costuming of the coming time; for already we have noted it in these pages as it was manifested in dresses and coats.

ONE of the ways of achieving individuality for hats is with laces and with soft edges made by the skilful drapery of veiling. Another device is the artistic use of flowers.

The hats here shown are flowerless and practically without trimming still. The one on the left is interesting in line because of its wide brim on the left-hand side and the downward slope of this brim in the back. These lines are decided factors in giving graciousness to the model—an important attribute of the present styles. It is further enhanced by the material, of green felt, soft and pliable. The crown, which is not very high, is pulled over on one side with all of its creases assembled there.

The second hat illustrates in a measure how gradually new styles are launched. It is a little round, pot-shaped affair with a crown that is by no means low, and yet is lower than those just preceding it in Paris. This one also has a brim, although it, too, is not extreme in dimensions. The trimming is notable, consisting as it does of a snakeskin band and three high points of snakeskin across the front. Sometimes figured silk is used instead of snakeskin.

Some time ago they brought out hats with lace edges, which were not successful. We were perhaps not ready for what they represented. But now it is almost safe to say positively that severity is over.

THE two accompanying dresses seem to confirm this statement. They are from the latest collections, and are of the fussy type that are made from crepe and satin and lace. The one on the left you might say consisted of a series of surplices. It is of gray crepe, with lace dyed the same color.

One side is cut in a deep folding-over movement from the left shoulder to the right hipline. This gives the surplice effect to the bodice. Below the waist in front the material is cut in a series of pieces taking very much the same general slant as that above, and these are corded along the length of the skirt in what the designer evidently saw as layers of the surplice outline.

Both of the models have the modern skirt with fulness or a godet effect on one side.

The second one is of black satin and écru lace. It also has a surplice effect in the bodice, but in this case there is a lace collar on the outside. The skirt has a sophisticated cording which starts high on the left side, circles the waistline in the back, and ends inconspicuously on the right side. Another cording, starting there, descends and by a lower route traverses the back, ending inconspicuously on the left side at the buckle.

These dresses have a distinct feel of autumn in them, after the long informality of summer.

AN attractive dress developed in gray crepe with lace dyed the same color.

LACE is much used in late models. This frock is of black satin with écru lace.

Paris Starts Carrying Something on the Hip

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, July 31.

THAT particular bulge, protuberance, or flare which speaks of something extraneous carried on the hip has started a new fashion. Some Americans, even in Paris, can not break their overseas habit of toting reserve refreshment of liquid persuasion on one hip.

It may be, since Paris gets a great deal of inspiration from the United States these days, that couturiers got their present idea of loading the hipline on one side from certain visiting scofflaws. Anyway, they have, all of a sudden, started emphasizing it by varying devices, creating a different line from the straight and sometimes monotonous one.

This one-way hip emphasis is as popular with the ladies who wear smart clothes as it is with the people who make them. I was struck with this rare phenomenon of agreement last Saturday, when the greatest Paris dressmakers met, at a social gathering, their smart and often aristocratic clientèle.

The ladies were wearing clothes created by these couture personages, and in a good many instances they wore coats or frocks that carried a surplus of decoration upon their left hip.

The couturiers themselves were promenading the same type of costume, either on themselves (if they were ladies) or on their favorite mannequins in the other case. Here was a phase of fashion offered and made in the same place. This was in the Bois de Boulogne at the Fêtes des Elégantes.

There is good, sound reasoning back of the placing of a bow or drapery on one hip of an otherwise straight-line costume. It is this:

Take a straight, narrow twig, and let a leaf sprout on one side. The effect at once becomes infinitely more graceful and pleasing to the eye than the straight twig. The modern silhouette is as the unadorned twig, which by sprouting a decoration on the hip deludes the eye, or at least advises the eye immediately of all its supple, slender charm. This, alas, can not be said for the bottle that takes root upon the hip.

WORTH camouflages this culotte skirt with pieces of chiffon caught haremwise under the hemline.

THIS afternoon frock of black crepe has a double girdle that ties on the left hip in two bow-knots.

A BIG bow on the left hip distinguishes this Paquin coat of black crepe de Chine.

JENNY contributes a black satin frock with a drapery of pink taffeta on the left hip.

Paquin, who is, without gainsay, the greatest creator of coats in Paris, used a bow to emphasize one hip of his most exclusive summer coat. Every woman of supreme chic who saw it wanted this coat, and, needless to say, she got it.

Our sketch shows the coat as Paquin made it for Baronne de Rothschild, one of the great amateur authorities on Paris chic. The material is black crepe, and the cut is straight-line, with a diagonal closing.

To fasten this coat there is a sash of black crepe that passes around a hip-waistline. This sash passes beneath a slit in the coat on the right side and ties in a big soft bow on the left hip, thus breaking very definitely the narrow line of the silhouette. The collar and the bands at the backs of the sleeves are of silver fox.

I saw our Premet model at the same time, at the great fête of professional and amateur chic. It shows the adaptation of this movement to the simple daytime frock. It is of black crepe marocain, with a bolero waist, having an appliqué of rose kid in the form of roses and leaves at the left side. From this appliqué the scarf passes around the neck and falls to the waistline on the right side.

Over the fitted girdle are placed two narrow sashes of black crepe which tie on the hip in two bow-knots, giving the movement that I have been telling you about. The skirt is flaring on the left side from these bows.

OUR evening gown, from Jenny, is a beautiful illustration of the value of placing drapery on one hip and thus enhancing the line. This very narrow frock, of black crepe satin, is draped in soft folds at the waistline, and the surplice closing of the blouse finishes in two rose buckles. From the buckles a very flaring cascade of rose taffeta with scalloped edges serves to emphasize the one-side hip movement. The only decoration of the waist is a revers of rose taffeta.

Our Worth evening frock was created for Mlle. Marie Claudel, daughter of the French Ambassador to the United States. It is of Worth-blue chiffon, a shade that you see sometimes in the evening sky, and more often in a Maxfield Parrish painting—deep, you know, and rather purplish; very effective under electric light.

This frock, aside from its carrying a huge flower of blue chiffon on the left hip, has another style item. The skirt is a culotte skirt—which, as you know, is a trouser-skirt—in this case completely camouflaged by triangular pieces of chiffon beginning at the girdle and caught under the hem.

If you want to increase the effect of grace of your coat or frock, try carrying a bow or a bit of drapery on the hip.

A Ride in the Country

ALL of a sudden she switched around, and he was looking into the nostril of his father's old-time revolver.

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

By

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

A SERIAL

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

YOUNG Speed Thatcher was car crazy. He was crazy, too, about Pats Schuyler. The combination brought on a brain storm, and he stole a neighbor's car to take that wild Schuyler kid to a dance. But he didn't take her after all. Moved by belated caution, he lifted a fresh pair of number plates from the garage of Mike the Gyp. Putting them on took so eternally long that he found Pats already gone to the party.

He followed her there, got a vigorous snubbing from her, then learned the chilling fact that the police were looking for the stolen car. Desperate, he grabbed Pats, whirled her off in a mad dance, and told her he had stolen a car for her sake and was now on his way to hell.

To this she warmly announced that she would go there with him. When he left the ballroom she waved him a gay good-by.

In the stolen car Speed went back to Mike the Gyp, and induced Mike to give him a note of introduction to Beaut Thibaut, the "Lounger," boss thief, in Bridgeton, and one of the heads of an auto-stealing syndicate. With this in his pocket, almost no money, and his dad's old pistol, he started on his downward career.

Dawn found him on the outskirts of Bridgeton. Something stirred in the back of the car—stirred and rose. It was Pats Schuyler! She had hidden there when he was getting his overcoat. And here she was, calling herself his "child wife." How to get her home? Perhaps the Lounger would help him.

Speed ran down the address and found the slick Beaut Thibaut in a rooming house. Yes, Beaut would take him on as a driver. And yes again to the question of whether he would help him get the girl home. But Thatcher, Beaut said, must lose the car he had stolen—too dangerous—and he could park his girl with a jane Beaut knew in Fleetleigh.

Beaut gave him the address and a thick-set pistol which Speed took with chilly fingers.

PART FOUR

WITH his new pistol in his pocket, Speed Thatcher passed down the old brick walk—on his way to his new life. He walked down the block, faster and faster, to where Pats Schuyler sat waiting—if the police had not yet got her—in that stolen car!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

Now he had made his arrangements for parking her for the day, he began to wonder about the brilliance of the idea.

"Fleetleigh!" he said to himself—seeming to remember something about the section; and then forgot it for the moment, turning the corner with a final gasp of anxiety, and breathing again—seeing Pats and the stolen car still there, both untroubled.

"Well, what news for the child wife?" Pats asked cheerfully.

"Not so good," said young Thatcher, and told her the details about storing her till night.

It seemed his doubts were more or less justified—concerning that location.

"Fleetleigh!" said Pats, and laughed.

Trust her, and the girls generally now, to know all about it—or say they do anyhow, on principle. Their mothers would have known nothing whatever—for exactly the same reason.

Young Thatcher had no desire for her to extend her information, by personal experience, in just that type of place.

"Well," he said, depressed—more or less throwing up his hands—"I guess it's up to me, clear enough."

"What's that?"

"To take you home in the car."

"What—and get sent to jail for life?"

"I might dash in—and dash out again."

"Yes. And you might not. Not with me aboard. If you go—you go alone."

"But what can I do? I can't park you in a place like that all day!"

"Why not? What's the idea? Are you endeavoring to pass me an insult?" she inquired with sudden harshness.

He looked into her hardening blue eyes with surprise. Girls were certainly the limit.

"An insult!" he repeated.

"Then what are you trying to suggest—that I am not able to take care of myself?"

"You're doing the suggesting, not I!" he told her.

Her voice was somewhat softer, though not less firm.

"If I go to hell," she stated, "it is with you exclusively. Don't forget that. I choose my partners carefully for that excursion. And, besides, what kind of a place do you think Fleetleigh is?" she added.

He told her—in a few carefully chosen words.

"Oh, no. It isn't *that*, quite," she said, "I don't think. Some parts of it are almost respectable. Come on over. There's no law against looking at it, anyhow."

Nothing else would satisfy her.

"Let me see that card—that note to that girl," she demanded, on the way.

He handed it to her, and she read the address.

"LOOK, have you that old pistol of your father's that you were playing the Boy Scout with at the Bal Tabarin last night?"

"Why, yes," he said, studying her. "Why?"

"I want to look at it—that's why!"

He passed it to her a little doubtfully. She looked it over, and laid it down upon her lap, and then leaned forward and looked out. They both searched for the number written on the envelop.

"Here it is," said Thatcher—and slowed up before a brand-new apartment-house of fancy light-colored brick.

It looked tame enough—certainly not dangerous at this time of day. And very quiet—almost dead, in fact—as if everybody must be asleep.

"But, just the same, it's no place for you!" said young Thatcher, looking it over; and turned at the sound of a little click, and stared.

Pats Schuyler was out of the door, standing beside the car.

"What are you doing? Don't be a little fool!"

She smiled lightly, and opened and closed her hand at him.

"Come back here."

She smiled sweetly still.

He moved toward her on the seat.

"Don't be a mid-Victorian cuckoo. Don't get out," she warned him. "All you'd do would be to make a scene."

"I'll be here waiting, in the evening, all intact," she called; and waved again—too far off, now, for him to reason with her, except by yelling.

Before he could really decide whether to follow her and make a scene, she hurried on and disappeared in the entrance, in her white wrap and silver shoes and stockings—bearing with her, on her person, the note of introduction and his father's old revolver.

II

IT certainly had been a successful enterprise up to date—this going to hell new style, via the well known gasoline trail—and especially the feature of dragging the girl down with him.

The little darned fool—in there alone! Thatcher got out, went to the plate-glass door, peered into the corridor.

There was nobody there. She had evidently got the elevator at once and gone up.

The corridor looked quiet and usual enough—marble wainscot, mirrors, new metal fixtures. He didn't like the situation, but there didn't seem to be much that he could do now to better it. His ignorance of that kind of place was complete. But if he left her there she was probably in no actual danger—except to her reputation. And if he went in after her, there would probably be a public row, and that was about the last luxury either one of them could afford.

So finally he took his hand from the bright brass knob, and dragged back to his car, and sat for a while longer, staring up at the blank-faced front of the dead apartment-house.

When Pats Schuyler failed to reappear, he started off, finally, to his next morning duty in his new life—the losing of his stolen car.

Pausing on a residence side street, near the center of the town, Thatcher took off the number plates of Mike the Gyp, threw them in back with the original plate that wasn't lost, and put on the new "pictures," that Beaut Thibaut had given him. Then he looked around, drove through the back and copless way Thibaut had sketched out for him, and parked the car in the open-air parking place he had told him about. He took his check and his three number plates from the back, and, with a great and swelling relief, walked away from his first stolen car and started back to the room of the boss thief—on his way to drive another!

The Lounger was waiting for him in his violet silk robe. The room was full of cigaret smoke, and the dressy thief was evidently irritated and impatient.

She looked him in the eye.—"I

"What's the idea?" the Lounger said in a sharp, ugly voice. "Where have you been spending the night?"

"Am I late?" asked Thatcher, surprised.

"Late! Not more than five hours or so. Hey! Get away from there!" he yelled. "How many times do I have to tell you not to park yourself in front of that window—if you're going to drive for me?"

Speed Thatcher jumped away from the window again—wondering more and more what it was he was so nervous over—what this whole thing was about.

But, for the time being, all the Lounger told him was about the jobs he wanted him to do next.

FOR the first one, he had him chuck the one original plate left from his stolen car back into the closet with a lot of others, and wrap up the plates of Mike the Gyp to send back to him by parcel-post.

"And when you do that, I want you to take a note over to this garage that's tuning up the car you're going to drive for me tonight," he told him. "Is that all right?"

"Sure," said Thatcher, watching him—and wondering when he would tell him what was going on.

"You don't mind, do you, buddy?" the boss said in a different tone—"going around on my

suppose you know all about what you two are getting into here?"

errands? I wouldn't ask you if it wasn't for this bum ankle."

He walked over to the marble-topped bureau, which seemed to be a general storehouse, and got a card to pass him to that gyp garage-owner who was tuning up the new hot car and changing the engine numbers on it; and when he did, Speed Thatcher noticed something novel: it was the left foot now that was lame!

"What is this mystery?" said Thatcher to himself.

The man was under cover, naturally. But there was something extra—something strange and unusual going on here. And what he ran into in that garage—after mailing Mike the Gyp his number plates—didn't add to Speed Thatcher's peace of mind.

The crooked garage was located on a low-spirited back business street near the railroad, in an old abandoned shell of a small brick church—a high, dark place, full of blue smoke from the exhausts, and smeared with grease on the walls and floor.

The owner, it developed, was busy up in front, in a dark corner, over to the right of where the pulpit used to be, listening to what seemed to be a madman talking—a foreigner of some kind, swearing and talking.

"He give my broth' Angelo the ha-ha, huh?" The voice came out of the blue corner in the front part of the garage. "He lock up my broth' Angelo in the jail—and take his wom' and pass him the ha-ha! I laugh. You wait. You see—who gets last ha-ha. Not so funny then. Not so good. Ha-ha!"

"Shut up," said another voice, "you fool."

The jabber stopped, and after a minute or so young Thatcher saw two thick-set men go out by what formerly had been the side door into the church for the use of choir and minister.

Then the owner of the garage came back, between the rows of cars—a tall, lean, still-faced German, with high cheek-bones and a gray eye as shallow as a tom-cat's, the remains of a cigar between his full lips.

HE took Speed into a corner, when he got his card and understood who he was; told him the car would be ready late that afternoon; and then sent along another message for the Lounger.

"Tell him the Carnellis are still out," he said, in a low, even voice. "Running all over town after him like bird-dogs."

"The Carnellis?"

"He'll know," said the German, staring straight ahead with his round gray eyes, talking thick and low past the cigar stump in the corner of his mouth. "Tell him they were even in here advertising how they were going to pass him back the final ha-ha—now Angelo's back from the prison," he said—and stopped.

"Carnellis! The final ha-ha!" said Speed Thatcher to himself, going out coughing from that dark, smoky hole.

The whole thing—the strict retirement of the Lounger, the fake lameness, this crazy talk, the warning of the round-eyed owner of the gyp garage—was getting on his nerves.

THE boss thief was tramping up and down his big mottled bedroom when Speed came up the long stairs, but he had sat down when Speed went in and gave him the message.

"Is that right?" he replied, when he got it—in a voice that was not quite so indifferent as it was evidently meant to be. And then Thatcher opened up the subject finally himself.

"What is this thing? Who are these Carnellis?"

The blood flushed up into the other man's face.

"They're just some damned comic-opera wops I got into a kind of argument with over some cars they came over and lifted in my territory," he told him.

"Your territory?" said Speed Thatcher, puzzled.

Beaut Thibaut told him—what he had no idea of before—how the various syndicates in the stolen-car trade divide the territory they lift their cars from—working along modern business lines. If any outsiders break over into your section, or get gay with you in any way, it starts shooting—just as it does with the bootleggers and the hijackers, and all that crowd in the new underworld on the rubber tires. Being outside the law, you've got to make and enforce your own law, or where are you?

"But the trouble with this vaudeville quartet—these damned trained apes that are after me now—is, they ain't human: they ain't got no sense when they start on the war-path. Like all that kind of mob, all over. They can't see, if they start killing everybody in sight in this, it'll be all a dead loss to everybody—whether you're the croaked or the croaker."

He was walking up and down—the fake lameness forgotten. He stopped, finally, in front of Thatcher.

"But don't worry," he told him, "about these gorillas. They don't worry me any. I'd stay and shoot it out with them, only I've got sense enough to know that nobody can win out in a general war like that, where the police will just step in and pick up the survivors as the booby prize. So that's why I'm going to drop out, for the time being, on this little trip with you—till the higher-ups can iron this thing out. D'you see?"

"Yes," said Thatcher, seeing plenty.

"And that's why I'm using you as a driver and errand boy, if you want the truth—so I can linger in the background. Unless you're scared out by these human apes—now you know about them—and have got cold feet on driving me!" he said, suddenly turning his stony eyes on Thatcher.

"Not me," Speed hastened to tell him.

The boss thief stood up, and, going over to the mirror, tightened his blue-and-salmon tie deliberately and carefully.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

"For don't get an idea these slapstick artists would scare me off if it wasn't good sense to go—to help the organization," he told Thatcher. And went on to describe the situation more in detail: about this strong Italian outfit that was breaking into the stolen-car and bootleg business in the section—four brothers, under the management of the youngest one, Angelo, who was born in this country and had all the brains.

"Well, now you know it," he said finally, and suggested that Thatcher might want to lie down and take a nap—after having been out all of one night and slated to be out, it seemed, all of the next one.

"Would it be all right if I ran over to that flat to see that kid of mine and tell her it'll be O. K. about her getting home early tonight?" young Thatcher asked him finally. "She'll be wondering, probably."

"Why not—if you want to?" said the Lounger. "I guess Neyda wouldn't throw you out. Only don't oversleep, or do anything that'll let you slip up on going around and getting that car at the garage and picking me up at the time and place mentioned."

He didn't want Speed to come back to the house, it seemed—so as not to take any chance on the wops following him. They were to meet on a certain street corner at eight-thirty.

"I'll be there—don't worry," Thatcher promised; and went away in the direction of the Fleetleigh section—more or less numb in his head.

Well, he was in it, that was all. And he was in no position to pick and choose. If it worked, it would get him away, and—what was still more to the point—land the girl, his "child wife," back home where she belonged—before he himself disappeared for good into the dark, one way or another.

III

IN a quarter of an hour Thatcher had reached the bright new apartment-house in Fleetleigh, where everybody still seemed asleep, and was upstairs in the white-floored hall, pushing the mother-of-pearl button beside a highly varnished red door.

A tall, slender girl, with close-cut, corn-colored hair, and green eyes with jade earrings to match, who looked like an exceedingly calm boy, opened the door. She was dressed in a scarlet-and-gold Chinese costume. She looked him over, stopping chewing her gum as she did so.

"Oh, yes," she said, when he had passed in his credentials. "I've got her in the bedroom, fast asleep. Come in."

It was one of those light-complexioned rooms, with a shiny white mantel over a mock fireplace of light brick, with a light-colored tapestry davenport facing it—backed by the usual long table.

The thing that struck you in the eye, coming into the otherwise more or less insipid place, was a poster that someone with a sense of humor had pinned up. It was a sweet little fancy of the modern theatrical mind, of a white and unconscious lady, clothed more or less in the corner of a white sheet, being dragged off by a brown gorilla—displayed against a jet-black background.

"You'll find her in there—in the bedroom," said the mock-boy in the red-and-gold coat and trousers, pointing to a closed white door apparently leading to the only other room in the place.

Young Thatcher hesitated—in a hole again. He hadn't stopped to think what would be assumed, as a matter of course, in this new country where he was about to establish his residence.

But while he was holding back, thinking just what he would say, the mock-boy was detaining him, having been taking his inventory all this time with her wise, calm eyes.

"Listen. Come on over here a minute."

She went around and sat on the davenport, drawing up one smooth leg with its bare ankle and slipper under her.

"Listen; I want to ask you something," she said, lowering her voice, evidently so as not to reach the ears of Pats in the bedroom. She looked him in the eye. "I suppose you know all about what you two are getting into here?"

HER face, like a dissipated boy's, leaned near him, as she talked, until he got an inside view of her work with the lipstick, and on the lashes—and also the burnt-out look under the hard green-blue eyes.

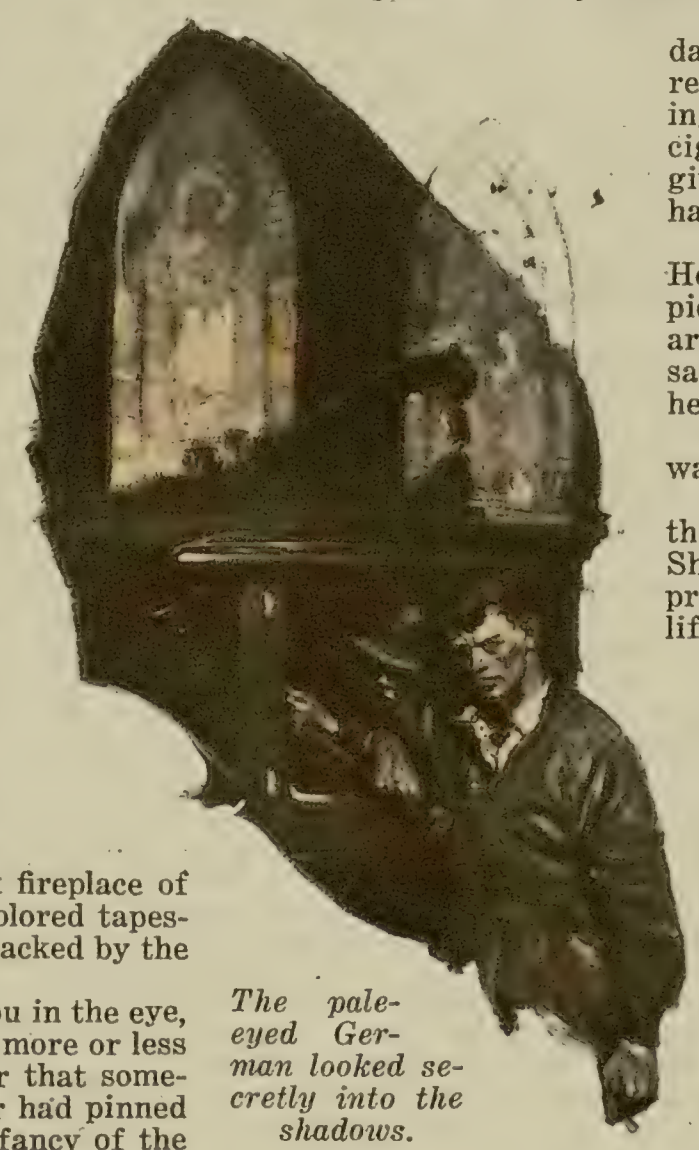
He told her the Lounger had posted him to some extent.

"I suppose he told you all about these hairy apes that are out after us!" she said, her eyes wandering, as she said it, to the theatrical poster of the gorilla and the pretty dragging lady. "Planning to give us a ride in the country."

"He told me they were out to kill him," said Thatcher—that last expression of hers, which was to mean so much to him later, passing entirely over his head.

She watched him as steadily as ever, the hard corners of her mouth lifted.

"Well, you're in luck. You're just in on the dot of time, joining this murder party. You'll see a work of art, probably. These birds aren't satisfied with common, ordinary murder. They want something fancy they can use their imagination on. And this one will be a masterpiece—if they have their way."



The pale-eyed German looked secretly into the shadows.

She reached back to the davenport table for a cigaret, with Thatcher watching her keenly—for his own cigarets had now definitely given out, and he wouldn't have minded a smoke.

"Who are you, anyway? How do you fit into this picture? I haven't seen you around here before," she said, regarding him with her still, wise green eyes.

He told her in a general way.

"Oh," she said, tamping the end of her cigaret. She seemed a little surprised. "One of Beaut's lifters—just starting in the game? Then how come this in there?" she asked, pointing back of her.

Like her friend, the Lounger, her voice and language were not so elegant as her clothes.

Young Thatcher looked, but did not answer.

"This girl child you've kidnaped yourself!"

Speed stared for a moment more, and broke out smiling—pleased by the suggestion.

"Kidnaped!" he said. "I'll say so!"

And he gave her some idea of what had taken place—his unexpected discovery in his stolen auto in the woods after the dance. For the thought had come to him that this girl might help him to make sure of getting the alleged victim of his kidnaping home.

His listener laughed heartily when she got it all.

"So she's taken you along, instead of you her! She dragged you with her. Some kidnaping—some novelty!"

She laughed too loud. He had to quiet her down, for fear Pats would overhear.

"So you're not going to let her come along with us to Florida?" she asked him finally—again eying him closely.

"Absolutely not," said Thatcher, making no comment on the Florida revelation—which was news to him.

"Well, what are you going to do with her?"

He told her about what the Lounger had promised to do—swing around and drop her off at home, when they started out that night.

"Another new one," she said—the thing still striking her humorously. "Kidnaping her home again!"

She stopped laughing.

"Does Beaut know about all this?" she asked him.

"No. Why?"

"Well, I wouldn't tell him. And I wouldn't leave them together any more than necessary—before you drop her off. He likes them young and enterprising and good-looking. And he's something of a kidnaping expert himself. And there's nothing in skirts can stand out against him, when he once sets out to charm," she informed him. "Take that from me."

Speed Thatcher watched her, his face speaking for him.

"All right," she answered what it said. "You don't believe it. But, just the same, you and I'll see she gets kidnaped home tonight. Is that right?"

"It sure is," said young Thatcher, encouraged by her sincere offer of aid.

She tossed her unused cigaret back into the tray—Speed Thatcher's eyes following it hungrily.

But the mock-boy was getting up now, and evidently expecting him to get up with her.

"Well, that being the case, I think I'll be asking you to let me resume my beauty sleep—for tonight's little all-night jump-off for Florida!"

Young Thatcher stood up, hesitated—stumped again. There were apparently just two rooms in the place—as far as he had been able to observe.

"Go on along. What are you waiting for?" his hostess said a little harshly—apparently misinterpreting his continued tendency to linger.

SHE took his elbow. "Go on—lie down," she told him, "and rest up for tonight. That's what your health requires most now," she said in an insolent voice; and, opening the closed door, she pushed him in.

"Here's something that belongs to you!" she called in a high voice, more or less contemptuous, to Pats Schuyler—who was sitting up in bed, as if suddenly waked from a sound sleep.

Then she closed the door, and left Thatcher standing, with his mouth ajar, regarding the girl in the bed.

Her back was toward him. She seemed to be scrambling about for something under her pillow. And all of a sudden she switched around, and he was looking into the nostril of his father's old-time revolver.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, and dropped the revolver on the fancy counterpane.

In his excitement at the way she had whipped the gun at him, Thatcher forgot for the moment his somewhat unconventional situation.

"Has anything gone wrong here?" he whispered.

"Oh, nothing—absolutely," she answered. "It's been as dead as a church supper. Only it's often usual for gentlemen to knock, especially in a strange place. And, of course, I didn't know."

"I'm sorry, Pats—about butting in like this," said young Thatcher, stammering. "But—"

"But when you're in Rome you're not in Boston," said Pats Schuyler cheerfully.

Not for the world, of course, would she admit that anything she had seen there could have disturbed her perfect poise.

"Exactly," said young Thatcher, taking his cue from her. "But yet—"

"Oh, forget it. It's only you and me," said Pats, her customary calm all back again. "If I didn't trust you absolutely I'd never have picked you to go to hell with. Pass me that wrap, please," she said, pointing with one of her bare kiddish arms.

He did so. As she drew it over her kid's shoulders, he noted with a sudden flush of satisfaction that his frat pin—their eternal mutual pledge—had been transferred to a rose-colored shoulder strap, or whatever it was—to be with her always! His emotions altered suddenly, immediately afterward.

"Well," she announced, folding the wrap around her very calmly, "I've changed my mind."

He gazed at her, tongue-tied with apprehension.

"On second thought," she was continuing, "I've decided to carry on with you—not to go home."

HE stared silently—his worst expectations fulfilled.

"The place of a child wife is by her man-mate's side. I can not leave you now," she stated, growing light and trivial again—in her worst possible mood to deal with.

Young Thatcher's face set. "In other words, you lied to me," he said.

"No more than you did to me—in what you held back about this thing you've got yourself into here—and want me to abandon you to," she answered, with a still greater calm. "And, besides, a promise gotten by force isn't legal—I read that somewhere! So I carry on."

She maddened him temporarily beyond speech.

"And don't think you can force me to go now," she said, "for I'm all set for our bridal trip to Florida."

"You seem to think all this is a funny joke!" Speed Thatcher told her, half choking.

She looked at him humorously from the bed.

"Well, it's far from it—you'll find out!" he continued.

"How thrilling! How wonderful!" she said, making slight readjustments of her hair.

He cut loose on her—wild with anger:

"You fool girl-kids make me tired! You think you know it all—and you know nothing. The things you're likely to run into here," he said—and stopped, half strangling—"what's liable to happen to you—you don't even know the names of!"

"Gosh!" she said lightly. "How travel improves the outlook! How much education is in store for me in the next few days—and you too!" she added.

He gathered up his self-control and started in again—trying once more to demonstrate the utter foolishness of her conduct.

"What is your precise idea?" he asked. "Do you think we can get along permanently like this? Or do you feel we should get married—and go to jail together? Or what?"

She still smiled her mocking smile.

"I had hoped for the protection of your name—yes," she stated. "But, married or unmarried, lead on. I must follow my man!"

She raised her right hand dramatically, her slave bracelets clinking down toward her bare shoulder.

He ground his teeth—at the end of human speech again—knowing it was useless to go on with this stuff in her present state of mind; and remembering the card he held up his sleeve—his plot with that mock-boy in the next room to kidnap her home that night.

"Oh, all right, then," he said as lightly as he could. "Will you do this?" he asked her. "Will you be willing to go so far as to let me take a little nap here, in this room, now?"

"YOU'LL find her in there—in the bedroom," said the mock-boy, pointing.

"Why not?" she asked, looking up calmly.

"And also guarantee that I get up by seven-thirty, so as to be ready to take out the car for our coming trip?"

"Absolutely," she said cheerily. "I welcome the chance to demonstrate to you all the qualifications of a model wife."

"All right," he said briefly—and went around and lay down on the floor in the corner, facing a long row of women's fancy slippers.

In five minutes he was asleep—dead to the world.

IV

IT was better weather outside for the approaching trip to Florida, when Pats Schuyler woke him up finally and sent him out into the early evening promptly on time. There was the sound of the rising wind, and the blue-brown clouds seemed to be breaking up into patches.

"Be strong. Bring back the family bacon to the child wife," she said, kissing him and joshing him at the apartment door.

He grinned in spite of himself, and dashed out of the apartment and Fleetleigh, on his way to the gyp garage in the old church.

He was beginning to realize now that there was such a thing as food, not having had any since the hot dog and coffee of the morning, and no cigarets since his had given out in the middle of the day. But now he tightened his belt and hung on to his thirty-three cents.

"For the sake of the child wife," he said to himself, with a crooked grin and also just a little thrill. She was wearing his frat pin, which bound them together for eternity—and incidentally pledged him to send her home at once to safety.

His smile grew less merry and more thoughtful as he went along, with a variety of conflicting thoughts and emotions.

He found the wall-eyed German mechanic waiting alone in the dusk, with his extinct cigar. He led young Thatcher over to the hot car standing at the far end of the ex-church.

"She's in A-one condition," he said. "Eighty miles anyway!"

Speed Thatcher sat in and started her, and opened up her throttle; and as he heard her, the crazy appetite for speed which had given him his nickname swept over him. It would be like driving an earthquake in harness.

The pale-eyed German looked secretly into the shadows, talking low with wet s's:

"The Carnellis. Tell him. They're sending out word all over, right off is the finish—tonight, maybe. The time they pass him out the final ha-ha."

His low, monotonous voice died out in the dismal silence of the high, bluish dark.

"What about this ha-ha thing—what is it, a kind of joke?" Speed Thatcher whispered back.

"It is these crazy wops. Your boss he says around in joke that he has passed the ha-ha to them. So now they must pass it back with interest—the ha-ha—to him. To show how bad they are to those who put the insult upon them."

"I see," said Speed Thatcher, and got ready to move on.

"Say also to him," said the German, "look out for them tonight especially—for fear they will take him for a ride in the country."

It was the second time that Thatcher had heard those words.

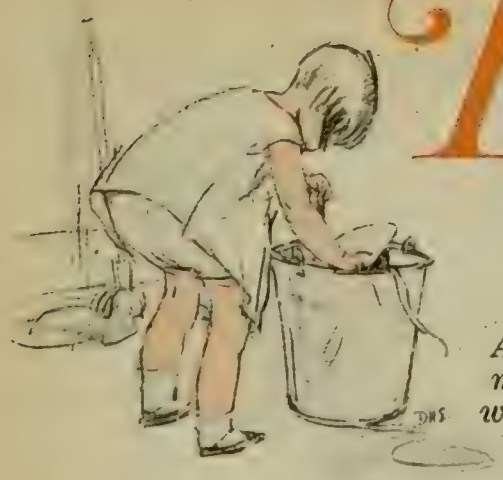
"All right; sure," he said, starting to slip in the clutch and get away.

"Don't forget!".

"No."

The volcano in the bowels of the great hot car rumbled as he drove out of the smoky darkness of the dead church into the lighter, fresher dusk of the closing night.

The night that was shutting down on Speed was to give him intensive training in the ways of the underworld, and test the last ounce of manhood in him. Watch this boy, and the girl with him, in next week's instalment.



At first my hat wouldn't sink.

TRY and Stop Me

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

The matches fell out on the floor.

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

My Mom or my Aunt Toni ought to be writing this story today, because there are a lot of complaints in it about me. And I hate to complain about myself, because if I once start, my story wouldn't have room for very much else, I guess.

It just seems I am so full of a number of things I shouldn't contain that at times I must be what is called ag-gra-vat-ing. Least, that's what I've heard.

My Mom, un-fort-un-ately for me, isn't one of the new-style mamas that believe in letting children do what they please in order to help them better express their in-div-id-u-ality. Because, she says, it too often leads to breaking up the furniture of people that may not love us so much as our own parents do.

Mom says, too, she's seen too many children whose parents belong to the Anti-Don't Society growing up into self-centered nuisances to themselves and everybody else, and she isn't going to have her Toni that way if a few properly ad-min-ister-ed don'ts (and something else which I dassen't mention) will save her.

She wants her Toni to become the sort of person that will be liked and be able to get on in the world by forming good habits early.

Of course, I want to be liked by every one, but I don't mind being a nuisance, either, because so many of my good times are mixed up with being one. But I guess, so long as I have to stick around this house, I better accept the rules thereof and try to make the best of it.

What I started out to tell about was the week-end party we went on recently. I can't see what people go to so much fussing for when they are going away on a few days' vacation. And, especially when you are going to a beach, why you have to be scrubbed up so clean before you go. It seems so foolish.

I do think children could teach grown-ups a few things about how to enjoy themselves better by not worrying about clothes and things. I'd rather have gone in my old rompers, or my pajamas for that matter; because, when you get all starched up stiff, you don't feel natural and you lose a lot of time waiting for the starch to come out of you and your dresses.

But parents seem to think they have to doll their youngsters all up for show when they take them somewhere, in spite of the fact that they have to bring them back all crumpled and dirty. Which is the way I'd like to start out.

We were to catch an early boat, and, of course, Mom had other duties besides me. She had to get herself dressed up also, so she'd look more like my Mom when I was dressed up. Personally, I like her in her bungalow apron best, because I can put my hands all over her, even if they're soiled, and she doesn't mind.

But when she gets her pretty blue dress on she doesn't seem to love me so much. I can't hug her unless my hands are washed. And I heard her agreeing with Sissy's mama that you can't wear anything nice when children are around.

The whole curtain came down on my head.

I WONDER if other children have fingers like I have. It just seems things either slip right out of them, or else they stick to them until something terrible happens. The morning we were getting ready for our trip and hurrying to catch the boat, the match-box, which my Mom gets really cross about my touching, stuck to my fingers and wouldn't leave them until the matches were all over the floor.

It's fun to scatter them around, even if Mom and I don't agree on that. She told me not to touch that match-box again, or she wouldn't take me with her. Which I didn't. But there was another box I found, and the matches fell out just the same way, and Mom had to pick them up.

Then Mom started to dress herself; and, being a lady, of course she had to open up her powder jar. But before she could use any the iceman rang, and she had to go answer the bell.

So I, being a lady too, who couldn't very well go out undressed without her powder on, reached up to get the jar. It just slipped right out of my fingers, and when Mom came back glass and powder were all over the rug.

I ran and told her I was naughty, as I find that a very good way when something happens that shouldn't. But she was getting excited and excited-er, and maybe I better not tell what happened then. Anyway, I was ordered to sit still until she got dressed.

Which I did for a minute, and would have sat still longer, but I thought I was falling off the chair, and to save myself I grabbed at the window drapes near, and before I knew it I fell right off the chair—and the whole curtain came down on my head, pole and all.

I didn't get scolded much, because Mommy thought I was hurt, the way I was crying.

While Mom was answering another ring, I found the suitcase she was packing, and I wanted to see what she was taking for me. As her dresses were on top, I had to dig to find mine.

I suppose I should have taken them out more carefully. I remembered that Mom had forgotten to put in the wet towel she dried me with after my bath. So, to help her, I got it, and the dipper she uses to throw cold water on me to keep me from catching cold, and some wet soap, and put them into the bag. I guess it would have been all right, except I hadn't taken all the clothes out.

WHEN my Mom saw the bag, it looked as if it was bed for me for the rest of my life. But when I saw tears in her eyes I felt pretty bad, because only children should have tears. Theirs dry so quickly. And I only meant to help my Mom, because she had told me just the day before that I was Mother's little helper.

Well, I took my hat and decided I better remain very quiet.

I was just sitting there, waiting for Mom to repack the suitcase and get the powder swept up off the floor and put the curtains back up again, when I saw a pail of water that Kaki left where she was mopping.

I guess there must be something inside children's legs that won't let them stay quiet; because before I could stop mine they were over by the pail, and the streamers of my hat fell into the water. They looked so funny, I wondered how the hat would look all wet, too. At first it wouldn't sink; but after I shoved it down a couple of times, it did. And when my Mom saw it, I sank worse, for she said:

"Now, young lady, you can't go with us, for you have no hat to wear. Your dress is ruined, too, and I've changed you once already."

My Aunt Toni came in just then to give my Mom a lift, and my Mom told her she'd better lift me out of harm's way, or some one surely would be calling up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to report on her.

"This Lindy fellow," says my Mom to Aunty, "may be a great hero, and I'm not denying it at all. But if you call him a hero, what name have you got left for a mother who has to get two or three youngsters ready to take out? I'm not looking for any medal myself, with only one to prepare. But I'd like to suggest, any time the welcoming-hero supply runs low, that the Mayor just step around the corner and grab the first mother of three or four and present her a medal with C-O-U-R-A-G-E on it."

We got to the boat in time, after all, and my Mom told Daddy it was foolish to get so excited, but next time, when she had me dressed, she'd tie me to the leg of the table.

"And there won't be anything on the table," she added, with a meaningful look at me.

Toni views her future with some alarm in next week's LIBERTY.

IT seems I am full of a number of things I shouldn't contain.

Photo by Lazarnick

Albert Davis Collection photo

Let's TALK About Us

SOME great stage folk of the past view today's theater. Left to right: Adelaide Neilson, Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Richard Mansfield.

George C. Tyler, Theatrical Producer, Tells What's Wrong with Everything

An Article by

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 11 minutes 30 seconds.)

"THE spoken drama—now a by-product of the celluloid industry—has gone straight to the damnation bow-wows, and it will be worse before it is better. It is that way mainly because we, as a people, are so infernally busy competing for a few greasy dollars (dollars that most people can spend only on their bodies) that we have lost sight of everything fine and splendid we once possessed."

My host flicked the ash from his cigar vehemently and turned a pair of snapping eyes to mine before he continued:

"And it's not only the stage. If some idiot would make it *the* thing—in other words, 'fashionable'—most Americans would be willing to take a coconut in each hand and run into the trees, bewailing their lack of tails."

"You mean being 'fashionable' is the cry of the hour?" I asked.

"Just that," he approved emphatically. "We can be decent again, even fairly sane, if enough leaders will make it 'fashionable.'"

His cigar troubled him, and while he pulled prodigiously at it I speculated on the results of my interview. It came about in this way:

The present day is one of transition for the American stage. The evidences of this are many, varied, and easily recognizable; but the causes are not readily apparent to the casual observer. Theatrical entertainment is man's greatest diversion, based, more or less accurately, on what man himself is. Therefore, any change in the theater indicates a vaster change in the lives and habits of the audience.

The average theatrical producer, to be successful, must follow the crowd. He is in no sense a leader; but he does know the public mind, the habits and practises of his time, for this knowledge is as much his stock in trade as manuscripts and contracts.

Astute theatrical managers are specialists. They should be leaders; but, as a rule, the theatrical manager marches in the ranks of humanity, studying the other marchers about him and marking the effect of the leadership.

He does not alter the flavor of his productions until he is certain the theatrical menu has become flat and tasteless. Whether the change marks progression or retrogression is beside the point—it *does* signify a difference in the aspect of life, and the producer should be able to define that difference.

That is why I called upon George C. Tyler.

For thirty-five years Mr. Tyler has been a prominent—"dynamic" might describe him better—figure in the American theater. As the head of Liebler & Co., producers, he was responsible for the introduction of many of the most famous foreign and American stars, and sponsored a large share of the most pronounced high-class successes of the twentieth century. He has brought out more productions

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LET'S TALK ABOUT US Continued from Page Seventy-one]

than any other living manager, more than 300 plays having been introduced under his guidance.

In such productions as The Daughter of Heaven, Joseph and His Brethren, and The Garden of Allah, he achieved spectacular heights that never have been surpassed. (It should be understood that the motion picture is not being considered here.) Following these triumphs Mr. Tyler became associated with the producing firm of Klaw & Erlanger, and more recently he has become an independent producer. The theatrical season just closed brought him new laurels with The Constant Nymph and the all-star revival of Trelawney of the Wells, not to mention other lesser successes.

BECAUSE he is regarded as an authority on matters theatrical, particularly the more serious aspect of our histrionic development, I asked him what the apparent changes in American theatrical entertainment might portend.

From his reply I gathered that these changes indicate a speedy descent into Hades for every virtue-mocking, honor-scorning, tradition-shattering one of us—and that means you! And you! And you!

From Mr. Tyler I learned that the stage, poor woman, has come to the gutter. Her bodice has slipped awry, her once trim bonnet rides precariously over one ear, and profanity drips from lips loosened by overindulgence. But does she kneel, cowed by the knowledge of her shame? No! Ten thousand roaring, echoing noes! She totters through the land proudly screaming her debauchery to a leering populace that pays her well for each new debauch.

"We have no theater worthy of the name today," said Mr. Tyler. "Tomorrow's theater will be a poorer one. Competition—low, sneaking, crafty competition, which dishonors the men who participate in it—robs us of any opportunity for a great theater.

"Consider the situation. A producer finds a young actor, employs him at a small salary. He is successful in the minor rôles assigned him. The critics—and everybody is a critic now—discover he has a personality, a spark of the fire that might be fanned into the white-hot flame of genius. Does he study? Does he give every waking hour to the work of making himself a finished actor? He does not! He doesn't have to.

"Some other producer will offer him three, four, five times what he actually is worth, because the lad's face or manners have found a little favor.

"How are we to have a dramatic development worthy of the name when sharp competition results in seventy-five 'first-class' theaters in New York City alone? It's impossible. But we had a theater once—"

He heaved himself up and faced me.

"We had a theater when we had such people as Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Adelaide Neilson, Henry Irving, Helena Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, Ada Rehan, Joseph Jefferson, Charles F. Coghlan, Lotta, Lawrence Barrett—"

As he flung each name at me he emphasized it with a choppy, downward gesture of one hand.

Albert Davis Collection photo

George C. Tyler—"We're sex mad!"

Silhouetted against the gray light that the cloudy afternoon grudgingly poured through the windows, he might have been some sturdy, ruddy-visaged spirit of the stage booming out the names of the theatrical mighty in summons to stand with him against the new order of things. Then he returned to his chair, and became again a producer with a cigar.

"These ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "gave their lives, their very souls, to the theater; and the American—yes, the international—stage of their day was a fine, a splendid thing. We haven't it now—we can't have it until we turn and pick up some of the old things.

"In those days the young actor had some one to emulate, to mold his career after. Whom has he today to look up to?

"LOOK at the writers the old theater had! Victorien Sardou, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Pinero, Augustin Daly, Dion Boucicault, Shaw, Barrie, Edmond Rostand, Louis Parker, Sidney Grundy, H. A. Jones, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Tarkington, Paul Armstrong, Edward Sheldon, Eugene Walter—the list is a long one. Even if we had them today, would the 'cut-rate' theater, as we know it, support them?

"Does any one on Broadway give a damn whether his play is good, bad, or indifferent, except from the point of view of the box-office? Are they, writers or actors, honestly striving to create something, to build something into our life as a nation?

"No, they're not! Their vanity may lead them to imagine they are, but their point of view is pinheaded. They know it, and I know it, and you know it. Let's admit it. This is not the day of the American stage. It is the day of 'A Harry Rosenplotz Production, Starring Mamie Spuds in Pitchers.'

"They talk of censorship for the theater—and any one who denies the present need of intelligent censorship hasn't the best interests of the stage at heart. We should have it—it might save our theater. But, to be successful, it can, in my opinion, come from but one source—the actors themselves.

"THE Actors' Equity Association has it within its power to impose the most rigid censorship. Equity controls the actors and actresses. If it turns its thumbs down upon a play and refuses to permit its members to become part of the cast, that play can not be produced.

"But will they do it? No! Either they lack vision or there are not enough members willing to accept the responsibility for such a move. A censorship of this kind could and would be above corruption, and I doubt whether any other kind would. It would purge the theater; it would halt the decay of a once fine art—a decay visible on all sides."

He paused, and I took the opportunity to put another question:

"What's the reason for this decay?"

He squinted at me through the cigar smoke, and I thought he smiled. I realize, now, it was not a smile. It was a fiendish grimace, because he knew I would betray myself, my generation, and apparently the whole mad world, right into his hands.

"You've tackled this situation because you're interested in it," he said. "What would *you* say was the cause?"

Instead of answering that question, I should have run screaming into the street.

"Sex, probably," I said—and I think I was ass enough to smile.

He bounced. 'Pon honor, he bounced.

"Sex! Sex! Sex! What, in the name of the Seven Simpering Sutherland Sisters, is there new about this sex thing to drive the country and everybody in it straight deep down to perdition? Sex! Morning, noon, and night, sex!

"We've always had it. It isn't one of the later miracles, like the radio or telephonic photography.

"Certainly sex is one of the greatest troubles with the theater. It's the trouble with the home life of America. It is responsible for the death of business and matrimonial honesty. It's the damnedest thing we've ever adopted as a fad—and that's all it is, the way we treat it now.

"As far as that function of life is concerned, we've lost all decency, all sense of proportion. At the present rate, what passes for the American stage will starve to death unless somebody invents new mysteries for the female form. Indecent? That's too mild a word. We're disgusting.

"Don't think I'm speaking only of the theater. I mean *you* and the whole qualified assortment of

us. When I was your age and a handsome young thing, it took me weeks and no end of ingenuity to achieve some mild form of amorous conquest. But now, when I'm a fat old man with no sex appeal, I have to put double locks on my door.

"And did the young bloods of my generation go yowling through the streets about their affairs with the fair sex? If they had, some sober-minded citizen would have knocked them down. Now, if they don't, they're looked upon as abnormal.

"We're sex-mad. Kids discuss sex on the way to school. Doddering old ladies who, thirty years ago, would have been talking about the best way to keep croquet wickets (who remembers what they were?) from rusting, now discuss subjects regarding which the family practitioner of thirty years ago was somewhat hazy.

"Adultery is a good dinner-table subject, and the man who can avail himself of his friend's wife is a smart, clever gentleman, so long as he isn't caught."

While he carefully prepared another cigar, I crawled out to the edge of my chair.

"What is the reason for this popularizing of sex?" I inquired.

His answer was a little startling. I had become accustomed to hearing the "moral let-down after the war" thing, and it was refreshing to find a man with a new bogy.

"Cheap immigration, principally," he replied, and amplified: "The infiltration of European peasant habits, notoriously lax, into American life. After all, the older American families were hardy stock.

"Such people, as a rule, build stern codes, and their descendants, in the main, live up to them. If they do slip a little now and then, they don't glorify it—don't cry their transgressions from the housetops and hold them up as the thing to do.

"THAT'S a new school in America, this glorifying sex laxity and out-and-out crime. And, to my mind, the immigrant is largely responsible. I mean the kind that, in the early '90s, began to pour in at eighteen dollars a head, steerage. They came here, made money, dominated — yes, actually and completely dominated—in more ways than we like to admit.

"Because their jungle ways are strange ways, there is the attractiveness of the untried about them. Then some jackass makes it popular—'fashionable' is the word—and we're off in a cloud of dust.

"Why, that sort of thing has grown so, now, that we're a little bored if we have to do all our playing with the white race. Look at the growth of resorts frequented by whites—fashionable whites—in the colored sections of our large cities. Notice the whites you will see in Oriental districts."

"Then this new discovery of sex is undermining our character?" I put in.

"Seriously," replied Mr. Tyler. "There are many other phases of our laxity, of course."

HE leaned forward and spoke slowly, for emphasis:

"What good can come of an era in which it is good business to rob your partner, shrewd dealing to violate every principle of business honor, praiseworthy to win—by winning I mean to amass money—by the sharpest of practises? The idiots! Good Lord, they're going to die in an hour or two!

"What good can come of times when the great offer only larger opportunities for ridicule, when every tradition, every virtue we've ever known, is a subject for scoffing, leering comment and worse action?

"When I was a boy, a United States Senator—even a Congressman—was an awesome figure. What are they now? The butts of every gibe-maker."

"Perhaps that is largely the fault of the Senators and the Congressmen," I suggested. But the suggestion evoked no response.

I tried another:

"Do you believe Coolidge is a great man?"

"No," he snapped.

"Would you vote for Al Smith?"

"I would not. The only one of the lot, at present considered Presidential timber, I'd go out of my way to cast a vote for is Dawes. He's the only one with—to speak in the language of the modern drawing-room comedy — guts enough to really do anything. And we're really in need of just such guts."

A scene from one of Mr. Tyler's most recent successes, The Constant Nymph.

"Then some of our laxity is handed down by the leaders of the nation?" I asked.

"A great deal of it," he replied. "You can count on the fingers of one hand the men who actually are striving to do something man-size for the nation. The chief object of our political leaders seems to be re-election.

"We think too much in terms of politics—that means, in terms of fear. If we're not afraid of capital—mostly crooked—we're afraid of labor—with a premium on mob rule instead of skill; and if we're not afraid of either, we fear our separation from both classes.

"We're too infernally busy piling up money, trying to trim the other fellow, to get anywhere. Why, in Heaven's name, can't some great leader make it 'fashionable' to return to a program of worth-while things for ourselves and our country first, with money-making as a side line? We used to do that in America."

"Has prohibition helped us any?" I asked.

"Helped make us a lot of sniveling hypocrites," my host snorted. "You can't stop men drinking. It would be a sad thing if you could. Why, what a fine nation of prigs we would be if prohibition ever did succeed.

"Think of it—a nation in which no one ever took a drink or indulged in physical excess. We'd all have to sit around and talk about our wonderful selves. Reasonable drinking is relaxation. To be sure, some men frequently make fools of themselves because of drink, but they would do that in any case.

"Prohibition has brought about unwise drinking, too much drinking, evil drinking in a sense that we never before knew in America. I doubt if we ever forget it."

I PICKED up my hat and coat before propounding my last question—one of recapitulation:

"Then you think sex and prohibition are responsible for the change in American life?"

Mr. Tyler glowered at me.

"I think," said he, "sex is a damned nuisance. I think prohibition is another. I think you are a third for coming up here to put me on record concerning subjects about which I have no business to talk.

"You wanted to know what I—God only knows why me—think on these subjects, and I've told you. I haven't said all I think, either. It would take a week in the hills to do that, and then we would come out talking.

"I think—I think my great brain has thought enough. Will you have a drink?"

I put down my hat and coat.

"Thank you," I said; "I think I will."

THE END

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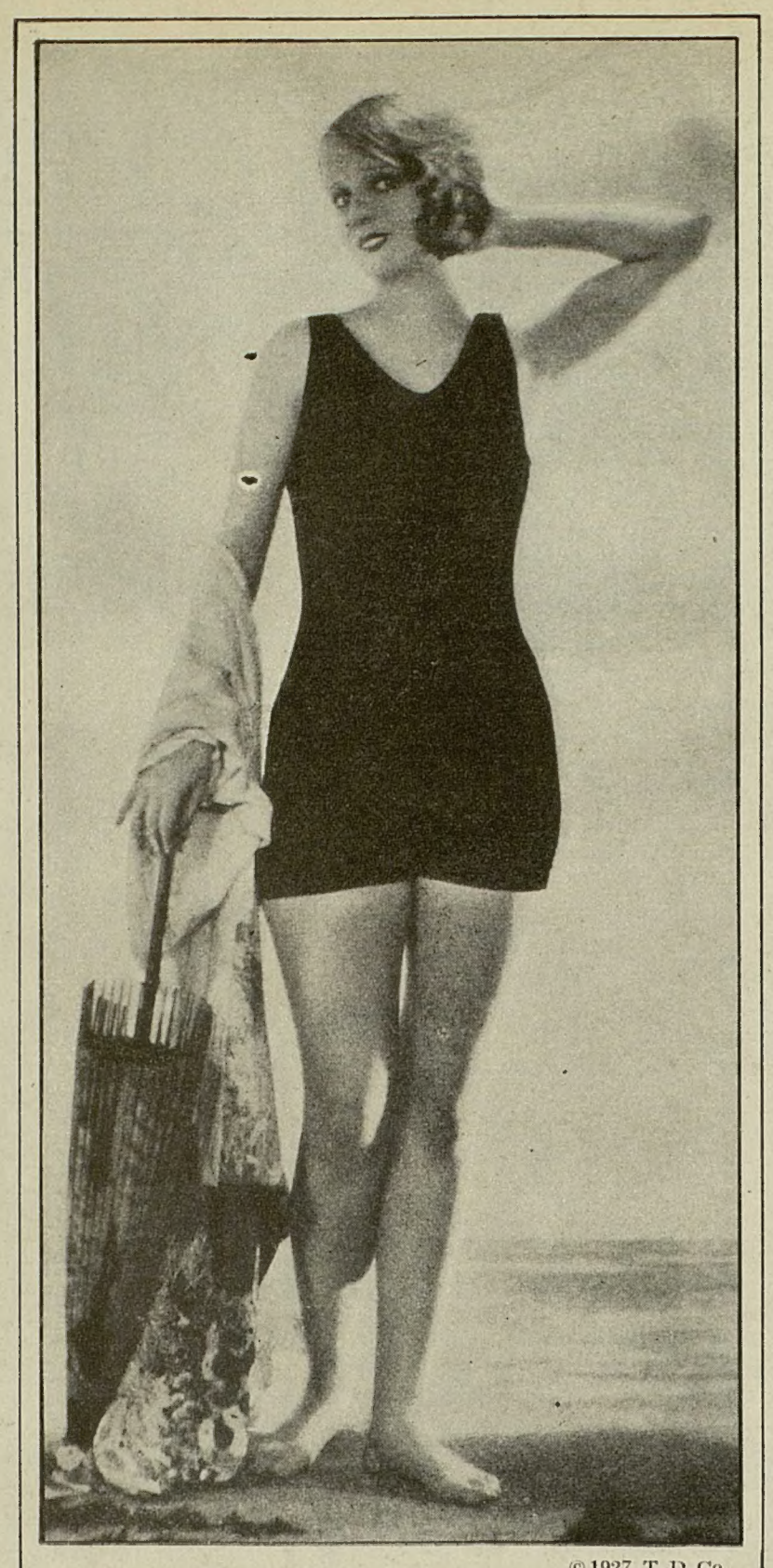

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Scents *and* Sensibility

By Eileen Bourne

ONE of the most important accessories to feminine loveliness is perfume. The woman who declares that she likes odorless soaps and powders and can not bear the slightest trace of scent has all the prestige of her sister who wears skirts to the ankles.

Women of fashion and taste always have used perfumes, although with the most artful discretion, from earliest civilization. What heroine of romance has not been associated with that faint fragrance which, as the novelists say, seems to cling about her person?

The only difference between the lady of antiquity and the *mondaine* of the present is that the latter is more definitely influenced by the mode in her choice of perfumes. For example, not long ago we all were following the principle that each of us should use one distinctive and consistent fragrance in perfume, bath-salts, soaps, and powders.

He was to think of *her* every time he smelled Amaryllis or Undine. But, as they say on Broadway, that's out. Today the rule is, a different fragrance for every mood.

Apparently we have few of those moments symbolized in the flower "that's for thoughts." For no pansy perfume is listed. But it is hardly missed in the distilled essences representing aspiration, dreaminess, pep, and passion.

They are legion—these essences. Never was there a time when the perfume market was so varied. No matter where we go—from the ten-cent store to the exclusive shop—tempting bottles allure the fifth sense of woman.

Aside from products of great makers known in every land, we have those brought out by beauty specialists and by French couturiers. The latter have so closely identified perfume with fashions that, without advertising, they are able to sell in huge quantities their individual essences to the women who know their modes.

Probably the most interesting feature of this merchandise is the fact that even popular perfumes are good. Where are the olfactory horrors such as patchouli, which once delighted wicked vamps and sixteen-year-olds? Gone to limbo with the cozy corner and the pompadour!

Today, whether you expend ten cents for a tiny bottle of a widely favored brand, or sixteen dollars for exclusive products, you remain within the bonds of good taste. And another new element is the simplicity of the container, used because of woman's desire to transfer at once the precious liquid to the decorative bottle on her dressing-table.

Here again we come to a new item of fashion—the atomizer. There are large ones for the boudoir and tiny ones for the handbag. True, for the latter location one may find it safer to carry one of those novelty boxes of delicious paste perfume. But, as a rule, the modern woman sprays and sprays and sprays!

Of course, in so intimate a matter as perfume, choice can not be dictated. Yet, on a few points good taste is inexorable. We should be awfully sniffy before investing, and then give ourselves the benefit of two moods at least. As fashions go now, it's better to buy two small bottles for pep and aspiration than one large draft of dreaminess.

Moreover, what the connoisseur likes changes not only with the mood, but with the season. Perfumes for summer and for winter should be quite distinct. On hot days fresh aromatic or flower fragrances are preferred. In cold weather one may go in for the exotic, musky essences and strange blends.

Yet there is a theory that only *celeste Aïdas* among us should choose ambers or scent of lotus blossoms. Blondes, on the other hand, like to express their elusive charm with one of those combinations that suggest woods in rain or the warmth of sunny hay-fields.

BE the odor light or musky, however, it must remain unlocalized, intangible. The effect desired is mere suggestion.

Place one drop on a single handkerchief and every tangent wisp of linen will be drawn into the charmed circle. Disseminate a general aroma by touching each eyelid with perfume.

"Linkèd sweetness long drawn out"—that's the idea. But let the links be of the most exquisite delicacy. Especially now that it is accepted as an interpretation, perfume should always suggest a finesse that we like to think dominates every feminine mood.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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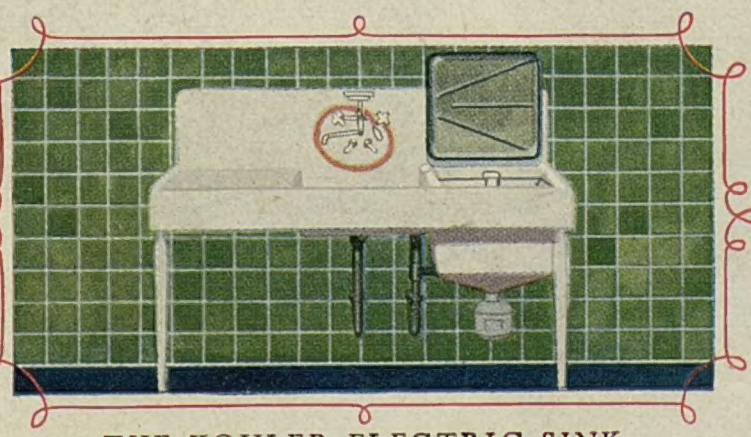

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